ANNUAL

1917

Ruth Patton '17

Marion W. Segner

Vivian Wallace '18

Lucy Cannavina

Ellen McMurdo

Helen Howell '17

Lona M. Case

Letha F. Knight '18

Doris Chamberlain

Elizabeth Coffeen '17

Sue Richards '18

Hope Gilbert '19

Isabel Van Deusen '19

Florence Baugh '17

Thelma Mulvin '18

Edna Newgren '18

Elizabeth Allison

Katharine Thom '18

Margaret Kelly

Charlotte Menning '18

Margaret Swift '18

Marion Pitcher '18

Rachel Wells '19

Elma Holloway '17

Violet Silka '18

Ruth McIntosh '18

Ada M P Chase

J H Jackson

Elizabeth Boyne '18

Katharine Hamilton '18

Gladys Swelling '18

Lilia Hughes '18

# THE CHRONICLE ANNUAL

June, Nineteen Seventeen

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MABLE C. HILL

JEROME ORCUTT CROSS

Jerome O. Cross

# Dedicated

to

MR. JEROME ORCUTT CROSS

This Chronicle Annual is dedicated

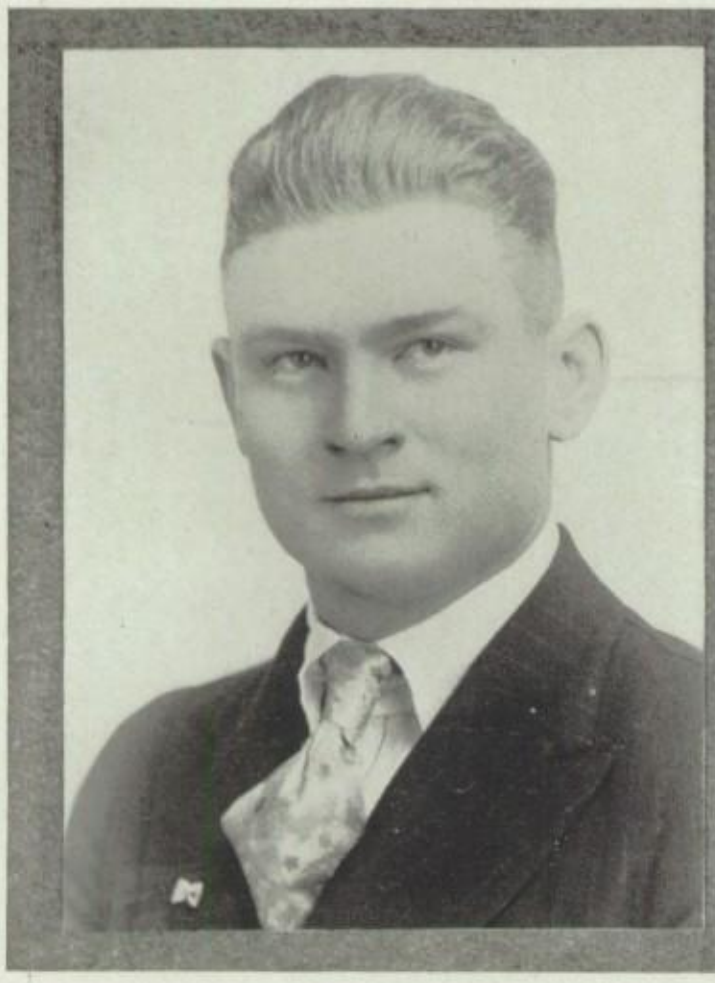
As departing Principal of a great school

As a prominent leader in community thought

As a true friend of every student in Pasadena High School

May he find the new schools and the new community

In accordance with his highest expectations.



MAURICE WYNN
*Manager*

MARGARET MITCHELL
*Editor*

VOL. XXII. JUNE, 1917

# The Chronicle Annual

Editor-in-Chief ..... MARGARET MITCHELL

Associate Editors ..... MR. JACKSON
KENNETH FUESSLE

Manager ..... MAURICE WYNN

EDITORIALS
Kenneth Fuessle

LITERARY
Jack Bangs

CLASS HISTORY
Margaret Bravinder
Lucy Spaulding

CLASS PROPHECY
Halbert Brown
Raymond Barton

CLASS POEM
Mary Freyer
Helen Howell

CLASS WILL
Eugenia Ong
Arthur Raymond
Dorothy Lee

HONOR ROLL
Anita Scott
Chester Pearman

GRADUATES
Barbara Loomis

ATHLETICS
Ralph Hosler
Howell Smith

DEBATING
Robert Lilley

DRAMATICS
De Calvus Simonsen
Howard Vesper

MUSIC
Anita Scott
Arthur Raymond

SCHOOL YEAR
Hilda Rhodes

ART
Viola House

JOKES
"Hughie"

PHOTOGRAPHERS
Lester Warner
Clarence Henshaw

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Assistant Advertising ..... DONALD WHITE

Assistant Managers ..... GEORGE ROBBINS
LAWRENCE PLATT

WALTER C. WILSON
*Vice-Principal*

Jeremiah M. Rhodes

## THE PASSING OF A GREAT CLASS

A great year has passed, and with it the largest class has been graduated. Three hundred students have left the school to take their places in the world of work and accomplishments.

This has not been a year of championships. But the hard-fought battles of gridiron and cinderpath have developed men who have learned the lesson of the losing game. They can greet disappointment with smiles.

For the Student Body, 1916-1917, has been a period of great achievement. Starting during registration week, a whirlwind campaign for Student Body members and Chronicle subscribers resulted in a final count of more than twelve hundred. This gain, alone, is worthy of highest commendation.

At the beginning of the term a deficit of eleven hundred dollars faced the incoming commission. With determination they faced the difficulties, and wih the support of a great Student Body have cleared the slate and given the future commission a clean ledger.

This year has developed a greater co-operation between Faculty and student. Pasadena High School may well be proud of her instructors, people who have won the respect and support of eighteen hundred pupils.

In her obligations to the community, the school has not been found wanting. The usual high standards of scholarship have been advanced, showing a marked progress over those of other years.

In all, the Class of '17 may be proud of her record. United, it has been a powerful instrument for good. Scattered, may it retain its power of achieving great things!

## YOUR PHILOSOPHY—WHAT IS IT?

There are two types of current life philosophy: the one may be stated by an interrogation, the other requires an affirmation. The one asks **"What's the use?"** The other asserts **"It's worth while!"** The one debases life and its meaning; the other exalts life and enriches its contents. The one makes incompetents—weaklings. The other makes royals—giants!

Every one shares one of these attitudes—the one leading to a fatal pessimism, the other eventuating into a sane, wholesome optimism. The High School students' philosophy, which is **wisdom made practical,** is dependent upon **experience** and is proportionate to the **volume** and **intensity** of **experience.** But limited as it may be, that philosophy portends the students' future, and will determine his career. Whether the accomplishments of that future shall be large or meager, whether that career shall be gratifying or disappointing—will depend on whether his philosophy may be stated by a **question** or a **declaration**—whether it asks "What's the use?" or asserts "It's worth while." If your High School course has made you a cynical adherent to the **"What's the use?" philosophy,** you are foredoomed to obscurity and defeat; life's struggles will be tedious to you, and this world for you, as for Hamlet, will be a prison indeed! But if you have learned to believe in the **"worth while" philosophy,** if you have learned that it **is** worth while to live, to love, and to sacrifice, then your future, however circumscribed, will be fraught with happiness and usefulness, and your fellows will confer upon you the title of **"Artist of Life".**

Basic in this worth-while philosophy are these fundamental principles, closely resembling each other—self-confidence, man-confidence, and God-confidence. Each one is essential, and each requires the other for its complement.

Self-confidence—how indispensable! Are you a believer in the "worm-of-the-dust" theory? Are you one of the falsely humble souls who insist on calling themselves "mere worms of the dust," mere clods of earth? Then you must be content with a worm's vision, and fulfill a worm's mission. Rather are you not a great, pulsating, **human being,** with infinite possibilities, with the very seal of Divinity itself stamped upon you? Then discard all vestiges of a self-depreciatory philosophy—which antedates even to the historic Biblical character to whom it is ascribed—and believe in **yourself,** in your own power to achieve, in your own **inherent qualities** of worth and greatness—and life is a battle with the advantages all with you.

Man-confidence is the next essential. It is but an extension of self-confidence. It is self-confidence applied to the other fellow. Do you believe in your fellow man? Or do you concur in the philosophy of Carlyle,

> "What is man? A foolish baby,
> Vainly frowns and strives and frets;
> Demanding all, deserving nothing,
> One small grave is all he gets!"

Do you agree with the cynic who said "The more I see of **men,** the better I love dogs"? Or do you indorse that insidious lie that "every man has his price"? Is that your estimate of your fellows? Then your attitude toward them will be reflected in their treatment of you. It is recorded of the **Master of Men** "He knew what was in man." **He** believed in man—do you?

At the apex of the worth-while philosophy is God-confidence—a faith in the all-pervading spirit, in which "we live, and move, and have our being."

This may express itself in a thousand different ways, but fundamentally it is a living confidence in the beneficence of

"The Divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will."

The poet sees a water-fowl making its flight across the heavens. He watches it come nearer and nearer, and begin to disappear, and finally it becomes a mere infinitesimal speck, and is swallowed up in the great void of space. Then in a moment of ecstatic poesy, the bard exclaims to all generations,

"Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up this form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

Is that confidence yours? Then let's believe in ourselves, in our fellow man and in the God who made us all.

---

## IN TIME OF WAR PREPARE FOR PEACE

Every preparation is being made for the World War. Within a few months the United States will have an army on the battlefields of Europe. Even now, the Navy has taken its proper place in the squadrons of defense.

Let us not overlook the World Peace to follow.

With the close of the struggle will come a lasting peace. Great democracies will join hands in forming one world power for good. Dented Kingdoms and moth-eaten Empires will drop their rulers. A race of self-ruling people will spring from the ashes of autocracy. Once more the fable of the Phoenix will be repeated.

But with this outlook, will the people be fit to rule? The Socialist, with his ideas of government by everyone, vigorously asserts himself affirmatively. The Anarchist, with **his** views of each man ruling himself, is forecasting a rosy future.

More conservative thinkers, however, are uncertain of results. They fear the future. The sudden cataclysmatic change from autocracy will shake this world from its present orbit. There is a great danger of Anarchism destroying iself on the rocks of Socialism; a danger of men unskilled in governing destroying civilization.

In time of War prepare for Peace.

Let us not, in frenzied preparation for War neglect future Peace. Let us not empty our schools and universities to such an extent as to deplete the ranks of educated people beyond a safe limit. The future will demand even more thinkers than the past.

With serious intent, let us prepare to face the problem of organizing democracies from the shattered remains of autocracy. It is our duty as students, as instructors, as citizens of the world, to face the cominig situation gravely and sensibly.

Let us prepare to take places in the army of reconstruction.

# CLASS OF '17

For four years we have been students of the Pasadena High School, citizens within its walls, participaters in its activities and partakers of its social life. The memories of these years will be grateful memories, and stimulating memories. For they have been years during which painstaking direction on the part of our teachers has been combined with their friendly co-operation with us, in all our worthy undertakings. (They have been years during which we have been allowed to accept responsibility for our own actions to the extent that we proved equal to the responsibility.) These years have witnessed an inspiring number of successes on field and rostrum. They have been years rich in friendships. They have been filled with the joy of accomplishment. We look back to them with gratitude, and we look forward from them with a determination to be worthy Alumni of the school which has meant so much to us, ready to carry the loyalty of school life into the larger realm of service, and sacrifice for the nation which has made our education possible.

EDWARD A. CULBERTSON.

Margaret Lillian Mitchell
"She is good to look upon
And of wondrous virtues."

George William Robbins
"It is not good that man should be alone."

Beatrice Steers Morse
"Her modest answer, her graceful air,
Shows her wise as she is fair."

Lawrence Townley Platt
"And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

Kathleen R. Wright
"She's a highly energetic, magnetic and athletic kind of girl.

Viola Maria Lucia Etienne
"There is speech in her silence."

Charles Kenneth Fuessle
"A leading man on and off the stage."

Gertrude Harriet Manley
"An effervescing bubble in this word of darkness."

John Calvin Neimeyer
"I would more natures were like thine."

Mary Reynolds Black
"Sweetness long drawn out."

Wyllys Stevens Halsted
"A great man is he who can labor for a cause,
Labor untiringly, ignoring applause."

Marjory Barry Newby
"Snatch gaily the joys which the moments shall bring
And away every care and perplexity fling."

Arvid Leon Hellberg
"The magic of a face."

Barbara Miller Loomis
"One frank and of spirit who will and can, if she will."

Howard Merlin Winegarden
"The wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew."

Emily Christina Strong
"My name belies my power."

De Calvius William Simonson
"He is a sober youth, sedate e'en in love."

Pearl King Heskett
"Things done well and with a care, exempt themselves from fear."

William Dayton Potter
"He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man."

Mary Mildred Soeten
"Who knows what fund of thought is hidden here."

Helen Rosena Seeley
"Modest, simple and sweet."

Leslie Cramer
"Oh, this learning, what a thing it is."

Lelia Mabel Montgomery
"Fair and softly go far."

Scott Haymond
"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Mildred Victoria Kallstedt
"Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays,

Mildred Hoge
"Nothing endures but personal qualities."

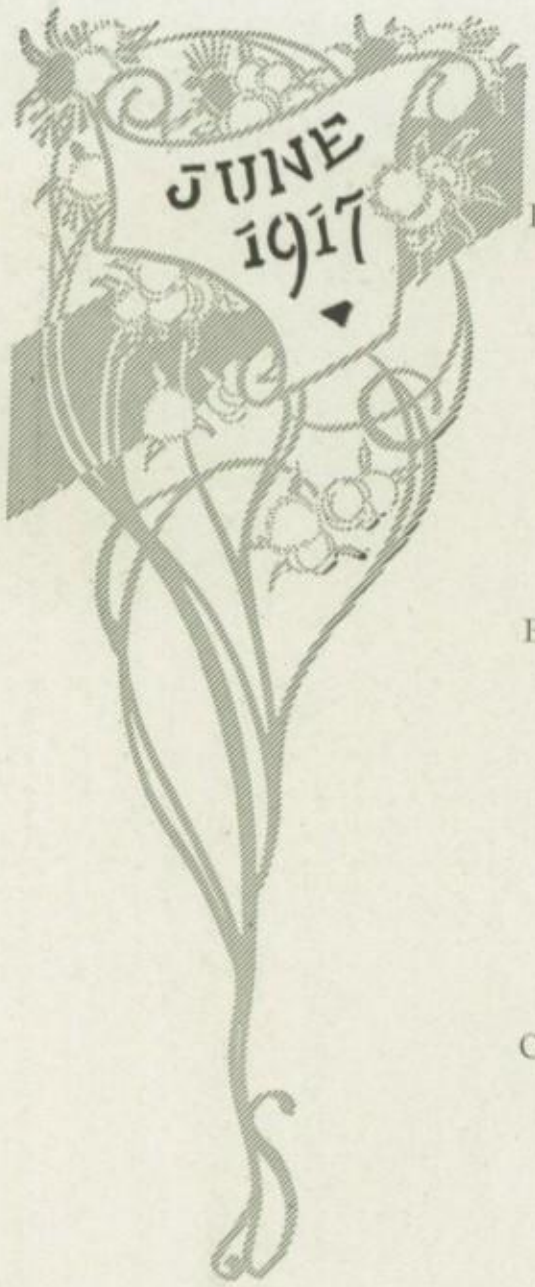
Foster Daniels
"You look wise; please correct that error."

Gladys Ellen Learned
"Let me but hear thy voice and I am happy."

Paul Davidson
"Take me as I am."

Kathleen Maud Smith
"A merry English lassie, As bright as she is pretty."

PASADENA HIGH SCHOOL




Frederich Krake
"Thou has a stout heart
and strong hands."

Ethel Edna Stevens
"A gentle maiden with a
brilliant mind."

Carleton Ambler
"A man of such a genial
mood,
He never found the best
too good."

Frances Edith Dickson
"I dream of him
by day."

Averill Willard Strong
"Heaven n'er helps the
man who will not act."

Alberta Robinson
"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

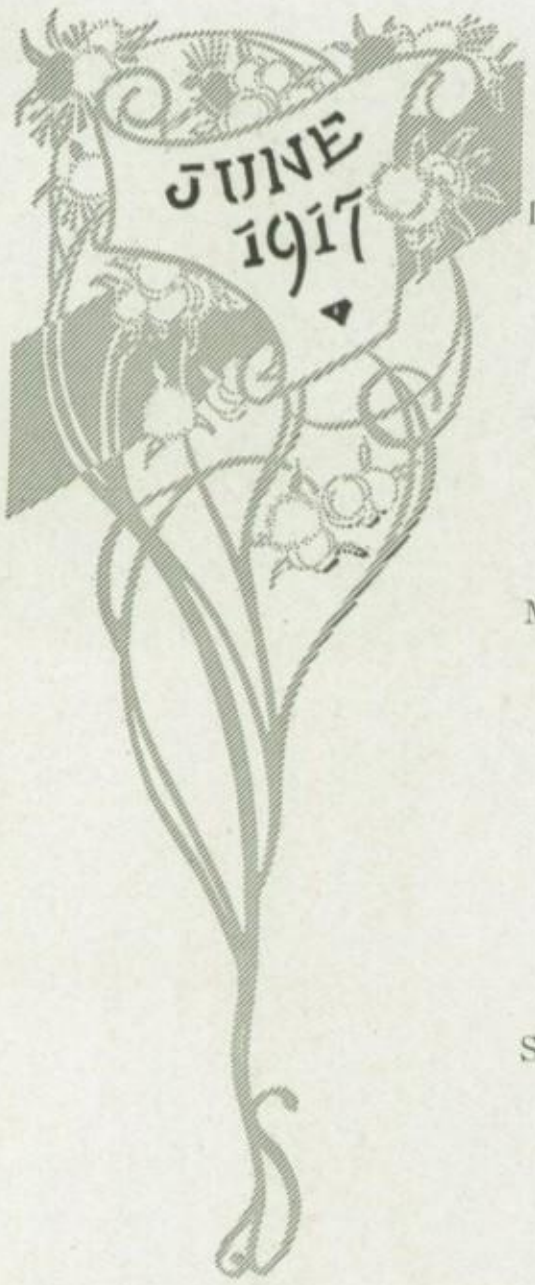
Alberta Robinson

Jean Louis Cory
"The muscles of his scrawny legs are strong as iron bands."

Marjory Emily Helm
"Sunny within and without."

Richard Hambrook
"Forensic honors are all I ask."

Edna Lottie Breiner
"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."



Douglas Carlyle Mackenzie
"To those who know thee not no words can paint."

Manila Conner
"Dear little love with confiding eyes."

Stanley Byron Curtis
"Despatch is the soul of business."

Nellie Helfrich
"The sunshine seemed to bless her."

Frank Fred Roberts
"His nature speaks in symbols and in signs."

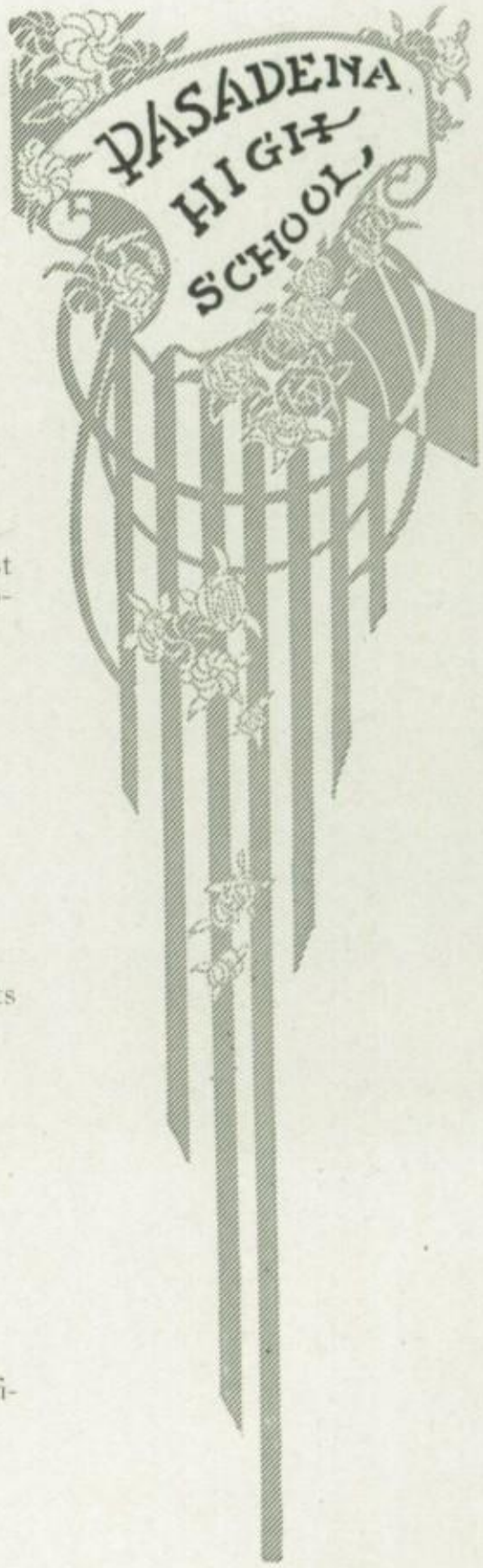
Ernest William Toy
"Hail fellow well met."

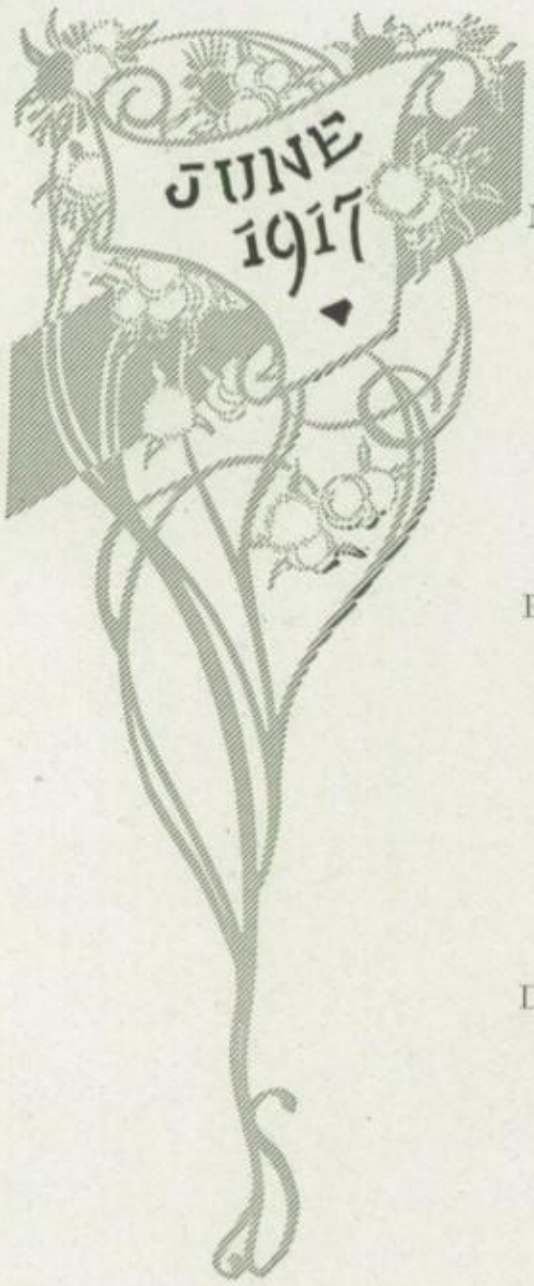
Doris Hodlock Bunnelle
"Not forward but modest and patient in her disposition."

Douglass Hugh Saunders
"A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd."

Rachel Johnson
"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Vivian Margaret Brandenburg
"A light heart lives long."






Margaret Fabrich
"So fine a fabrication seldom found."

Elmer Lewis Smith
"Few things are impossible to diligent skill."

Doris Ina Shultise
"Though I am young I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit."

Donald Frederick Macpherson
"Aye, he's a bonnie braw Scotsman."

Grayce Aarseth Brisley
"Her cardinal virtues are in her hair."

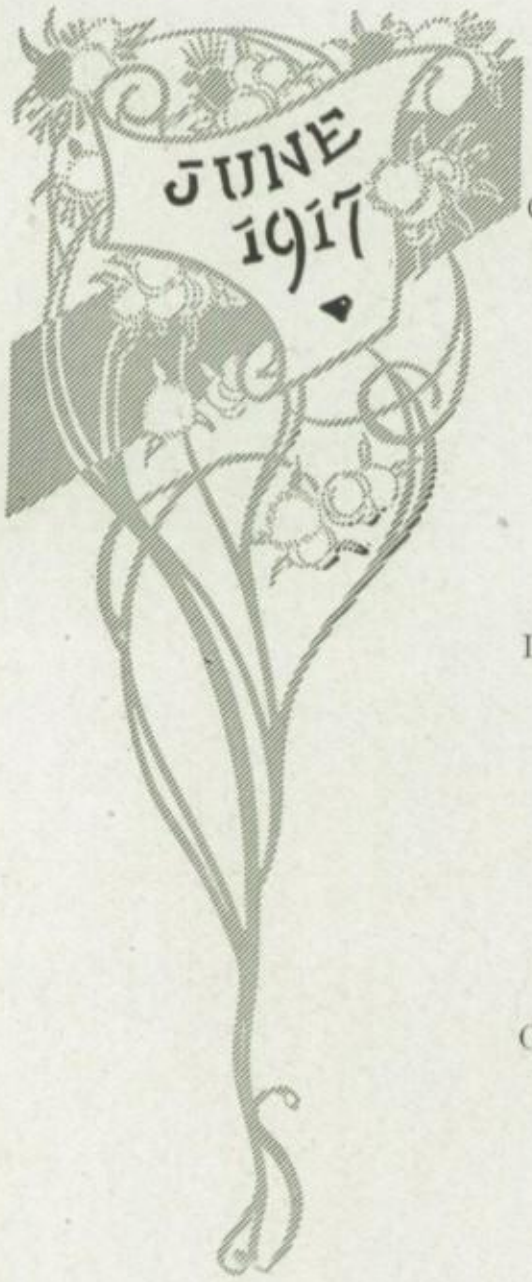
Mary Margaret Beal
"As full of spirit as the month of May."

Francis Perley Foote
"Foot if featly here and there."

La Belle Anna Kraemer
"A penny for your thoughts."

William Thomas Porter
"None but himself can be his parallel."

Margaret H. Pratt
"A quiet little mouse, hard to know but worth cultivating."




Gladys Culp
"Just as pleasant as can be."

Lester James Spindt
"Despatch is the soul of business."

Gladys Sterling Rowe
"Her looks a sprightly mind disclose."

Gladys S Rowe.

Louie Reuben Rosenthal
"His character asserts itself."

Alice Palmer Lindsley
"Many are thy glorious works."

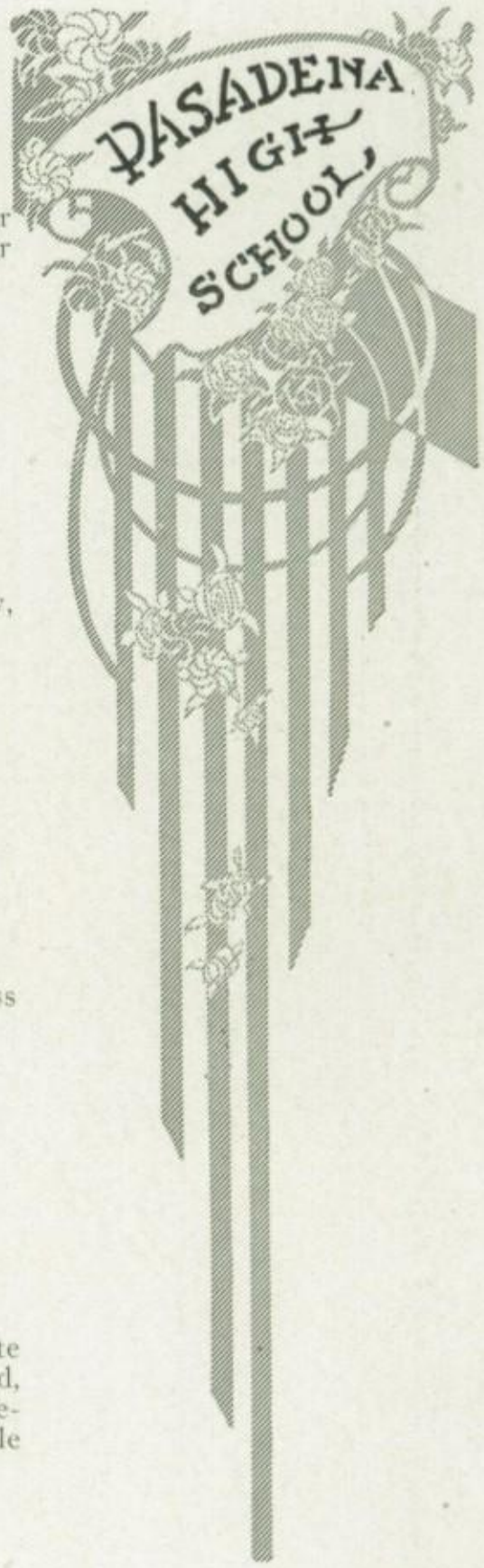
Marion Zuleine Root
"From the crown of her head to the sole of her shoe she is all mirth."

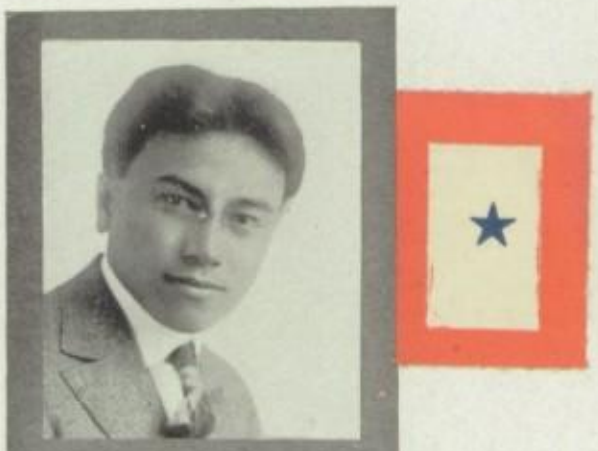
Clyde Roswell Keith
"Hard to learn to know, but well worth while."

Dorothy McCalley
"Rejoice, less pleasureless ye die."

Clarence Rigg King
"With eloquence innate his tongue was armed,
Though harsh the precept, yet the people charmed."

Hilda Popple
"Nothing endures but personal qualities."



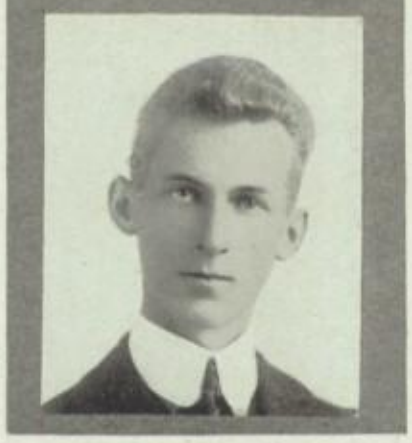


Carlos Degracia Alviar
"To make the East as the West, The homestead of the free."

Marjory Love
"Yes, love is every busy with his shuttle—is ever weaving into life's dull work the woof of romance."

John Paul Walter
"Be patient—ere long thou shall have more."

Iline Adalyn Knoch
"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."



Vincent Congress Widney
"His breath was mighty for music came therefrom."

Grace Blanche Shockley
"One with sense and a brain."

Wilber N. McKinnon
"Is life worth living? Yea, so long as there is wrong to right."

Sadie Ross
"Your raven tresses haunt me yet."

Clifford Arthur Meyer
"A youth light hearted and content with life and living."

Ruth Lillian Rhodes
"Thy eyes are stars of memory,
Thy lips are crimson flowers."

Ruth Riddle
"Take me as I am."

Leslie Eugene Scott
"I have the nerve to fuss but not the inclination."

Loretta Marie Riddle
"May good-fortune ever be thine."

Walter Dyett
"That is the man who lost his heart to a fiddle."

Ruby Cecilia Prince
"Certainly a woman's thoughts run before her actions."

Marion Chaffin
"That which I am, I am."

Clarence Morgan Henshaw
"Hold the fort; I am coming."

Frances Ruth Gillan
"Peace with humor."

Allan William Phillips
"He loves ladies but they don't know it."

Lucy Larcom Spaulding
"As busy as a bee."

Francis Westerfield Hertel
"If you don't say it, you won't have to unsay it."

Natalie Burlingame
"Above the flight of common souls."

Nelson Kellogg Patton
"He fears the wiles of maiden's smiles."

Anna Schuster
"A proper maid, as one shall see in a summer's day."

Clarence Dewey Taube
"Let me have an audience as I am about to speak."

Donald Lane Loughery
"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Catherine McClury Mortimer
"Ah, why should life all labor be."

Howard Gockley Vesper
"So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long."

Lena Spake
"To the victor belong the spoils."

Lewis William Phelps
"At basketball shooting, I'm a star."
Lena Anna Schafer

PASADENA HIGH SCHOOL

Kenneth A. Wright
"Love me little, love me long."

Frances Loraine Winslow
"Of study she took most care and heed."

Edward Dewey Seaver
"There is no trusting to appearance."

Gladys Black
"A life of beauty lends to all it sees the beauty of it's thoughts."

Edward Everett Volk
"He loves not, neither is he loved."

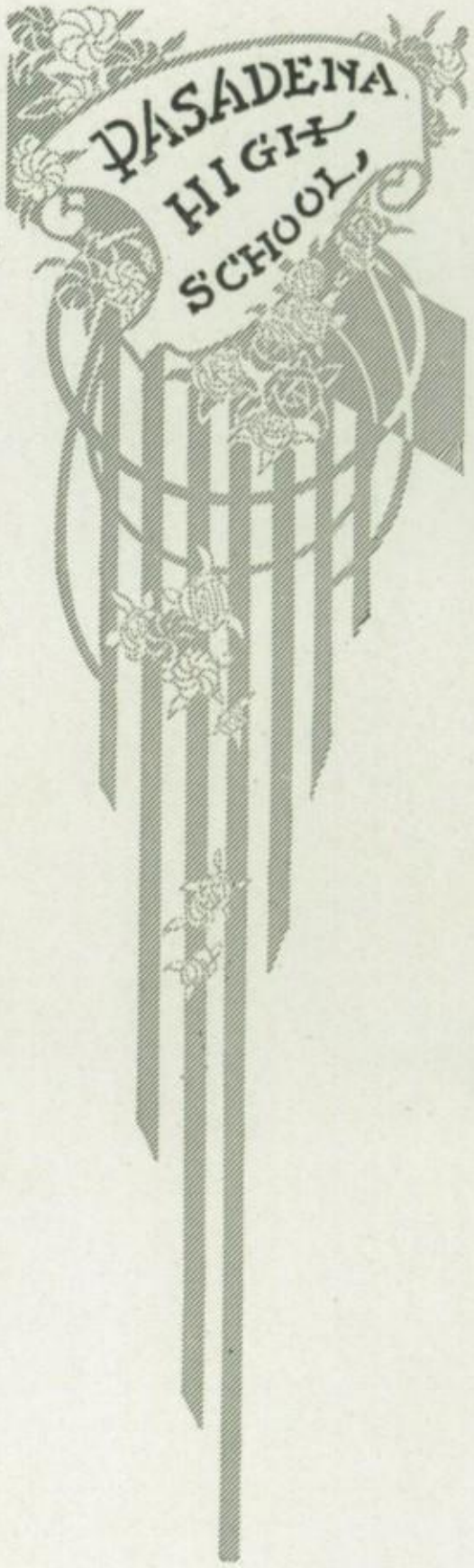
Ruth Albertine Jones
"A little mischief by the way,
A little fun to spice each day."

Stacy Raymond Mettier
"Great would be his deeds if he did things as he does in getting out of doing."

Helen Bentz
"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."

Edward Alexander Culbertson
"He is not in the role of common man."

Zella Inez Meyer
"A student with a propensity for burning the midnight oil."



Verne Rines Smith
"He lives to build, not boast."

Anne Lewis
"Her step is music and her voice is song."

Donald Tolman Tarr
"Plain living and high thinking."

Agnes Mildred Leavitt
"Her voice is one of command."

Harlan Giltner Mills
"Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot."

John Arthur Bangs
"At their own virtues modest men are dumb."

Lillian Evelyn Morrow
"True as the dial to the sun."

William Herrington Seeley
"Father calls me William and she calls me Bill."

Lucile Matilda McCullough
"Her brain contains a thousand cells,
In each some acting fancy dwells,

Harold Hunter Butterworth
"I am yet a boy and careless of books."

Charles Goodman
"To him, was something attempted, not attained."

Armeda Mary Burnette
"Her loveliness I never knew until she smiled on me."

Aubrey Alwyn Proschold
"Everyone excels in something in which another fails."

Marjorie Ferguson Wells
"Thy fairy form it haunts me yet."

William Clark Thum
'He tried the luxury of doing good."

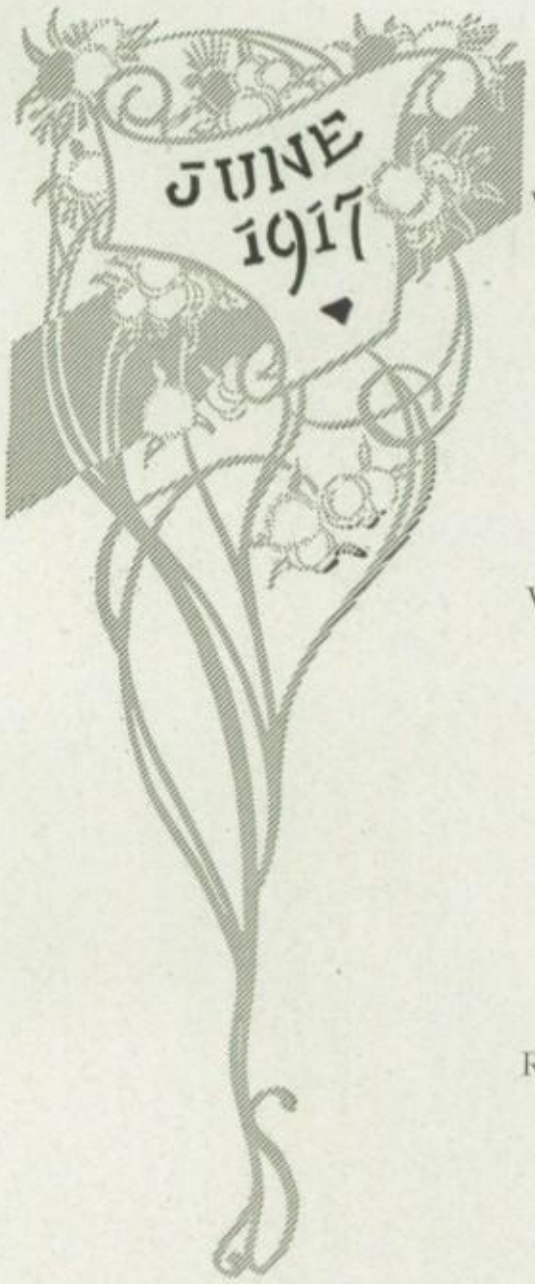
Harriet Hunt
"Her future will be as her present—always smiling."

Malcolm Wright Barrett
"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

Sara Fearnes Grassie
"See what a grace is seated on that brow."

Lee Stevenson Davis
"Worth, fun and honor, these indeed your sustenance and birthright are."

Margaret Bravinder
"The only calendar that marks my seasons
Is that sweet face of hers.
Her moods and reasons
Wherein no record is of winter seasons."




Virgil Victor Jacomini
"He is a
man."

Viola Henriette House
"Drink to me only with
thine eyes."

Raymond Welles Barton
"A true citizen of the
world."

Ruth Mary Pashigan
"Her eyes are depths of
dark delight."

Howard Edward Coggeshall
"No duty could over-task
him,
No need his will out-
run."

Dorothy Ford.

Dorothy Yale Ford
"She knows what is what."

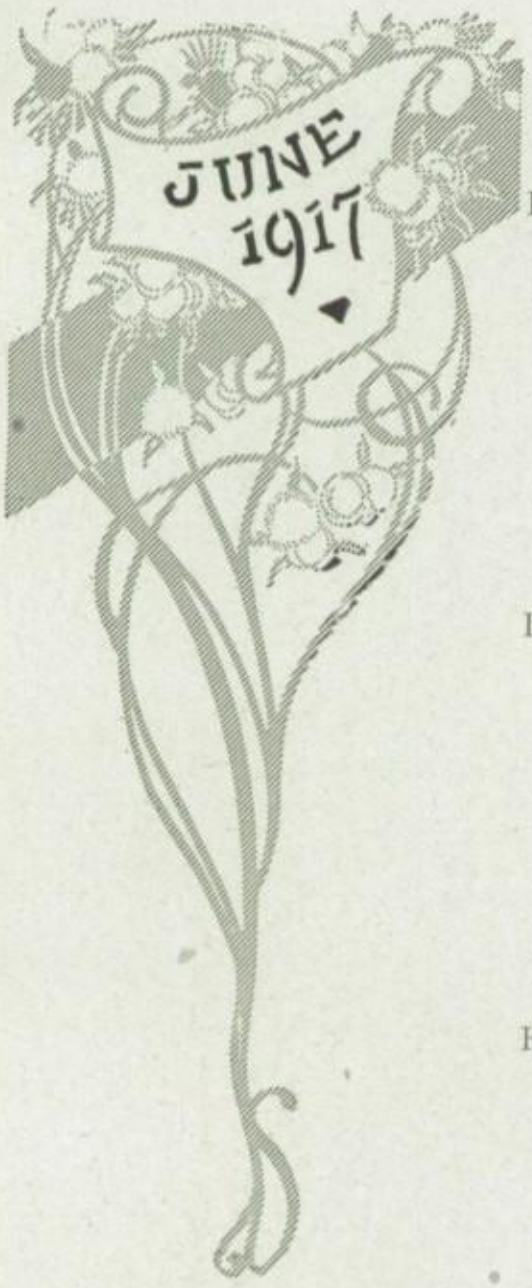
William Bryan Shoemaker
"Deeds are better far than words, as you have proved."

Helen Howe
"We do not slander her for she is kind and dear."

Oliver Cummings
"Plain living and high thinking."

Mildred Mary Hanson
"In maidens meditation, fancy free."

PASADENA HIGH SCHOOL



Ellen Bickley
"Happy art thou as if every day thou had'st picked up a horseshoe."

Donald Wolf Snyder
"His country called him and he answered."

Helen Emily Hunt
"'Tis the mind that makes the body rich."

Helen Hunt '17

Theodore Asadoorian
"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."

Fay Nina Doerschlag
"She dealt largely in laughter and nothing in tears."

Fay Doerschlag

Stephen Byrd Horrell
"One to whom so much was given."

Dona Richardson Leavens
"Modest unpretentious one making friends from sun to sun."

Arthur James Kemp
"Never elated when one man's oppressed,
Never dejected while another's blessed."

Alice Hastings
"In her 'twas natural to please."

William Parker Lyon, Jr.
"'Twas a maxim he often tried,
That right was right, and there he would abide."

Robert Davis Van Dusen
"His study was but little o' the Bible."

Lucile Davis
"Who knows what fund of thought is hidden there?"

Vaughn William Cummings
"I never with important air,
In conversation overbear."

Gladys Olga Wieland
"A heart so large and generous."

Hugo Becker
"All task is to be left alone."

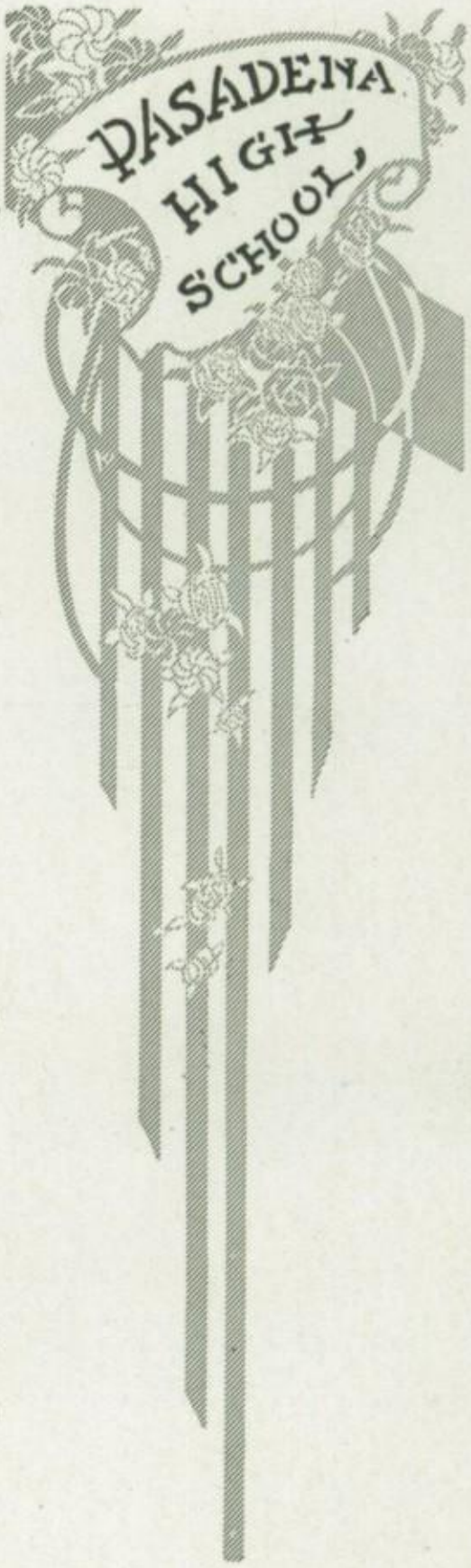
Robert Gordon Lilley
"I dare do all that may become a man."

Mary Eugenia Ong
"Strong in will and earnest in endeavor."

Francis King Ledyard
"Oh, Lord! how long, ho wlong."

Frances Mary Bartlett
"The memory of thy loveliness shall round our weary pathway smile like moonlight when the sun has set."

Royal Golden Wilkie
"He had a right royal heart, e'en made of gold."



Marjorie Myla Vorhees
"And mistress of herself though China fall."

Thomas Bertram Williams
"When love comes in the door, prudence flies out the window."

Mary Freyer
"There is no study that is not capable of delighting me."

David Bomberger
"By thy work we know the workman."

Lois Boltinhouse
"Blessings be about you wherever you may go."

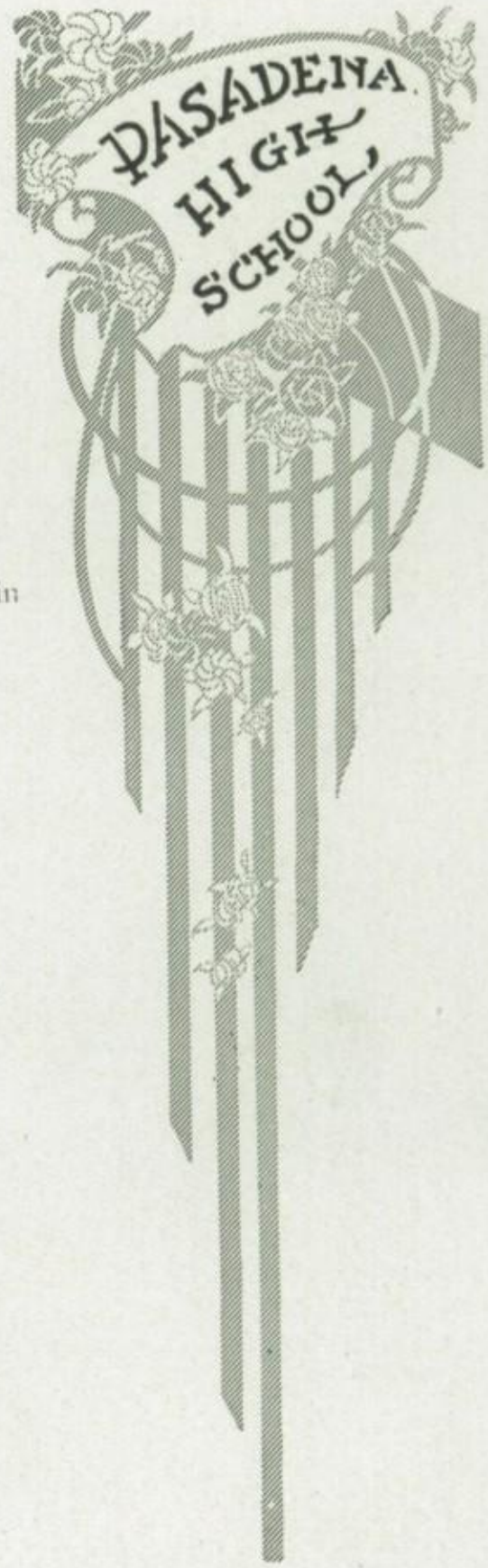
John Davis Lyon
"A man of few words."

Jessie R. Thompson
"I saw sweet beauty in her face."

Lester Orrid Warner
"Ever alert to catch the views of others."

Marion Hopping
"Joyfully hopping on through life."

Clifford Nelson Burton
"He is passionately fond of fair maidens and sweet music."



Ruth Patton 17

Maynard Ede Turner
"It is the heart and not the brain that the highest does attain."

Margaret Crowell
"I would make reason my guide."

Edna Theodora Linquist
"Destined to success."

Harrie Harlan Bleecker
"And a serious soul is looking from thy serious eyes."

Mabel Gregory Hill
"The envy of many, The glory of one."

Inez Cecelia Tornquist
"The mingled beauties of exulting Greece."

Ernest Koyen
"Nothing is impossible to industry."

Lois Chambers Howe
"I would not be different if I could."

Lester Alexander Groetzinger
"Nothing is difficult to a well-minded man."

Fern Florence Wright
"We seldom hear her speak."

Hazel Louisa Martin
"And she sits and gazes with those deep and tender eyes."

Williard Jarries Beman
"Far be it from us to criticise,
One who always looks so wise."

Hazel Benshoff
"Secret of success is constancy of purpose."

Walter John Richards
"He was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself."

Florence Belle Lormer
"A student to the letter 't.'"

Florence Lormer '17

Marian Hayman
"Never trouble yourself till trouble troubles you."

Donald Hull McCreery
"Looks innocent but you never can tell about these engineers."

Anita Clara Kessler
"Hery very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are."

Alexander Roby Shepherd, Jr.
"His nature is not in keeping with his hair."

Mary Elizabeth Lowstetter
"She is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed in disposition."

Lorene Mildred Bemis
"She has a cool collected look,
As if her pulses beat by book."

Harold Aiken
"You know well, that I am not a society man."

Ona Bernice King
"I do not believe in love at first sight; I believe in taking a second look."

Francis Crooks
"Some are weather-wise, some are otherwise."

Ida Hess
"Her dark and raven tresses."

Ida Hess

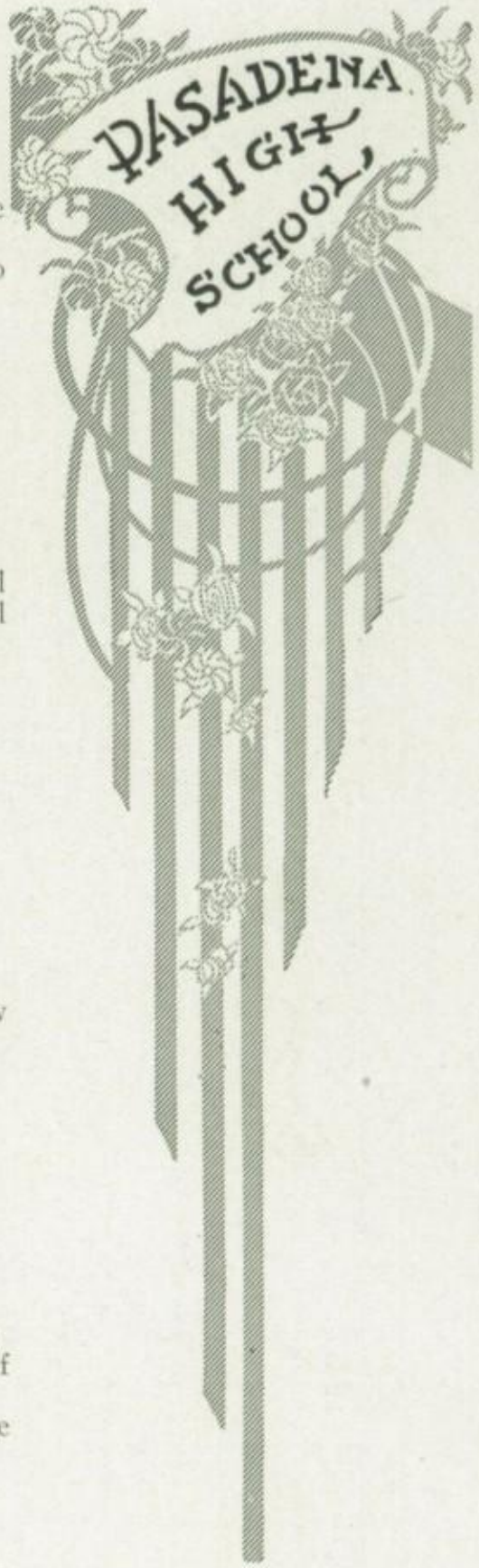
Margaret Elma Cralle
"What shall I do to be forever known
And maketh ages to come, my own?"

Catherine Jeanette Jones
"You have friends and kindred and a thousand pleasant hopes."

Harold Wilkins Gage
"As spruce a little fellow as ever could be."

Marian Margaret Reineck
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."

Fred William Rahn
"Of good sized parts and of a liberal education."



Olive Vern Worley
"Sweet in her simplicity."

Gilbert Barker
"Be merciful, be patient,
and ere long,
Thou shall have more."

Anita Hazel Turner
"She does not need to
learn."

Samuel McHenry Strader
"Above the flight of com-
mon souls."

Lena Anna Schafer
"Tall and timid, a fitting
combination methinks."

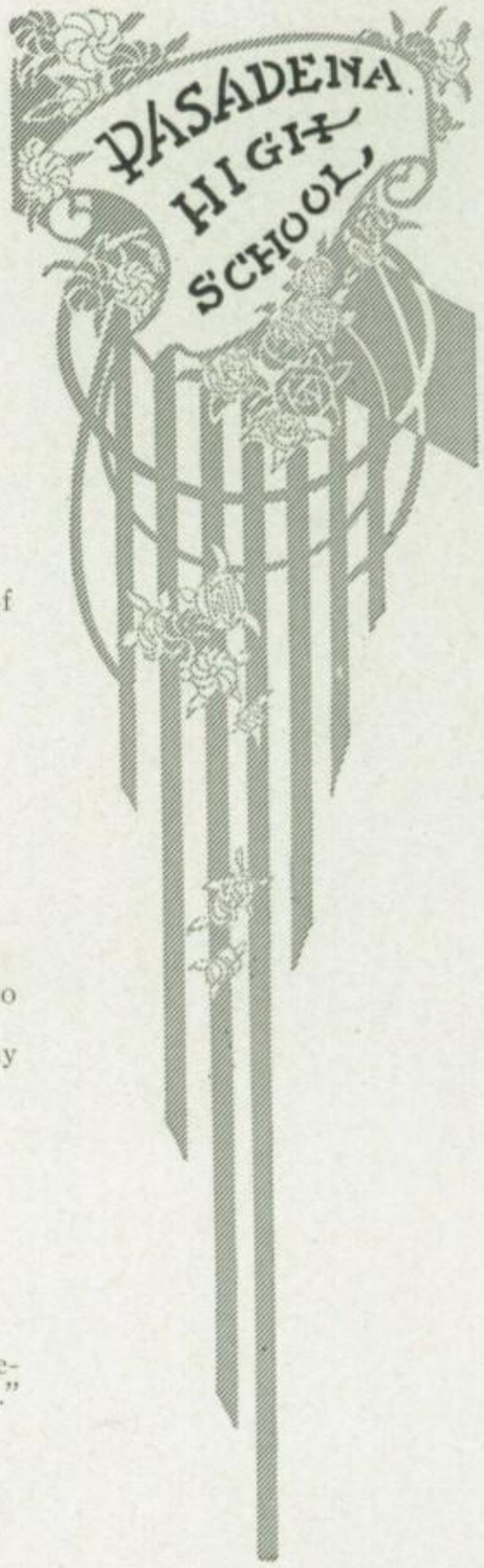
Julia Lois Van Aken
"She has two eyes and tender, take care."

William John Hunt
"The highest degree of earthly happiness is quiet."

Esther Frances Wells
"By what astrology of fear or hope dare I to cast thy horoscope,
Like the new moon thy life appears."

Vardaman Weir Bailey
"His fearful name resounding like the blast."

Elizabeth Victoria Watkins
"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."



Arthur Julius Garfield
"Unforced with punishment, unarmed by fear,
His words were simple and his soul sincere."

Eleanore Lucille Groetzinger
"Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away."

David Welty Lefevre
"Tho' he's small he is courageous,
Strong to stand for what is right."

Dorothy Mary Lee
"Ambition is a trait well admired in a true woman."

Dorothy M. Lee '17

Hubert Marshall Jamieson
"Were silence golden, I would be a millionaire."

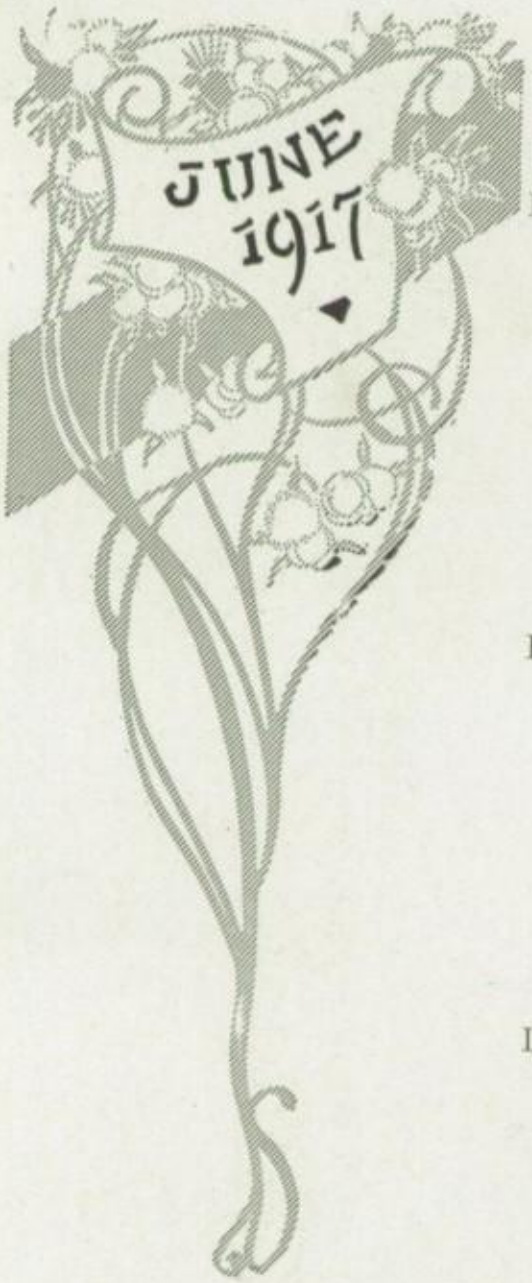
Edith Josephine Ostrander
"Take me as
I am."

Herman Mathias Ritter
"Music was his hobby and
well he rode it."

Rose Elizabeth Paulsen
"It's no matter what you
do,
If your heart be only
true."

Thomas Marion Iiams
"Graced as thou art with
the power of acting."

Edith Florence Ward
Who deserves well,
needs not another's
praise."




Helen Louise Howell
"A mind content both crown and kingdom is."

Paul Agust Marhenke
"To be strong is to be happy."

Isla Bertha Belcher
"How many hundred hearts have prayed
Their lives like thine might be."

Makato Kobukata
"Perseverance keeps honor bright."

Mirian Lucile Whitworth
"No sad soul we see appearing here."

Isa Belcher '17

Ivan Lewis Tyler
"Oh! This learning, what a thing it is."

Esther Frances Reichhardt
"Patience is a plant that grows not in all gardens."

Arthur Bell
"Just call me a scholar; let that be my praise."

Maurine Booher
"The weight of the world is upon me."

John Boyd
"Youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

Lillian Coleman

Lillian Sneath Coleman
"The cheek is apter than the tongue to tell an errand."

Donald Jolin Robertson
"For Pete's sake! Comb down my hair." Anon.

Nell Hagan
"A kind and gentle heart has she."

Nell Hagan.

Lester Lewis Rimmers
"A good reputation is more valuable than money."

Marian Laird
"A countenance in which did meet,
Sweet records with promises as sweet."

Marian Laird '17

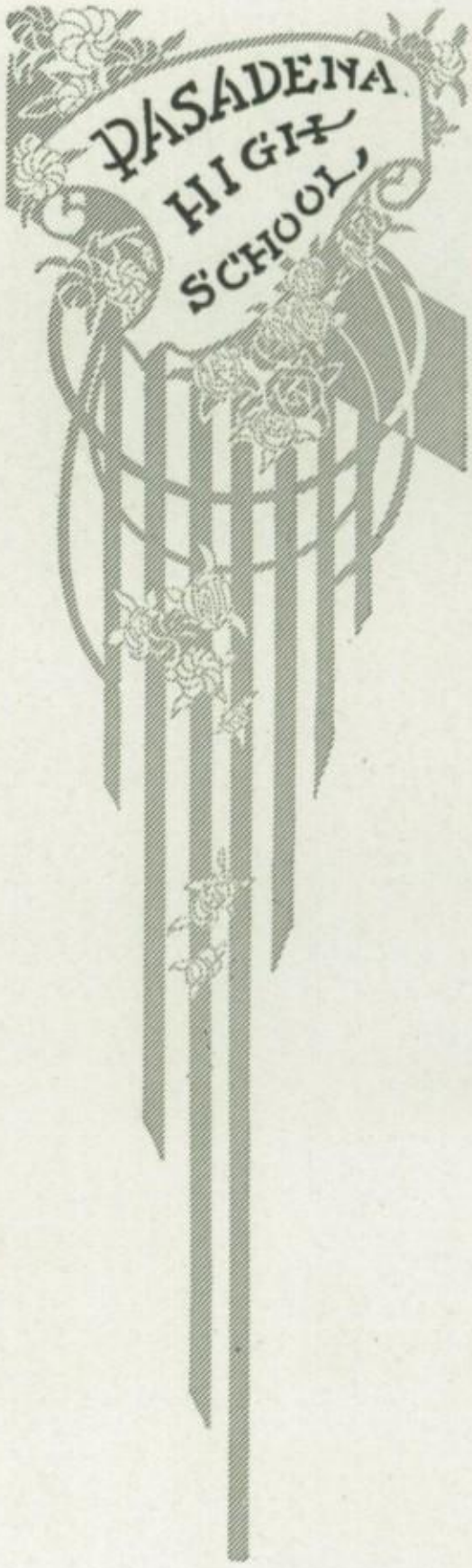
Louise Hall
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."

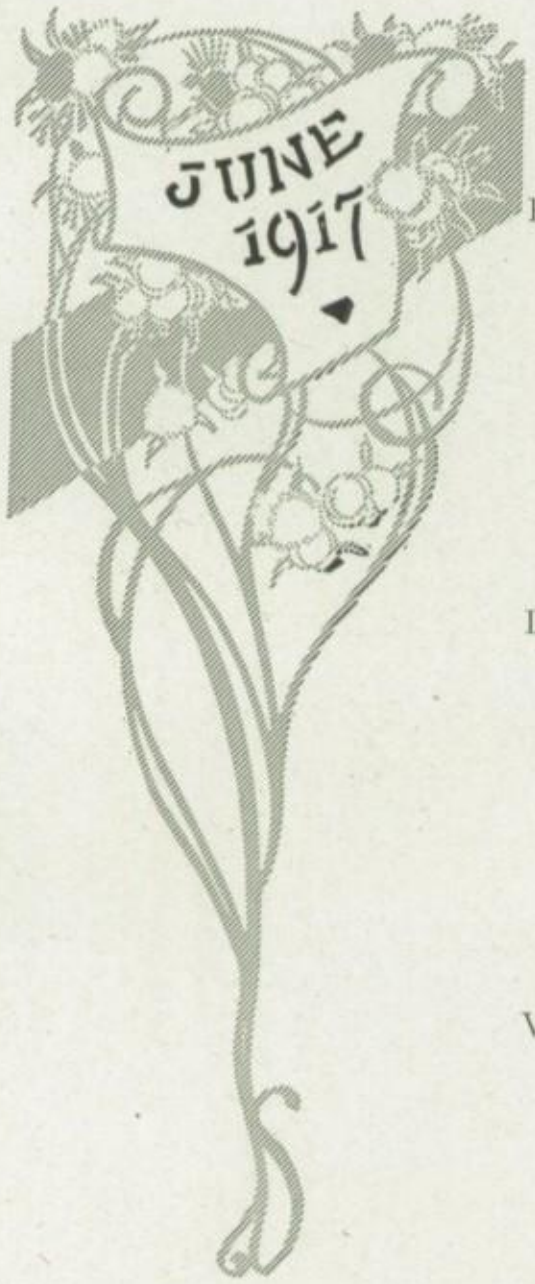
William Gerry
"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Agnes Elta Nold
"All I ask is to be let alone."

Joseph Hegeman
"He can catch everything that comes his way."

Isabelle Genevieve Muzzey
"I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me."






Ruth Anne Coutant
"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye."

Lester Lewis Shaw
"Strange is the heart of man with it's quick mysterious instincts."

Viola Ritter
"Friendship above all things does bind her heart."

William Brewster Hayes
"A silent, shy, peace-loving man."

Mary Alice Moody
"My little Mary, kind and true."

Alice Bertha Austin
"A maiden never bold of spirit."

Henriette Catherine Horstman
"Give me the young, the gay, the men of spirit."

Alyce Elizabeth Bartlett
"Of study she took the most care and heed."

Dorothy Hart
"How fair she grew from day to day."

Muriel Beverly
"She sails airily through the hall,
This wee, little bit of a girl."

Muriel Beverly '13

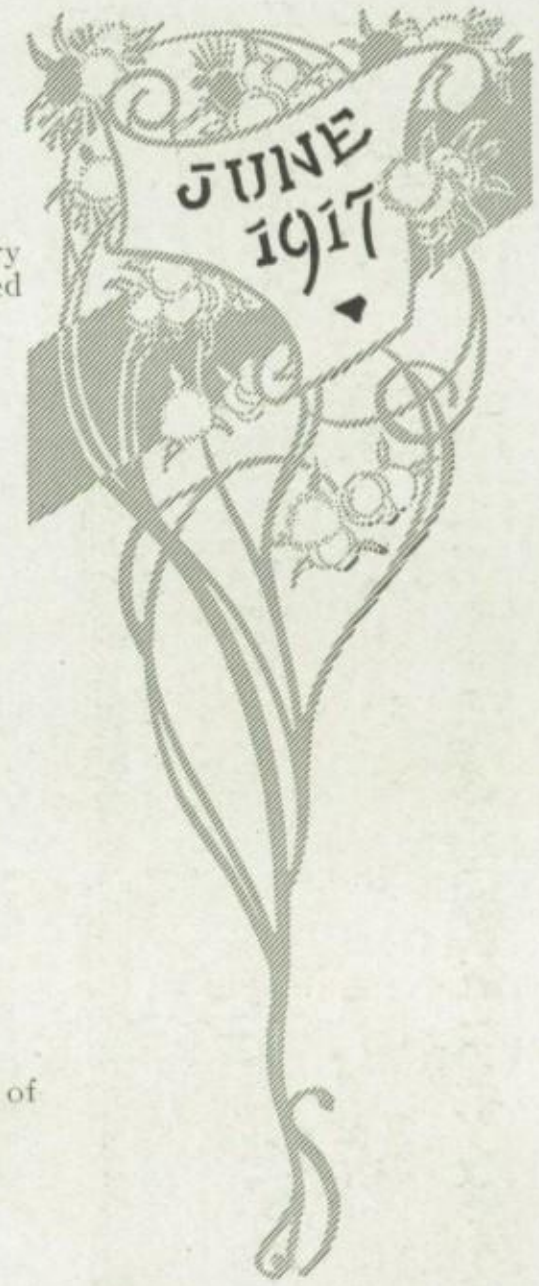
Ruth Kitzman
"She that is of a merry heart hath a continued feast."

Jack Morley Mershon
"So different, he is a pleasure to know."

Dorothy Mary Christie
"The most unselfish of all."

Ralph Henry Hosler
"He said or right or wrong, what came into his head."

Harold Ernest Rossiter
"I never thought of that."



Minna E. Arni

Minna Eleanor Arni
"A happy disposition is the gift of nature."

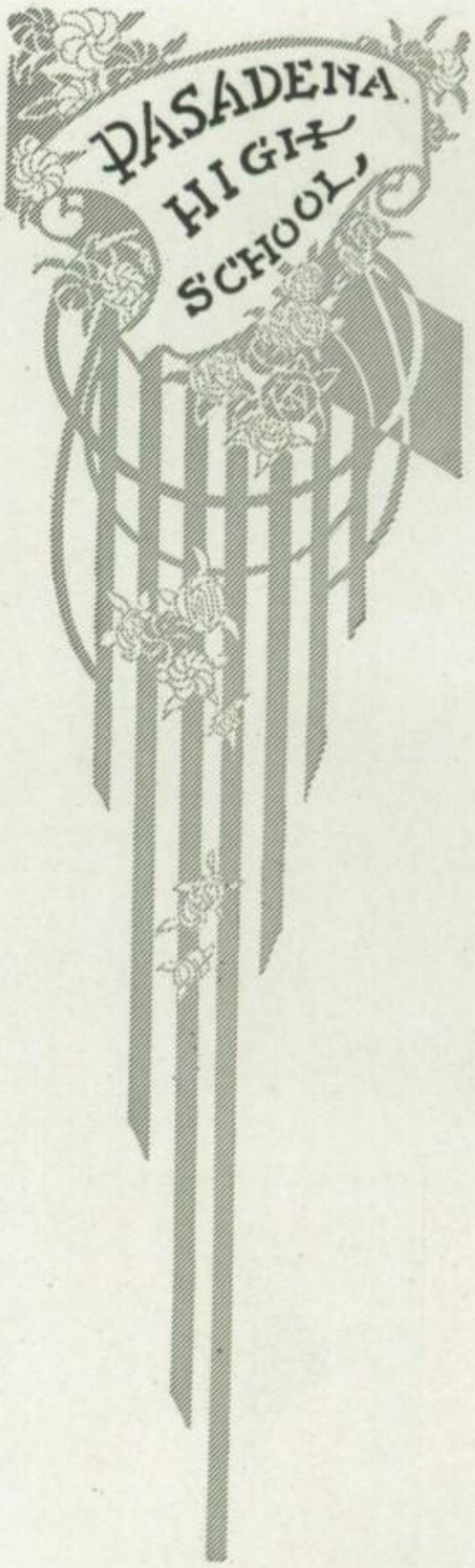
Charles Victor Sturdevant
"Marriage is a desperate thing."

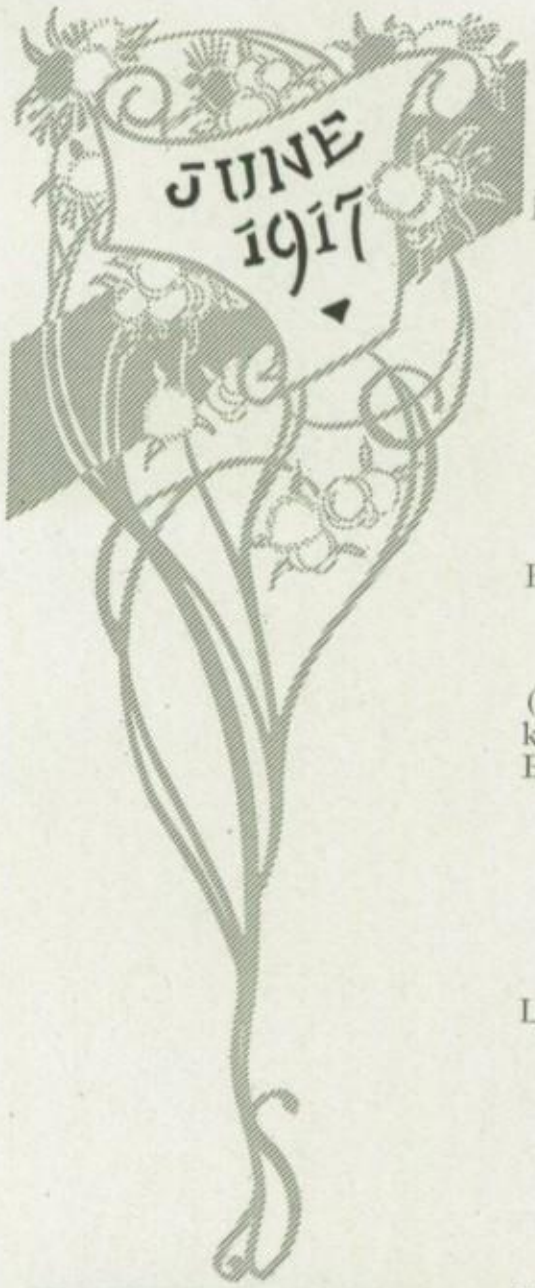
Marion Luna Hubbard
"O spirits gay, and kindly heart;
Precious the blessings you impart."

Arthur Emmons Raymond
"An honest man's word is as good as his bond."

La Belle Anna Kraemer
"A penny for your thoughts."

(The name La Bell Kramer on page 30 should be Edna Kinkaid.)





Lawrence Hall
"All grant him prudent."

Elizabeth Watkins
"Gracious to her friends each day."

(The name Elizabeth Watkins on page 60 should be Elizabeth Walker.)

Lloyd Herman Thee
"Not for great deeds but for good alone."

Helen James Atkinson
"The best of this kind are but seldom found."

Millicent Helen Abbott
"Studious of ease and fond of humble things."

Whitney Reeves
"His sagacity and tenacity are wonderful."

Chester Bodine
"Know we not what thou mayest be."

Whitney Reeves

## THE TWO TRAVELERS

Silver-rifted is the sky,
~~Alone am I~~
Rugged, steep the narrow way,
Dappled starlight on the trail
Blend with shadows blue and gray.

See he moves with footsteps slow,
Where the road and pathway part,
Wand'rer, with the weary eyes,
Cannot beauty charm thy heart?

A weary way has the wand'rer come
On this quest for Fortune's gold.
Oft have youths so met the world
With heart so young, and fancy bold.

Now he falters; now he tarries;
Pathway, darkness try him sore,
Ah, to rest until the morrow,
Sleep here, dream here evermore!

By the pathway in the shadows,
Sways an aspen in the breeze,
Like the raindrops gently falling
Whisp'ring, rustling more the leaves.

Ah, aspen, I am lonely,
The stars gleam palely,
And far above me
The moon sails slowly
Through damp, gray clouds.
I hear in the silence
A startling plashing,
And in the moonlight
A sudden flashing
Of a dusky wing as
It dips in the mere.
Now in the silence,
Shrill o'er the marshes,
The loon wails in sorrow,
Waking the echoes.
Hemmed in with stillness,
Alone am I.
Before me, darkness;
From the roadside,
Whispers of elves in the grasses;
And behind me, nothing
But tears and memories.
The way is lonely
And I am weary,

So shall I sleep
Until the morrow.
Perchance some vision,
To banish my sorrow
Shall come to me
Out of the shadows.

The tree blew a thousand kisses,
To the laughing stars in the sky;
The man wished a thousand wishes,
And between each paused to sigh.
The aspen swayed low to soothe him,
Pale gleamed the stars and moon.
Hark! from the depths upfloating
Come strains of fairy tune—
"Wand'rer rest; the shadows falling
Soothe the weary one to sleep;
From the rocky caverns deep,
Hark! the woodland nymphs are calling,
"Wand'rer rest 'till morrow's sun;
Wand'rer rest, the day is done!

"Wand'rer put away thy grieving,
Seek no more the journey's end,
Fairies fluttering o'er the bend
They their silver webs are weaving,
Moonlit webs to hold thee fast
Clinging are about thee cast.

"All the air with incense steeping,
Crimson poppies o'er thee sway,
Wakened by the moonlit day
Heavy-eyed their watch are keeping.
Wand'rer rest till morrow's sun,
Wand'rer rest, thy journey's done!"

Then in soft warning
Whispered the aspen:
"Silver and distant
The pale stars are gleaming,
Lighting thy pathway
Clear as the day.
Tarry no longer,
Lest the guide of thy journey
Leaves thee unarmed
To enter the fray.
Take his fair hand
And clasp it so tightly.
The stars you must follow
To gain the far height,
Then onward, onward
Through the ages,

Till you part the misty curtains
And behold eternal light.
Thy silent guide
Waits patiently, for
From afar the distant star
Sent him to guide thy way.
This moonlit road's a silver span
From midnight unto day."

"Ah, lonely all the way
From dawn till weary night,
No guide have I but Memory,
And here I sleep till dawn o' light.
Perchance a friend as lone as I
Will pass this way; if so it chance
We'll journey on till break of day."

A rustle of garments as someone passing,
The tree sobbed and swayed in the night;
The traveler lay dreaming 'neath the aspen,
And all was silent in the moonlight.

Back o'er the pathway sadly wand'ring,
The silent guide of every soul
Sadly passed, and silent weeping
Mourns for the space on the snow-white scroll.

By the pathway in the sunlight
Sways an aspen in the morn,
And her tears are silver leaves,
Whispering o'er a human form!

II

The laughing springtime passes by,
The golden summer with its burning sun,
And as the ever-sifting sand-grains run,
The autumn leaves come drifting one by one
Down from the poplars high,
And a homeless breeze roams through the trees
With a sigh.
The earth, curving to meet the sky
When spring and summer suns shone over all,
Now closely shrouded in a misty pall,
Is gently laid away to die.
Decked as for wanton revelry,
The maple trees in colors gay
Stand silent by; and towering higher
Gaunt poplars rise—gray mourners they;—
The flitting fox-fires light the funeral pyre.

A path comes out of the forest deep,

A mist-shrouded path from the silent west;
It stretches away across the land,
And ever the silent poplars stand
Watchful sentries on either hand
O'er wide fields lulled to their winter's rest,
Where, wrapped in their mantles brown, they sleep.
Ever changing it winds—yet ever the same
Into the silence whence it came.

Dead lies the grass beside the way;
Sear are the flowers once so bright;
Silent upon them the footsteps fall—
Gaunt as the sentinel poplars tall,
Gray as the earth in her misty pall,
He comes from the land of yesterday,
A wanderer into the night;
And as he slowly treads along,
His voice is raised in mournful song.
"Hope lies forgot"
In the grave where I laid it,
The roses are faded,
The summer is fled.
Farewell, lovely flowers, my silent companions,
That smiled in the sunshine my pathway to cheer;
A grave you have found 'mid the withering sedges,
You, too, have left me, with all that is dear!
"Hope lies forgot
In the grave where I laid it,
The roses are faded,
The summer is dead."

Hark! what is that on the quiet air
Swelling from silence into song?
O'er the crackling sedges sear,
Over the meadows wide and drear,
Nearer it floats, and still more near,
Echoing through the forest bare.
With quickened step he hastens on,
When suddenly from out of the night
There bursts on his eye a wondrous sight:
By the roadside blooms a garden fair!

"Come, come, where the night wind is calling,
Come where the quivering moonshine lies white;
Come, rest, where the starlight is falling,
Come out of the night!
Rest, rest, where the world's strife and sorrow
Distant removed ne'er moves thee again;
Rest, sleep till the dawn of tomorrow,
Forgotten thy pain!
Sleep, dream, while the cataract rushing
With rumbling thunder closes thy eyes;

Sleep, wake, when the rosy east flushing,
Calls thee to rise!"

Rest? Ah how gladly! Forget all his sorrow.
Forget all the past, and the long road ahead!
In his breast lightly flickers, then flaming kindles
A spark 'mid the ashes of hope long dead.
Mystic, elusive, receding before him
The magical garden beckons him on.
Lured by the song, forgetful he presses
Onward where many another has gone.
"Hasten, oh traveler,
You, through the darkness,
Treading the pathway
Lonely and still,
Hidden in shadow
Lies the long way before you.
Hasten, oh traveler,
Over the hill.
Hasten, oh wanderer,
Linger no longer,

The old aspen warns you,
Falter no more!
Over the hilltop
The morning is breaking;
Put doubting behind you,
For hope lies before."
Was it really a voice from the shadows
That uttered its warning call,
Or only the rustle of dying leaves
On the nodding aspen tall?
"What matter to me if the path be drear,
For soon my journey's o'er?
What matter to me the shadows deep
When morning lies before?"
And within his breast a hope new-born,
He turns his face to the flushing morn.

White breaks the dawn across the horizon,
And out of the folds of enveloping night
Smiling arises the ruddy-cheeked morning,
Flooding the meadows with sparkling light.
Gone are the murky shadows of evening;
The golden autumn covers the land;
The wind rushes on in exultant rejoicing
Down the long road where the white poplars stand.

## CLASS PROPHECY

With a yawn St. Peter aroused himself from his somnolent reveries, glanced sleepily at his hour-glass yawned again, and slowly rose to his feet. Two o'clock and not an applicant for admission that day, not even a thirsty cry from some lost soul across the gulf. Since the sudden drop of the H. C. of L. and the invention of ankle-watches and "Spearmint" few inhabitants of the terrestrial globe had cared to leave their earthly paradise, those that did usually taking the route that led away rather than toward the Heavenly Gates. Times were indeed dull.

Yawning a third time St. Peter stepped into the celestial box-office, drew a stool up to the window and sat down. What a change from the olden days, how he remembered the long line that had formerly stretched from the gates far out into space, farther than the eye could reach. And the celebrities that had stood before this self-same window each confident of his record and a first-class ticket! Moses, Daniel, Noah, the long list of them. And now! St. Peter sighed.

A sudden staccato buzz, insistent and prolonged, abruptly brought him to the present and animation. For a moment he dared not trust his ears. A message! And from whom?

"Heaven—St. Peter—Box-Office," called the instrument on his left again. "St. Peter—St. Peter."

In a second St. Peter had made connections and was clicking out a response.

"This is Heaven. Who are you and what do you what?" he demanded incredulously.

"Class of '17 from P. H. S. is calling. Will be within sight of Heaven in a few minutes. Thought it better to inform you ahead of time."

St. Peter threw out the switch and gasped. A visit! the first one since Dante's some six hundred years ago. It was unbelievable. He rushed out of the box-office into the open.

Out in space a tiny speck was becoming larger and larger. Nearer and nearer it drew, ever nearer, now its shape was discernable, now the blurr of whirling propellers might easily be seen. In a few moments it would alight. A whir of powerful engines, a sudden rush of wind, a reluctant whine as the power was turned off, and the Airship Terrestrian had jarred to a stop.

From out of its doors poured a sudden avalanche, the Class of '17, some two hundred and seventy strong.

"Welcome to our city," greeted St. Peter, holding out his hand to one who seemed to be leader of the rabble. "Welcome."

"Same to you," answered he addressed. "Let me introduce ourselves. St. Peter,—Class of '17. Class of '17—St. Peter. I'm president of the Class, surname Culbertson. And now formalities over let us come down to business."

"Yes, each and every one of us," chimed in a voice from the background.

St. Peter looked around him. It was a curious assemblage both as to actions and to looks; such a one he had never seen before, and its ways and manners were exceeding strange.

"Three for St. Peter!" cried a voice from its midst, and in an instant a long, lanky individual garbed in red and white leaped from the crowd and went through a series of fanatical contortions, a sort of combination snake and dervish dance. Keeping time with the motions and in perfect unity three short yells rent the hitherto peaceful atmosphere with the name of St. Peter attached to the end.

St. Peter's mind was made up. And the only way to treat such individuals was to pacify them until they were safe in their strait-jackets and padded cells.

With caution he therefore ventured "Er—your keeper—that is—your leader, is he with you?"

The self-introduced president stepped forward. "I am their leader," he said. "I should have explained before. We are the Class of '17 from P. H. S., Pasadena, U. S. A., the World. Within recent years the customary migration to Heaven for some inexplicable reason has stopped. We, the Class of '17, as representatives of the World have come to investigate conditions up here as they are, and to remedy if possible the cause of your shortage of immigrants."

St. Peter gasped "But—".

"For one thing," interrupted the Class President, "you need a little real live advertising. Why is it that our people have come lately to prefer tropical to temperate climates. Because the other world advertises. Every time we humans become provoked we are prompted by the Master of the fiery regions to utter the name of his abode."

"Heavens!" explained St. Peter. "What blasphemy!"

"Exactly," retorted Culbertson, "and excellent advertising. If you could only think of some strong word typifying your own address some results might be obtained. Who ever says 'Heavens' when he ties his shoe lace into a hard knot?"

"Hum," mused St. Peter, "perhaps there is something in what you say, after all. Ah—er—how would 'Elysian Fields' do?"

Oh, slap my wrist-watch!" tittered a voice from the rear. "I just stubbed my toe."

St. Peter blushed. "Of course we—that is—we might—"

"You will pardon the seeming rudeness of some of us," apologized Culbertson. So far P. H. S. has only a physical cultured class. However there is always hope for the future. But to continue. In order to advertise there must be something to advertise. Imagine a sign reading like this—

"Special rates on milk and honey this year. Hymn books and harps furnished free of charge. Gowns of genuine gossamer—' It can't be done I tell you. People are human and they want human pleasures. Change your milk and honey to—hm—Coca Cola. Put a little life into your music. Change your harp to an accordian and import your gowns from Paris."

St. Peter choked. "But traditions," he protested. "It's impossible."

"No, it's not," contradicted Culbertson. "Look at China. Where was it until we took the trade out of its traditions? If you don't want to be a back number get in the race. Put some ginger into things."

Culbertson stopped for breath. "Ain't it so?" he asked turning to his comrades.

"Them's my sentiments," agreed a curly, black-haired personage. "And what about the 'Celestial Star?' A real live newspaper would inject a little pep up here."

"Don't forget the Angels League," prompted a shrill voice from somewhere in the foreground.

In an instant pandemonium had broken loose in the ranks. Clamorous cries came from all directions, each one intent on being heard above others with the same purpose and insistance.

"What about that Chautauqua?" demanded one.

"And the Rooters' Club?" added the red and white maniac.

"Don't forget the Board of Trade," donated a third.

"St. Peter was plainly nervous.

"Silence!" commanded the Class President. "Silence! We shall hear from each of you individually.

"St. Peter," he said, turning and once again addressing the worried Guardian of the Gates. "You now see the purpose of our visit. At first our ideas may seem to you somewhat startling and revolutionary in nature, but with a little thought

you will doubtless in time see their practicability. Before we go any farther I think it best that you hear from some other members of the Class and get their opinions on the subject."

St. Peter gulped. "Yes, suppose we do," he acquiesced.

"Steven," called Culbertson, "mount the soap-box."

From out of the van-guard stepped an old combination, a sort of hybrid Olympian hero and tailor's dummy. His arms hung loosely from his sides.

"I haven't much to say," he declared loudly, scowling at his audience, "but first of all I'll tell you a little story that's wanting to get out of my system."

A titter ran around the crowd.

"It's about a steamboat," he commenced, "and it goes like this. Once there was a steamboat—" He stopped suddenly, shifted his position a few yards and started again from his new vantage point.

"Well, as I was say-ing," he shouted, his voice breaking at this point and ascending to soprano heights. "It's just like this. There was a steamboat and—"

"We heard you the first time," pitilessly jeered a sarcastic voice from the right.

"Shut up, Hance," threatened the "Celestial Star" advocate.

Steve grinned. "Well, anyway," he said, unruffled, "I think Mr. Culbertson told the right thing when he gave Mr. St. Peter that little idea of his. Now if"—here he stopped and moved a few steps—"now if we got up a State Championship football team up here and got a few matches with that bunch from St. Nick's across the pond, we could clean them off the map and put a crimp on their winning. And as I was say-ing," here his voice rose again in Alpine splendor. "As I was saying, we'll make the old bulldog pep steer that steamboat between the goal posts and score a touchdown."

Amidst vociferous applause, Steven withdrew from the rostrum.

"All right, fellows. Show the old life," yelled the two-colored apparition as he struck madly at the air. "Three for the Elysian Eleven!"

They were given with a will.

"Good enough! Let's show them we've got the right spirit. There for St. Nick!"

Across the gulf three reverberating cheers were sent in tamiable challenge to the enemy.

St. Peter caught himself with a start. He had almost lent his own lungs to the cause.

"Next on the program," announced Culbertson, "will be Harold Butterworth, P. H. S. business man."

An evident personage, slightly inclined to avoirdupois, stepped to the front. On his upper lip was that indisputable distinction proclaiming the man among men. With awe and envy did the trousered sex of the Class gaze on that badge of male prestige.

"Mr. Culbertson has already told you something of what I am about to say," said Butterworth crisply "but I will go a little more into detail. You all know that advertising is the keynote of success. Billy Sunday and Eva Tanguay are good examples of the wonders of this art. Now down on Earth our people are rapidly losing all knowledge of what is up here in these etherial heights and interest in the hereafter has rapidly declined. With a little advertising, however, the box-office will be sold out months ahead of time. What I consider most essential then in this popularity campaign is an Advertising Board. (Applause.) And," continued Butterworth becoming enthused, "we are fortunately blessed with many in our own midst who are especially qualified for this work. Who could be more

fitted for our official photographers than Henshaw and Warner? (Applause.) If there are any streets of gold up here, let them be seen on every screen of every motion picture house in the World. No magazine, paper, or Pathe Weekly should be complete without a cut or article concerning the daily affairs of this Eden of the Hereafter. Let the World keep directly in touch with its future destination by means of advertising. Now on the Board of Advertising I would like to appoint the following: Malcolm Barrett, manager—his business ability is unquestioned; Viola House, art department—her poster depicting the glories of Heaven will be scattered broadcast throughout the World; and Henshaw and Warner of course will take care of the photographic department. Lastly I appoint myself President. There are other positions and departments open, and for these the best man wins."

In noise, the applause had now reached its superlative degree. There was a new light in St. Peter's eye when Butterworth finished his speech and his hands trembled with excitement as a second roar of applause shook the firmament above.

Culbertson came to the front again. "Silence!" he shouted, holding aloft his hand. "Silence! There is much more to come. I think that Mr. Lee Davis, our Commissioner of Finance, has a word or two to say."

"Yes," said Davis, rapidly mounting the small hillock used a platform, "I have a message for each and every one of you. I have just come to a startling conclusion. But first I would like to question our esteemed and worthy St. Peter.

"St. Peter," he said abruptly, facing his auditor and looking him straight in the face, "how much is there in the Celestial Treasury?"

St. Peter coughed a moment. "Not a cent," he finally gave utterance.

"There you have it," exclaimed Davis triumphantly. "Not a cent! Just think of it! Bankrupt! How can Heaven ever hope to compete with its opponent when all the financiers, bankers, pawn-brokers, and other multi-millionaires of the World go the other way. There hasn't been a financier up here since Noah sent out the dove. And now here's what I have to tell each and every one of you.

"Heaven needs a bank and the bank needs officers. The Celestial Coffers must be filled and it is up to us to fill them. We must organize a National Bank and get currency system and a mint in operation. My plan is to dig up the streets and coin them. We shall issue greenbacks at their face value and start a credit system worthy of old U. S. A. I have already appointed the officers of the first National Bank. Perkins, our Student Body Clerk, will be president; Royal Wilke will be cashier—by the way he has an interesting new system of currency dealing with units of labor. See him for further particulars,—and Lyle Hance will be the Board of Directors. A Board of Trade is an essential organization. Arvid Hellburg will have all authority over that. I shall be Comptroller of the Heavenly Exchequer and have control over all financial institutions. That's about all I have to say to you just at present, so for future information, see me personally. Thanking each and every one of you for your attention, I now turn the rostrum over to another."

It is useless to describe the rounds of applause that echoed for miles beyond the gates. St. Peter found himself clapping his hands, although he checked himself before he was seen.

"Now," said Culbertson, "it is about time that we heard from the girls. Miss Helen Atkinson, president of the Girls' League, will be their first representative."

Coyly the renowned president of the Girls' League mounted the hillock, the focal point of all eyes. Silence fell on the assemblgae as she hesitated a moment and then commenced, "My mission," she said, "is a feminine one. I think that cooperation on the part of the angels would tend much to popularize their home and bring about their common welfare and betterment. I suggest an Angels'

League, an organization run on principals somewhat similar to the Girls' League of our Alma Mater. Such an institution can work only good and is, I think, in every way commendable. Its officers if elected as I have chosen them, have all had experience in their particular duties and would be ready to commence work at once. Margaret Bravinder, Frances Bartlett, and Sara Grassie, are the names of those of whom I was thinking, and Alice Hastings and I are ready to do whatever is required of us in this work. I think you will all agree with me as to the merits of such an organization, the Angels' League." Smiling sweetly the future wearer of a halo, the insignia of the Angels' League descended from the orator's mound and took her place among the Class.

Before the last echoes of applause were over Culbertson was again waving his arms like a traffic officer to restore quiet.

"Our next speaker," he shouted above the tumult, "will be Miss Eugenia Ong, the former commissioner of Welfare. She now has the ground."

The hand clapping stopped suddenly, the last encore issuing somewhere from the vicinity of St. Peter.

Self-possessed, calm and sure, the guardian of the Public Weal took her place on the hummock. "I have only a few words for you," she said quietly, "and they will be brief. I think that a Commission of Civic Improvement would be a benefit to the community and I would like to offer my services for such an institution. For instance, those gates that you see behind me are sadly in need of repair and I doubt not that many other examples of such neglect could easily be found. The box-office needs a new coating of paint. So with the approval of our Class President, I—Marian Reinech wished me to put in a word for her, too—we donate our services to the cause."

"Mr. Alviar, our star debater, seems anxious to display his ability on the rostrum," announced Culbertson, loudly, when the last encore had shown its approval of the suggested civic improvement. "He will now give you his ideas of a perfect Paradise."

Small and dark, and hinting of southern climes, the stellar debater stepped into the limelight. Making a grimace to show that he was perfectly at ease he carefully adjusted his tie and bowed.

"Ladies and gentlement, fellow-workers and St. Peter," he orated in jerky accents. "Many have been the suggestions for this popularity campaign this afternoon and many merits they have, but one essential modernity, one indispensable element of the civilization of today has been left out, entirely forgotten. I am thinking of that marvelous American entertainment and lecture tour, the Chautauqua. The World without a Chautauqua would be like a circus without a clown, an Eden without an apple. Ladies and gentlement, I ask of you, is it possible to compete with our enemy across the gulf without aChautauqua? The answer is evident. It is not. And now, fellow classmates, I wish to tend my services as well as those of two others, Robert Lilley and Clarence King to you. Their oratorical ability has been tried and proved, and they are as anxious as I to start work on the Chautauqua at once. Thanking you all for your evident interest in this matter, I will now let some one more worthy than I come to the front." And bowing again Alviar jumped to his applauding classmates' level.

"Miss Barbara Loomis next," shouted Culbertson.

The Class Vice-President ascended the pulpit and graciously acknowledged the cheers given her.

"Before I tell you anything about my pet hobby," she began, "I wish to suggest that the speeches be made even shorter than they are, in order to hear from everyone possible. Dusk will soon be here and we all wish to see for ourselves

what is beyond the Pearly Gates. (Cheers.) My suggestion is that a Dramatic League be instituted and the famous plays of the Earth be reproduced up here. This dramatic association should control all branches of the acting profession, from Shakespeare and musical comedies to moving pictures. We have many with us who are endowed with dramatic talent, and to those I wish to speak at once, if all are in favor of what I have suggested. Will those in favor please show their approval by saying 'Aye.' "

"Aye!" unanimously responded the Class.

Satisfied the youthful Marlowe bowed her way from the spotlight to the plaudits of her friends.

"Let's hear from Parker," demanded a voice from the back ground.

"Mr. Parker Lyons, our Commissioner of Athletics is wanted," cried Culbertson. "Where is he?"

"I haven't got much to say," protested Parker as he was forcibly thrust on to the natural soap-box, "Steve Horrell took my speech away from me. But in addition to football we could compete in other sports with the enemy, for instance, track and baseball. Look at the stars that we've got, "Vic" Jacomini, "Whit" Reeves, Jean Corey, the whole bunch of them, and Lawrence Platt could still keep his old job as manager. If St. Nick ever saw that bunch coming he would pray. Well, I guess that's all I've got to say this morn—this afternoon, and—that's all."

"All right, fellows! "Three for Parker and his athletes," suddenly cried St. Peter, jumping on the orators' stand and waving his arms stiffly, "Let's go!"

They went.

"We haven't heard from the editors yet," said Culbertson when he finally got back his breath, "Who'll be first?"

"Peg Mitchell," answered someone, somewhere.

"Miss Margaret Mitchell, editor of that monster, the "Item," proclaimed Culbertson. "She's next."

She was a tall girl with that kind of hair that mothers term auburn, and she was evidently ill at ease.

"You know I can't talk," she apologized unnecessarily, "but I'll try to convey an idea anyway. I'm talking for "Blackie" Hosler, too. He says he's got a sore throat. Well, we've got a hunch up our sleeve called the 'Celestial Star,' and it'll come out daily. And—and that's about all that there is to tell, but it's a good idea, anyway. Kenny Fuessle knows something about it, let him talk to you."

Conjur up all the pictures you have ever seen telling photographically, "why girls leave home," and youu will have some idea of the villainous and debonair Kenneth Fuessle, one time Commissioner of Publications. His chief pride lay in the fact that he was a cynic, therefore he was happy, and he was perfectly at home on the rostrum.

"You see, it's this way," he explained confidentially. "It's this way, 'Peg' and 'Blackie' got together on the trip up here and have rigged up a 'nifty' little sheet called the 'Celestial Star.' It's a daily, a corker and will come up to the 'Chronicle' standard. Heaven help it, you say. Well, make that vice versa and you'll have it right. You see now, don't you, how it will work? There's going to be another little periodical up here called the 'Sour Grape' and I'm going to be the editor-in-chief. See? Well, that's about enough for one day." Grinning the disdainful grin of the cynic, Kenny descended from his heights.

Suddenly from the rear somewhere a wild-eyed, black-haired individual broke through the crowd and quickly mounted the hummock. From the gleam in his eyes, the conditions of his hair, and the informality of his ways, it was evident that here was an eccentricity. With only slight imagination could one of those

clock-operated explosive instruments be pictured in his hand.

"Help! It's Goodman," exclaimed Hance in dismay. "Now we're in for it."

"Ladies and gentlemen," commenced Goodman rapidly, his eyes darting fire. "The uplift of the masses is about what I am to appeal to you. There must be universal equality and social liberty for all. The brotherhood of man is as essential to mankind as his bread and butter. The people must rule, not the few. You may have your 'Celestial Star' and your 'Sour Grape,' but above all, let us have a branch publication of the 'Masses.' It shall be distributed free amongst you all. I myself will take the responsibility to see that such is done. The uplift of the people can be accomplished in no other way."

"Give him the hook!" cried one of the masses. "Kick him out!"

"Calm him!" suggested another.

"Feed him milk!" added a third.

"Soak him!" insisted Hance.

"Silence!" shouted Culbertson, leaping on to the orator's mound and holding aloft his hand. "Silence! The meeting will come to order. I think that we have heard enough from all of you for today. The rest will be heard at some other time. Let us now pass through the gates and do some of the work that has already been laid before us. Are you ready?"

"We are!" responded two hundred and seventy voices. "We are!"

"All right, follow! Show the old life," cried the red-sweatered cheer leader. "Let's serpentine in. St. Peter will lead us. Ed and Howard Vesper will have next honors. Let's go!"

In a moment the line had been formed and the procession was under way, St. Peter enthusiastically leading. Through the gates they marched, one by one, and far out over the gulf the echoes of "boom-chug-chug—" sounded and resounded.

## CLASS WILL

To Whom It May Concern:

We, the august senior class of Pasadena High School, City of Pasadena, County of Los Angeles, State of California, being of poor health, overworked intellect, exposing memory, under no restraint from an over sensitive conscience but realizing the proximity of the termination of our sentence as seniors and being desirous of all worldly goods or chattels either real or imaginary of which we die possessed, do herewith and hereinunder cause to be manufactured, published, and declared, this our first and last will and testament, in the following manner to wit:

Firstly: To every loyal and patriotic student or member of the faculty of Pasadena High School do we will and bequeath our magnificent, stately ninety-foot flagpole surmounted by the Star Spangled Banner (long may it wave);

Secondly: To the parsimonious Juniors, namely the class of one thousand nine hundred and eighteen, we intrust our most sacred and valued possession, the exalted title of Senior and all of the privileges thereto subjoined, including the occupation of the assembly seats which have our unappreciated and disintegrating possessions during the past year, upon the condition hereunder stated, to wit: that there shall be no ditching of after school orchestra concerts and that absolute silence shall be maintained during unintelligible discourses.

Thirdly: To all devotees of aquatic sports, we bequeath our very beneficial waterless swimming pool in which they may splash, splutter, flounder, or drown according to their abilities of inclinations.

Fourthly: To the new commission we will our beautiful new Student-Body room, containing all the comforts of home, besides many age-worn cherished banners and Greek trophies, and which is used exclusively for rough-housing, a general hanging-out place for wearing apparel and amateur operatic stars, and incidentally, frequent commission meetings.

Fifthly: To our illustrous, suspicious, unparalled, sagacious Chronicle and Item staffs we relegate that portion of our cellar obstructed by an impenetrable gate, and confused with the passionate atmosphere of studious activity, waste paper, and chewing gum, antique desks, heirloom-typewriters, together with its several walls adorned with startling and somewhat vociferous posters, this to be used for the sole purposes of spooning, eating lunches, and using profound language.

Sixthly: We hereby make provision that the sum of thirteen dollars be deposited in the strong box in Miss McMurdo's office, and that the interest accruing therefrom shall be used in subsequent years for the purchase of vermillion high-chairs which are to replace the accustomed seats in the Auditorium balcony for the used of Freshmen.

Seventhly: We have further made provision for rattles to be furnished upon request to Freshmen who find it impossible to curb their cooing and prattle during the, to them, impenetrable intellectual discourses in Assembly.

Eighthly: We have also thoughtfully provided for their accommodation, Room 103 C, for use as a nursery. Application should be made to the head nurse who may be found in said nursery when not otherwise engaged in rounding up refractory infants.

The craving of these infant Freshmen for physical sustenance, we have considered with great care and foresight and have finally come to the conclusion that, for the type of nourishment which they of necessity must be provided with, the school bovine possesses qualities which cannot be unsurpassed. Any additional fuel which they may require may be obtained from the Raymond lunches at less than cost.

NINTHLY: To those poor unfortunates who do not believe in the old adage that "haste makes waste," we bequeath the right and privilege to hunt Mr. Hunter together with all the feverish anxiety and unrequited activity connected therewith.

TENTHLY: We bequeath to the future inmates of our erstwhile temple of learning all the gum-shoe paraphenalia and other black-art equipment which have served to make Warner and Henshaw two of the most beloved pupils the school has ever known, upon the condition that said inmates shall maintain the high standards set by these two and that they shall under no conditions, accept bribes for the suppression of photographic cameos obtained with the aid of said apparatus.

LASTLY: We do hereby justly constitute and appoint a committee composed of two of our most valued chattels, the Pasadena Bull-dog and Long Beach's goat, who made their homes with us since they were kids, as executors with all powers of attorney and legal representators as well as abutting powers allowed by statute to said executors.

In witness whereof, we have herewith set our fist and caused to be affixed, the seal of the grand and illustrious Class of 1917, this fifteenth day of June, 1917.

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## THE HONOR ROLL OF THE CLASS OF 1917

THE FOLLOWING NAMES, IN THE OPINION OF THE CHRONICLE ANNUAL STAFF, REPRESENT THE PEOPLE BEST FITTED TO HAVE THEIR WORK OF THE PAST FOUR YEARS RECOGNIZED AND ESTABLISHED IN THIS MANNER AS HISTORY OF THE PASADENA HIGH SCHOOL.

ANITA SCOTT,
CHESTER PEARMAN.

ATKINSON, HELEN:
Girls' League Committee, '14; Chairman, Teacher's Rest Room Committee, '15; Scholarship Pin Committee, '16; President, Girls' League, '17.

BANGS, JACK:
Reporter Chronicle, '16; City Editor, '17; Managing Editor, '17; Managing Editor "Unmuzzled Item," '17; Editor Chronicle, '17; Vice-President Chronicle Club, '17; Chronicle Annual Staff, '17.

BARRETT, MALCOLM:
Stage Crew, '14; Manager, Cafeteria, '16; Philomathian Club, '16; Stage Crew, '16; Treasurer, Senior Class, '17; Treasurer, Philomathian Club, '17; President, Ad Club, '17.

BARTLETT, FRANCES:
Quill and Question, '16; Vice-President, Collegiate Club, '17; Secretary, Girls' League, '17; Quill and Question, '17; Senior Night Committee, '17; Senior Night Cast, '17; Senior Play Cast, '17.

BRAVINDER, MARGARET:
Vice-President, Girls' League, '17; Quill and Question, '17; Special Writer, Chronicle, '17; Senior Pin Committee, '17; Class History, Chronicle Annual, '17; Senior Play, '17.

BRISLEY, GRACE:
Secretary, Junior Board of Trade, '16; Treasurer, Ad Club, '16; Secretary, Commercial Club, '17; Secretary, Junior Board of Trade, '17; Vice-President, National Association of Stenotypers, '17.

BURTON, CLIFFORD:
Track Team, '16; Boys' Glee Club, '16; Baseball Team, '16; Senior Vodvil, '16; Football Team, '17; Senior Prom, '17; Baseball Team, '17; Track Team, '17; Boys' Glee Club, '17.

COGGESHALL, HOWARD:
Senior Vodvil, '16; Mathematic's Play, '16; Boys' Glee Club, '16; Senior Play Committee, '17; Manager, Debating, '17; Boys' Glee Club, '17.

CORY, JEAN:
Secretary, Freshman Class, '14; Football Team, '15; Athletic Committee, '16; Swimming Team, '16; Football Team, '16; French Play, '16; Foot ball Team, '17; Swimming Team, '17; Football Team, '17; Philomathian, '17.

CULBERTSON, EDWARD:
Quill and Question, '16; Debating Squad, '16; Junior Party Committee, '16; President, Senior Class, '17; Football Team, '17; Engineer's Club, '17; Class Present Committee, '17; Quill and Question, '17; Collegiate Club, '17.

DAY, HARRY:
Secretary and Treasurer, Tertulia Club, '14; Swimming Team, '15; Captain, Swimming Team, '16; Water Polo Team, '16; President, Tertulia Club, '17; Captain Swimming Team, '17.

DAVIS, LEE:
Class Track Team, '16; Senior Vodvil, '16; French Play, '16; Commissioner of Finance, '17; Track Team, '17; Senior Night, '17; Soccer Team, '17; Vice-President, Quill and Question, '17; Chronicle Annual Staff, '17.

FUESSELE, KENNETH:
Item Staff, '13; Item Annual Staff, '13; "Joe Hatch" in "Miss Civilization," '14; Item Staff, '14; Chronicle Staff, '15; Item Staff, '15; Editor, Chronicle, '16; Senior Vodvil Committee, '16; "Burbage," in "MacBeth," '16; Class Play Committee, '16; President, Southern California News Service, '16; Quill and Question, '17; Commissioner of Publications, '17; Item Staff, '17; Boys' Glee Club, '17; President, Chronicle Club, '17; Hawaiian Quartette, '17; "Tramp" in "THE DUST of the ROAD," '17; "Sir Harry" in "The Twelve Pound Look," '17; Chronicle Staff, '17.

HALSTEAD, WYLLIS:
President, Rooters' Club, '16; Yell Leader, '16; Class Present Committee, '17; President, Rooters' Club, '17; Yell Leader, '17.

HELLBURG, ARVID:
Orchestra, '14-'15; Junior Board of Trade, '15-'16; Student Manager Book Store, '16-'17; Philomathian, '16; President Junior Board of Trade, '17; Ad. Club, '17; President Philomathians, '17; Commercial Club, '15-'16; President Commercial Club, '17; Constitution Committee, '17.

HELM, MARJORIE:
Senior Prom Committee, '17; Social Committee, Senior Class, '17; Philomathian, '17; Senior "Rough" Committee, '17.

HORRELL, STEPHEN:
President, Fresh Class, '14; Football Team (All Southern) '14; Football Team (All Southern), '15; Class Track Team, '15; Football Team, '16; (All Southern C.); Chairman Athletic Committee, '16; Tennis Team, '16; Captain, Football Team (All Southern C.), '17; Captain, Tennis Team '17; Chairman, Class Present Committee, '17; President, Collegiate Club, '17; Athletic Committee, '17; Spanish Play, '17.

HOSLER, RALPH:
Sporting Editor, Chronicle, '15; President, Quill and Question, '16; Sporting Editor, Chronicle, '16; Secretary Medical Club, '16; Athletic Editor, Item Annual, '16; Football Team, '16; United Sons of Rest, '16; Athletic Editor, Chronicle, '17; Manager, Football, '17; Quill and Question, '17; Senior Announcement Committee, '17; Special Writer, Chronicle, '17; Editor, Unmuzzled Item, '17.

HOUSE, VIOLA:
Senior Vodvil, '16; Philomathian, '16; Secretary, Philomathian, '17; Senior Prom. Committee, '17; Senior Night Cast, '17; Art Editor, Item, '16; Senior Play Cast, '17; Art Editor, Item, '17; Art Editor, Chronicle Annual, '17; Senior Rough Committee, '17.

HUNT, HARRIETT:
Assistant Editor, Item, '16; Vice-President, Quill and Question, '16; President, Quill and Question, '17; Assistant Editor, Item, '17; Chairman, Girls' League Party, '17; Senior Play Committee, '17.

IIAMS, THOMAS:
Spanish Play Cast, '16; German Play, '17; Dust of the Road Cast, '17; Class Play, '17; Senior Night Cast, '17.

JACOMINE, VICTOR:
Class Track Team, '16; Varsity Track Team, '16; Captain Track Team, '17; Class Track Team, '17; Philomathian, '17; Chairman, Athletic Committee, '17.

JONES, RUTH:
Social Committee, '15; Senior Prom. Committee, '17; Vice-President, Philomathian, '17; Debating Squad, '17; Senior Play Cast, '17.

LAIRD, MARION:
Junior Debating Squad, '15; Pianist, Orchestra, '15; Debating Squad, '16; Pianist, Orchestra, '16; President, Debating Club, '17; Inter-class Debate Champion, '17; Debating Squad, '17; Collegiate Club, '17; Constitution Committee, Senior Class, '17.

LEDYARD, FRANCIS:
Junior Party ommittee, '16; Tennis Team, '15; Chronicle Staff, '15; Tennis Team, '16; Manager, Tennis Team, '16; Athletic Committee, '17; Collegiate Club, '17; Manager, Tennis Team, '17.

LEE, DOROTHY:
Vice-President, Mid-term Sophomores, '15; Scholarship Pin Committee, Girls' League, '16; Philomathian, '17; German Play, '17; Scholarship Pin Committee, Girls' League, '17; Class Will, Chronicle Annual, '17; Collegiate Club, '17.

LILLEY, ROBERT:

Treasurer, Sophomore Class, '15; Chronicle Reporter, '15; Manager, Debating, '16; Chronicle Staff, '16; Philomathian, '16; Social Committee, '16; Commissioner of Debating, '17; Basketball Team, '17; Philomathian, '17; President, S. W. D. A., '17; Junior Debating Squad, '15; Philomathian, '16; United Sons of Rest, '16, '17; Pasadena High Junior Chautauqua, '17; Secretary-Treasurer, California Federation of Student Body Presidents, '17; Chronicle Annual Staff, '17.

LOOMIS, BARBARA:

Advisory Board, Girls' League, '15; Social Committee, '15; Social Committee, '16; Vice-President, Senior Class, '17; Dust of the Road, '17; Staff, Chronicle Annuel, '17; Quill and Question, '17; Chairman, Social Committee, '17; Senior Prom. Committee, '17; Society Editor, Chronicle, '17; Senior Night Cast, '17; Secretary-Treasurer, Chronicle Club, '17; Girls' League Council, '16, '17; Staff, Chronicle Annual, '17; Chairman, Senior Rough Committee, '17.

LYON, PARKER:

Soccer Team, '14, '15, '16; Swimming Team, '16; Manager, Football, '16; Manager, Basketball, '16; Football Team, '17; Basketball Team, '17; Commissioner of Athletics, '17; Philomathian, '17.

MACKENZIE, DOUGLAS:

Constitution Committee, '14; Boys' Glee Club, '14; Orchestra, '14; Track Team, '15; Orchestra, '15; Boys' Glee Club, '15; Athletic Committee, '15; Basketball Team, '16; Boys' Glee Club, '16; Track Team, '16; Class Play, '16; Junior-Senior Circus Committee, '16; Senior Vodvil, '16; Orchestra, '16; Cafeteria Corps, '16; Boys' Glee Club, '17; Manager, Cafeteria, '17; Basketball Team, '17; Class Play, '17.

METTIER, STACY:

Manager, Chronicle, '16; President, Junior Class, '16; President, Medical Club, '16; Secretary-Treasurer, P .H. S. Discussion Club, '17; Director, Junior Board of Trade, '17; Collegiate Club, '17.

MITCHELL, MARGARET:

Quill and Question, '16; Secretary, Junior Class, '16; Assistant Editor, Item, '16; Editor, Item, '17; Senior Prom. Committee, '17; Quill and Question, '16-'17; Editor, Chronicle Annual, '17; Junior Board of Trade, '17; Chairman, Senior Graduation Announcement Committee, '17; Senior Rough Committee, '17.

ONG, EUGENIA:

Vice-President, Junior Class, '16; Philomathian, '16; Chairman, Convention Committee, Girls' League, '16; Commissioner of Public Welfare, '17; Chairman, Girls' League Scholarship Pin Committee, '17; Philomathian, '17; Class Will, Chronicle Annual, '17; Class Present Committee, '17; Debating Squad, '17; Class Valedictorian, '17.

PERKINS, HAROLD:

Mandolin Club, '15; Accountant, Student Body, '16; Boys' Glee Club, '16; Mandolin Club, '16; Senior Show, '16; Track Manager, '16; Clerk, Student Body, '17; Track Team, '17; Treasurer, Commercial Club, '17; Uke Club, '17; Junior Board of Trade, '17; Board of Governors, Ad Club, '17; Cross Country Team, '17.

PLATT, LAWRENCE:
Boys' Glee Club, '14; Track Team, '14; Reporter, Chronicle, '15; Boys' Glee Club, '15; Track Team, '15; Mixed Chorus, '15; Swimming Team, '16; Reporter, Chronicle, '16; Junior Party Committee, '16; Boys' Glee Club, '16; Senior Vodvil, '16; Swimming Team, '17; Manager, Track Team, '17.

REINECK, MARION:
Junior Board of Trade, '15; Philomathian, '16; Vice-President Junior Board of Trade, '16; Vice-President, Philomathian, '17; Secretary, Senior Class, '17; Chairman, Entertainment Committee, '17.

SMITH, HOWELL:
Swimming Team, '15; Football Team, '16; Swimming Team Manager, '16; Sport Reporter, Chronicle, '16; Senior Night Entertainment Committee, '16; Sporting Editor, Chronicle, '17; Staff, Unmuzzled Item, '17; Assistant Sport Editor, Chronicle Annual, '17; Assistant Coach, Swimming Team, '17.

WILLIAMS, THOMAS:
School History Pageant, '14; Engineers' Club, '15; German Play, '16; Medical Club, '16; Chronicle Staff, '16; Engineers' Club, '17; Chronicle Staff, '17; Collegiate Club, '17.

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## CLASS HISTORY

Attention, fellow citizens! We live in an age of Preparedness. President Wilson has called us to the colors, not only to fight on land and sea but to be soldiers of the soil. We must answer. We are answering.

Four years ago a very far-sighted man decided to help his country by establishing a model farm on which he might try out a new system of agriculture.

It was first necessary that he should buy the land on which to lay out his orchards. Then the buildings for the farm houses and the storehouse and granaries for the crops of wheat and corn had to be built and finally the overseers and directors had to be hired. For the wise man planned a large farm, a farm which should really amount to something.

As with all new things the farmer found that the first year his scientific plan was not quite successful. There were so many new farm hands to break in and so many new crops and new seeds to try out.

He puzzled over exactly what crops he should try out the first year but finally decided on greenstuffs in the main—puttinig in some of his orchards to prunes and lemons.

Experience in dry farming had taught the farmer that vegetables in California do not do as well without moisture as with, and so from the very beginning when the plots of ground had been assigned to the gardeners and gardeneresses and the seeds had been scattered, the water of energy was turned on. At regular intervals extended irrigation took plac. The first year the trench system was not used and the minimum amount of water was employed. This was due partially to a lack of funds.

The first year of the experiment the corps of new workers gathered to-

gether in their beautiful new quarters to choose leaders to direct their work and recreation, for Farmer Cross believed that workers worked best when governing themselves. Besides, this farm was to be a training school, as it were, for men and women, and women who were to go out into the world and show it the way to live.

Steve Horrell was chosen to direct the affairs of the workers, Vivian Brandenburg was to see that they did not grow dull from lack of recreation. Jean Cory was to attend to all correspondence, and Paul Hamilton to look after financial affairs. These plans made, the young farmers started in with a will at their alloted tasks.

After the first crops were in the ground a "Get Acquainted Party" was held at which much jollity prevailed. There was hard work that year, the farmers were new, the soil was hard, and there were some who would have dropped out of the ranks had not their companions urged them to stay.

To each farmer was assigned a plot of ground and each was given a limited choice of seeds but most planted greenstuffs that year, with a few fruit trees, mostly lemons and prunes, with a few inconspicuous peaches.

At the end of the first season Director Cross and all his corps of assistants and the under farmers took a vacation from their hard labors, and the land lay fallow for three months. At the end of three months they were back again with renewed vigor and high enthusiasm. Some who had been there before dropped out, but there were many new faces added. This time Royal Wilkie was chosen as leader of the farmers, Helen Lockwood, Margaret Cralle, and Bob Lilley assisting him. The young farmers by now had learned the routine of the work, and were somehow enabled to find much more time for recreation. Besides, there was a band of brand new raw farmers who were being broken in. They required much loving care and attention on the part of the old timers. The first social gathering was a "Kid Party" at which everyone borrowed costumes from the new corps, and returned to the days of their youth.

This year's crops were changed partly on the advice of Director Cross and his assistants, and partly through the desire of the farmers themselves. The green stuff was relegated to the new corps. Pumpkins and a few nuts seemed to be in great prominence among the corps of '17, with an increasing number of nuts, especially of walnuts, which were propped up against the inside walls of the buildings, also a few fragrant wall flowers planted by the esthetically minded. It is well known that rotation and variety of crops is necessary, so two new crops were put in this year, Music and Literary Societies. Both aroused lively interest on the part of the farmers, and eventually proved worth while.

There had been for a long time a monthly bulletin, the Item, edited by the farmers, in which was printed articles of interest pertaining to the farm. But this year an enterprising young farmer started a new weekly which was to contain news of current interest and happenings of the week. This was and is the best weekly in Southern California.

By this time the huge and powerful tractor of office regulation was working smoothly. No crops died from lack of irrigation or cultivation; the tractor, all powerful, had all in its grasp. There was too splendid a spraying and fumigating system in which detention and interviews were prime ingredients. By use of these the farm was kept comparatively free from parasites. They acted also as a corrective and preservative measure with the crops of those farmers who were inclined to loaf.

Again a season of rest and when the farmers came back it was with added dignity and stature. In most cases, the form of attire had changed also, knees were no longer the fashion. To so august and dignified a body the former crops did not seem suitable. Peaches and pears were grown in great abundance, but the strange thing was that when the crops were gathered the peaches were always found in pears. And as the climate and other conditions were favorable dates were added to the other fruit crops. Walnuts and wall flowers were also on the rapid increase.

The leaders, Stacy Mettier, Eugenia Ong, Howard Emert, Barbara Loomis, and Margaret Mitchell, this year were invested with greater responsibility and on their shoulders rested a large share of the work of the farm, both for themselves and in directing and overseeing the two new corps.

As specially fitting in the crops raised that year, the yearly gathering was in the form of a Valentine Party where bleeding hearts were much in evidence, both hanging from the ceiling and in places hardly less evident to the casual observer. It was this year that the all-important live stock of football, baseball, task, soccer, swimming, and basketball play such an important part of the farm life. In connection with all other Farmers' Leagues of Southern California, the stock of this farm easily won trophies and blue ribbons by the score. They are still displayed in all their glory in the farmers' sanctum sanctorum.

Upon this corps of farmers resolved the duty and privilege of extending a last farewell to the old outgoing corps of '16, of whom little has been said, as this is a tale of the corps of '17. This took place in the form of a "Sightseeing Party" around the nearby country. The hilarious farmers piled into big busses (there being a lack of hayracks on this scientific modern farm), and from the noise it would seem that even farmers have some small sense of the joyous and lighter side of life.

And now came the great year. This year saw the perfect working of Director Cross' stupendous plan. A new crop called Dramatics was put in and proved a most successful crop at harvest time. The assistant who put in his crop, Miss Eloise Sterling, was chosen as special advisor to the corps of '17, and was in all respects a guide, philosopher and friend. The farmers now were almost ready to step out and carry on the work in the outer world. On them rested nearly all the responsibility of the farm and they were worthy to bear it.

The leaders they chose were fit representatives of so efficient a corps. Lawrence Metzger was first chosen leader but later in the season being called away Edward Culbertson was found ably fitted to carry on the work. Assisting him were Barbara Loomis, Malcolm Barrett, and Marian Reineck.

In addition to many fruit trees, grain was sown this year, wheat, barley, and oats, the foods of the world. Floriculture became a great favorite. Large beds of Dandy Lions, Shooting Stars, Bleeding Hearts, and Hearts Ease delighted the eye.

At this time Director Cross and his assistants found it necessary to aid in the cultivation of the crops by a lively use of the pruning shears. There were many branches of the traditional Senior Tree which it seemed advisable to lop off. Among the discarded branches were Senior Vodvil, Cutting Classes, and Tripstokemps. Incidentally, it may be stated that the tree was much better without them. And in place of the Senior Vodvil grew a really new branch, Senior Night, which bids fair to out-rival the old limb in all ways.

Though the grain and fruit trees required a great deal of time, the live stock was not neglected. The farmers tended it with a will and the objects of their care grew daily more lustrous and more of a credit to their caretakers. At the great county fairs, while they did not bring home all the blue ribbons, many more trophies and ribbons were added to the already large collection.

Because of the increased efficiency of his farmer corps Director Cross considered it permissable for his Senior farmhands to hold two merrymakings this year. The first was a midwinter festival called the "Senior Prom," and the second coming just before the summer was the "Senior Party."

Towards June of this year Director Cross began to take stock of all the departments of his model farm. As spring advanced and summer came on he became more and more interested in the approaching harvest.

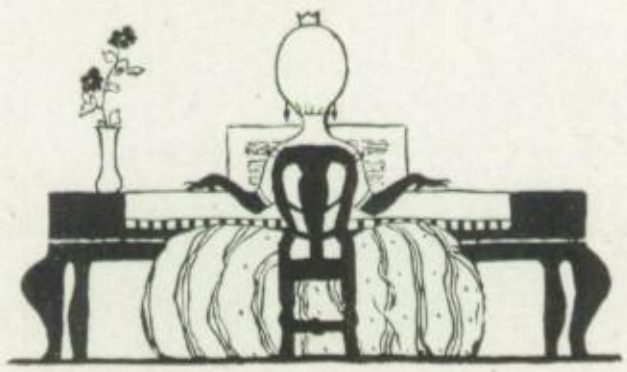
Although rains and unexpected changes of weather did spoil some of the crops that the individual farmers and farmeresses had been trying to raise, still on the fifteenth day of the harvest month most of the farm hands came proudly o their chief bringing their individual crops and estimates for his approval.

The great Harvest Day finally dawned. With steady and quick hands the results of four years were passed on and approved. Director Cross with one last examination turned his corps of farmers out into the world.

He had responded to the President's call.

And again the sowing of crops began and the distribution of products continued.

FINIS.



LITERARY

## "A FOOL THERE WAS"

### By Lyle Hance

The northern lights were fading fast. Their dull glare cast a shadow over the trackless wilderness of snow. A few stars were still shining in the sky. The little black tent of "Red" McClung shone out against the background of snow and ice like a light in the dark. Nothing could be heard save the muffled breathing of a few dogs as they lay with their heads buried between their paws.

Whether from instinct or whether from some noise made by one of the dogs, Red awoke with a shudder, rose to a half sitting position, rubbed his eyes, and looked about him. He was tired from the terrible tramp of the preceding days. It was not a tired feeling such as is brought on by an ordinary day's labor, but a sense of utter fatigue. He threw back the heavy fur blankets and crawled outside. A dog, hearing his footsteps, lazily opened his eyes to look at his master, and as Red stooped to pat him on the head, wagged his tail in token of his loyalty to a kind master.

Reaching in his inner pocket, Red produced a little leather-bound diary, the precious record of his long journey. Taking a stubby pencil from the same pocket, he soon was busy recording the events of the preceding day. Each page represented a day—and each was strangely like the one before it—a record of nothing but snow, ice, friendly dogs, cold wind, and his own meagre thoughts.

For over a month, now, he had been tramping over the wilderness of snow to where civilization awaited him—the civilization he had dreamed about, and written about ever since he had started out to find James Mack, explorer and miner, who was reported coming from Unalaska, laden down with yellow gold. four dogs for two weeks.

Soon he was on the march. A week ago his supply of flour had run out. His bacon was running low—terribly low. But twenty rounds remained. Well he knew that twenty little rounds of bacon would never last a man and four dogs for wo weeks.

There was one thing which favored him in his mad dash against time and starvation. Nature had endowed him with the physical strength of a lion, the cunning brains of a fox, and then to make a great man complete, she had given him iron nerves. Forty years in the frozen north had given him a working knowledge of the ways which Nature employs to keep secret that portion of her free land from inhabitants. Red was strong in the belief that he could do whatever his mind told him must be done—and he must reach home. He was a man who could fight his way through snow and wind till the last of his massive muscles had grown weary, then press on for days on his nerve. Well did he realize that his food supply would never last, but his unfettered will refused to be bound, and he pressed on. Clinching his fists he resolved that "where there's life, there is hope."

But luck will come to those who are patient, and that evening as he was trudging doggedly behind his sled, suddenly it was seen to veer sharply as if passing over a huge rock.

"Huh!" muttered Red, "that's the first time I ever knew of a rock in these parts of the country." Something in that aroused his curiosity. Taking a shovel from off the sled, he dug around in the snow. A smile crept over his face as he touched it with the shovel. No, it was not a boulder. With one mighty effort, he drew it out of its icy hiding place. A giant bag—

on one side, the letters J. D. M. He lifted it—heavy as lead. A thought went racing across his brain—GOLD. Should he open it now and count it, or should he wait until he reached the tavern. These and a hundred similar questions arose in his mind. He weighed it in his hands—perhaps it contained twenty thousand dollars—perhaps more. The thought of it put new life into his tired body. Throwing it on the sled he hurried on. Two weeks more, he thought, and chuckled to himself. But even the chuckle died upon his lips as he thought of his twenty rounds of bacon, enough to last him and his dogs three days.

Then a thought struck him, he might kill one of his dogs and eat that. Such a thought made him shake like a leaf. He would rather die himself than kill his friends. Then he thought of the bag—the gold—and he laughed to himself. That evening he called the smallest of his dogs to him and as it came he drew his knife and plunged it through its heart. As the lifeless form of the dog lay stretched out on the snow, a little red stain upon the otherwise colorless snow, the great heart of the man rebelled, his iron nerves suddenly lost their control and for the first time in his life Red McClung cried.

In the night he awoke, terribly hungry, but he dare not eat; in the morning he must start again. The coming of morning found him well on his way. The load was too much for three dogs so he carried the big bag across his shoulders. The weight staggered him. The loss of the one dog was keenly felt by the other three, but still his unconquerable will refused to be bound and he pressed on.

One week later found him still in the trackless wilderness of snow and ice. His dogs had died of starvation one after the other; his sled had been abandoned, his bacon was gone, everything but the bag, and as he thought of it and its precious contents he laughed aloud. He had three days to go. He had no food, he dared not stop to rest, but must go as long as exhausted nature would let him.

For three days and nights he wandered with but a vague idea of direction. The lack of food and the great physical exertion he was undergoing made his mind wander. Now he was a little child, thinking only of the gold upon his back, and he laughed. Now again, he was at the tavern with many eager faces crowded about him. Now he was opening the bag, the gold rolled on the floor, he was rich. This his mind cleared and he found himself in the ice-bound desert—alone. Every time he thought of his load of gold he laughed to himself. It was all that kept him going. He reeled and staggered like a drunkard. He fell to the ground, only to rise again and press on, chuckling to himself all the while. He would not drop his burden and save himself, he would save both.

What was that ahead? Was it a light, or just the moon? No, it could not be the moon for that is white and this was yellow. His hopes arose as he drew nearer. Soon he could hear the confused mumble of voices—just ahead was the door. He tried to open it but his strength left him and he lay in a heap at the foot of the step. But the door opened and strong arms closed about him and he was pulled inside into the warmth and the yellow glare. Something was thrust into his hands and he ate like a wild man, forgetting, in his hunger, the bag. Suddenly he remembered. Rushing to the door he floundered out into the soft snow and dragged it in. Everyone in the tavern crowded around him—he cut the thongs that held it tight. It opened and there, inside, was one hundred and fifty rounds of bacon. His hand went to his head, his eyes took the glassy stare of one dead. Slowly the fact dawned on him.

"God! What a fool," he muttered, "God! What a fool."

## "THE MAN WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE IN GOD"

BY MARGARET BRAVINDER

There was a little nun once who lived in a sleepy, humdrum, old village that had settled itself down complacently among the mountains, as if to shut out with those jagged peaks the wicked outer world from its sacred confines. The village was many hundreds of years old and somehow gave the impression that nowhere could anything possibly be found that was more dignified or sanctified. The very houses seemed to fold their hands in their prim front yards and cast their curtained eye-windows discreetly down. Nothing of note ever happened there. Children laughed and cried, grew up, made love, and married, all in the way their fathers and mothers had done before them. And when the time came they called in the gentle, dried-up priest and passed quietly and contentedly from this world to the next, and, no one doubted, to their eternal reward. No one ever went hungry, there were poor people, of course, but what was the Church for, if not to feed them? And there was no wickedness; indeed, there was no incentive, where every man had food and shelter and clothes. There had been a woman, once, when the nun was only a bit of a girl—but she had gone away, and no one ever saw her again and no one spoke of her save in whispers, and so she was soon forgotten and there was nothing to mar the village's reputation for godliness.

Of course it would have been a trifle stupid and dull to an outsider, but the people knew no other life, and would have held up their hands in horror at the suggestion of anything different. There were no great folk to make the villagers discontented with their ways of living, only a simple old man who lived in a great gloomy house on the hill, and sat all day by the window in his invalid's chair and discussed very learnedly theological questions of a half century ago, when the priest came to tea on Sunday nights.

When a stranger passed through the main street, the old men brought their chairs down flat from where they had been tipped back against the wall, and the children stopped their games to look after him.

But to go back to the little nun; her uneventful life had flowed like a river through quiet meadows. She had stepped from a girlhood as quiet and ascetic as her convent life into the convent. And because she had never done anything wrong, and too, because she was so gentle and kind, and was so watchful of her prayers and fasting, the people loved her and called her "the good little nun," and the name suited her. Her nature was as simple as a child's. She believed implicitly what the priest taught her, and bothered her head about no complex matters, no troublesome doubts, never questioned, never reasoned, only lived her simple faith from day to day and believed that all the world must do the same.

One evening she was kneeling at her prayers by the window of the little stone convent when she heard a step on the gravel path outside. She went on telling her beads and waiting for the steps to die away, but they ceased abruptly by her window and a shadow cast by the setting sun fell across her face. She looked surprised that even a stranger should interrupt her at her prayers.

Her gaze fell on the tall figure of a man, his broad-brimmed hat casting his face in shadow from which his deep, fathomless eyes looked out in restless search.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I am saying my prayers, can't you see?" asked the nun, still more surprised, and would have gone back to her beads.

"Why do you say them?" he persisted.

"Why? Why? So that God will forgive my sins, of course."

"Have you any sins?"

"Yes, many sins, but I have said my prayers five times over now, and will say them once more before the sun goes down." This was a gentle hint, but the stranger did not heed it.

"And does God really listen to you when you say those words over and over so many times?"

"Certainly!" The little nun was very much astonished and a little bewildered.

"Certainly. Why do you ask such a foolish question? Do you ever pray?"

"Oh, it is nothing; I only wondered how God could take time from his managing the universe to listen to a little village nun say words over and over. I thought perhaps it might bored Him."

The nun sprang to her feet and in a very stern voice for one so little, said:

"Now you are blaspheming and God will surely punish you." The stranger remained unmoved, only gazed at her steadily with a quizzical look in his eyes. The nun faltered a bit, confused by his straightforward gaze. She asked curiously:

"Are you not afraid that God will punish you with everlasting fire?"

"No," answered the stranger quietly, "I am not afraid that God will punish me." Then he added thoughtfully, "if there is a God."

"If there is a God!" The little nun went quite white. She closed her eyes and grasped the window-ledge with her hand. When she opened her eyes the man was gone.

Shaken to the depths of her soul by blasphemy the like of which she had never before imagined, she dropped to her knees and began with trembling lips to pray for the salvation of the stranger.

"I will tell Father Peter about him tonight," she thought, but for some reason which she herself hardly understood, she failed to do so.

Next morning everyone knew that a stranger had bought the little house on the edge of the village that had stood vacant for twenty years. He was a writer, he told the man who sold it to him, and had come to the village for rest and quiet. He found it, for after the first few days of excited curiosity on the part of the villagers, they gradually left him to himself as they found he was so different in his ways. This was exactly what he wanted.

Only the little nun moved uneasily when people spoke of him. She felt like a criminal because she kept silent about their conversation that first night. She had good reasons for keeping silent. Perhaps the godly atmosphere and life would have its effect on the man if he were left alone, while if he were antagonized at first, he would be lost. Nevertheless it was the first semblance of a shadow that had fallen across her life, and she felt its darkness. For to her mind, and to the minds of the villagers, there could be no greater sin than to deny the existence of God. Often when she went into the church she heard the stranger's voice in her ear, "If there is a God," and when she lay down to sleep it haunted her. But always she fought against it as against the devil and sought to close her ears against its question. But

one night as she knelt on the cold stone floor of her tiny room, a low voice said, "To whom do you pray?" She started up. It seemed impossible that the stranger should not be there, but the room was empty.

She fell on her knees again and began feverishly to pray. Again the voice persisted.

"Does anyone listen when you pray?" At that she began sobbing piteously, and fumbling with her rosary.

"Oh, where is God, where is He? I can't find Him. Why can't I pray?" she moaned as her frightened lips refused to utter the prayers.

"Where is He? Where is He?" she murmured over and over as she stumbled into the next room where an old nun lay asleep.

"Sister Anna, help me find God."

"Has she lost her mind?" cried the old woman, and to the girl:

"There, there, go back to bed; let me help you."

"Oh, no, I can't go back to bed; I must find Him, Sister Anna; I feel so empty—the spirit that was in me has gone out." Her voice trembled.

"Then go to your prayers."

Obediently the little nun went back and knelt. But she could not pray; only incoherent words rolled from her lips.

"I will go into the church; surely He will be there, and then I shall not feel afraid." Without stopping for a wrap, she ran quickly to the church next door. Softly she entered the little building and made her way to the altar, which was dimly lighted by two little candles placed before the figure of the Virgin. The little nun dropped onto her knees and waited mutely for the Spirit to cover her, but it did not come.

Her face was white and her eyes were pitiful in their blind fear, as she came out of the church. With childlike face she raised her eyes to the stars. "God is up there, surely up there, though it is so far, so very far away!" Only the cold little stars blinked back at her unfeelingly.

She never knew how she got home, but she found herself next morning, fully dressed, lying across her narrow bed. It was not long before the neighbors, and then all the villagers, knew that something was wrong with the little nun. She went about with a dazed air and a vacant gaze. Everyone was sorry that Providence should have seen fit to visit so good and innocent a being with such affliction—all, that is, but the tailor's wife, and she shook her head dubiously, saying that it was curious to see what forms punishment took and how evil would out tho hidden behind ever so righteous and meek a countenance.

Those who knew her well knew that she suffered deeply, and strove to help her. Old Anna was never too tired to walk with her—walking along the country roads seemed to be the little nun's only relief from her thoughts—and never was impatient at her vagaries.

Once when they were walking in the late afternoon they met the stranger, the man who did not believe in God. His head was lifted up and he breathed deeply. He had a few straggling, withered flowers in one hand.

The little nun gazed at him, fascinated.

"I wonder what he's listening to," she said when he had passed.

"Listening to? Why the birds. Maybe they sing sweetly now, or maybe to the Angelus."

"No, I don't think so. He looks as if he were listening to God, but—he can't be."

Gradually it came about that the nun became estranged from the people that used to be her friends. They would shake their heads as she passed, and look meaningly at one another. They thought she was possessed. Even the kind priest exorcised her seriously to shut her heart against the devil and his works, for she went no more to confession. She only shook her head when he pleaded with her, and he saw in her eyes the look of a dumb beast that suffers what it has not the tongue to utter.

It was perhaps a month later when Anna and the little nun were again coming home from a long ramble into the hills, when they came across a woman huddled down under a hedge by the roadside.

"Alms! Alms,for the love of Mary, help an afflicted one!" she cried, stretching out a scrawny arm and endeavoring to grasp the little nun's skirt. The little nun would have gone to her at once, but Anna restrained her. "The woman's a leper!"

"A leper? The she needs my help all the more!" But the old woman only tightened her grasp on the girl's arm.

"Stop! It is she! the woman who went away!"

"Oh!" The little nun paled and shrank back, more in fear than in loathing.

"For the love of Mary! I am dying; give me water," croaked the old hag, but the little nun turned shudderingly away, the older woman's arm protectingly about her.

As they turned the woman by the roadside staggered to her feet and with a hoarse cry, stumbled forward a few steps, to fall, face down, in the road.

Then it was that a tall figure stepped out from behind the hedge and raised the poor, trembling heap of rags and filth and carried it to the shade of the hedge.

The little nun had stopped at that hoarse cry and turned, but now stood as if rooted to the spot, watching the scene. The man, who was the stranger, took a flask from his pocket and endeavored to force some of its contents between the set teeth of the prostrate woman.

It was useless—in futile agony the wretch writhed and struggled, and with a last convulsive gasp, lay still.

With infinite gentleness the stranger composed the limbs of the dead woman and straightened her rags to some semblance of order, then he took his handkerchief and covered her face. Rising to his feet, he took off his hat and stood for a moment, silent. Then he strode off, still bareheaded. He walked unseeingly past the two women who stood transfixed by the side of the road. The little nun looked straight in his eyes.

"Oh!" she breathed, and then in a very still voice:

"I have found Him."

"Found Him! What do you mean? Who? Where?"

"I have found God; I saw Him in his eyes."

"Whose eyes, dear child?"

"In his eyes; the eyes of the man who doesn't believe in God."

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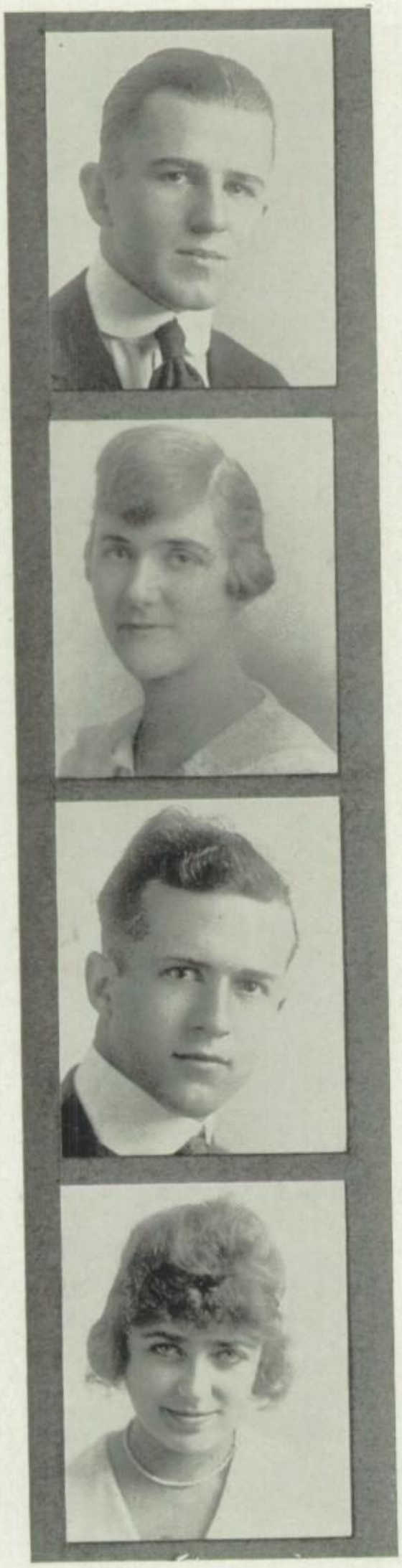
MC. ROSS
CLASSES

DIPLOMA



SENIOR OFFICERS

EDWARD CULBERTSON
*President*

BARBARA LOOMIS
*Vice-President*

MALCOLM BARRETT
*Treasurer*

MARION REINECK
*Secretary*

## THE CLASS OF 1917

Hoorah for our side! The Class of '17 is about to leave this school. In many ways the Class of '17 was the most interesting class that has ever attended the school. Beginning with our high school career with the opening of the new school, we have done things and had things done to us which will make us remember old P. H. S. as long as we live, and with one accord we were pea-green Freshmen, because our history, from year to year, can be not hold a post-mortem and go into the history of the class from the time we were pea-green Freshmen, because our history, from year to year, can be found in the last three "Item Annuals" under the head of "Class of '17," and if anyone has forgotten, let them hold the above mentioned post-mortem.

This year we started out by holding the usual election, at which Laurence Metzger was elected president of the class; Barbara Loomis, vice-president; Marian Reinick, secretary, and Malcolm Barrett, treasurer. As a result of Metzger's ability as a leader, many things were started—and finished. A permanent graduating class pin was adopted; a scholarship pin for boys was also started. The year was characterized by many stormy meetings. The Faculty leveled a 40-centimeter cannon at the Vodvil, and then pulled the trigger. After the free distribution of much hot air, the fallen Vodvil was given a military burial with all solemnity and awe. In its place, we had what was called Senior Night—three one-act plays; one comery, one comedyless comedy and one comedy-provoking sob act.

Then Metzger thought there was going to be war with Mexico, so he resigned as president and went to Alaska. At another election Edward Culbertson and Lyle Hance ran for the office of president. After the votes had been counted, and the number of people who were in the room at the time counted, it was found that the former led the latter by a big majority. Another election was held, this time a good one, at which Mr. Culbertson was elected to fill Metzger's place. Things then progressed in regular order.

No article about the Class of '17 would be complete without a word regarding the giant "blow-out" the class had. It was the biggest social event of the year, and above any that any Senior class had ever attempted. The time was a Friday evening in November, and the place was the Hotel Maryland. The people were every Senior who could possibly hobble that far. The refreshments were delicious; the quantity wasn't so much, but-mm! the quality! There was regular Orpheum singing by "Cliff" Burton; a real original snake dancer (it was Jack Merchon); scads of "uke" music; a real, live Hula Hula dancer (that was Harold Perkins, but nobody would have thought it); a Seal Beach orchestra, and a fine speech by Mr. Cross. To the social committee composed of Barbara Loomis, Viola House, Margaret Mitchell, John Neimeyer and the president, Laurence Metzger, we vote our thanks for the evening's joy. And wherever we are and no matter if we, as a class, are forgotten by the succeeding classes, we will always remember the class of '17—OUR CLASS.

JUNIOR OFFICERS

ROBERT SHLAUDEMAN
*President*

DOROTHY STEWART
*Vice-President*

JENNIE MacCALL
*Secretary*

"TED" DE SILVA
*Treasurer*

## THE CLASS OF '18

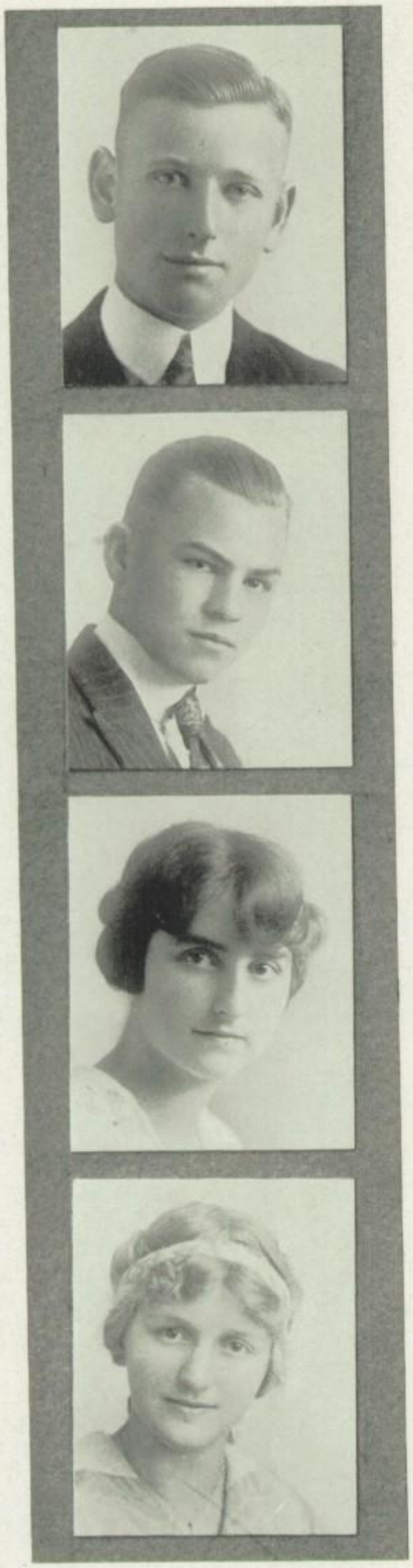
"Showing the old bull dog fight," the Class of '18 started the year full of "pep" by holding the customary election of officers. This election differed from the ordinary election in that nearly every one ran for some office. When the smoke of battle had cleared away, it was found that Robert Shlaudemann was the president, Dorothy Stewart, vice-president; Jennie MacCall, secretary, and "Ted" De Silva, treasurer.

An athletic committee was appointed, which stirred up so much enthusiasm that the Juniors had more "letter men" than any other class. There were six Juniors given the football "P"; five the basketball "P," all being the track and baseball teams. These Juniors won the inter-class basketball games; took second in the track meet, and have the inter-class swimming Juniors except one on the swimming team; and four "letter men" on both meet "cinched." Enough for athletics. On the rostrum, the Juniors won the Davis-Hall for two years in succession, and were only beaten by the Seniors in the inter-class debates.

The Junior Jaunt, the big blow-out of the year, was held on the evening of January 19, at the San Gabriel Country Club. The rainy weather being of small matter, over a hundred and twenty "Eighteeners" were present.

That old "be-whiskered" remark, "On account of the war," comes in handy here, but it doesn't refer to the increase cost of anything—except hash in the school cafeteria—but to the giving up of the annual Junior-Senior Party, the Junior Class taking the funds necessary for such a party and giving them to the Red Cross and the Ambulance Corps. A hard blow to all of us who would have enjoyed that party, but a mighty big spirit behind it.

The Junior Class has set a mighty hard example for themselves to eclipse in their Senior year. But after the showing they made this year, we believe they can do anything. Just hitch your "Henry" to a star, Juniors, and you will be the greatest Senior Class that ever entered P. H. S.



SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

ROBERT ALLEN
*President*

GEORGE SHERWOOD
*Vice-President*

EDITH BOADWAY
*Secretary*

DOROTHY VANCE
*Treasurer*

## THE CLASS OF 1919

With a zip and a bang, the Class of '19 started, and all their Sophomore year they forgot to stop. They lost little time in organizing for the year, and at a meeting held early in October the following officers were elected: Robert Allen, President; George Sherwood, Vice-President; Edith Boadway, Secretary; Dorothy Vance, Treasurer, and Miss Dorothy Hart, Faculty Advisor. Two Committees were appointed by the President. The first was a Pin Committee, of which Joseph Shawhan was Chairman, chosen to elect suitable designs for class pins.

The second was a Social Committee, of which the Vice President was Chairman. And thus, with a flourish, the all eventful "Sophomore Squawk" was heralded and so it was an evening in February that the second year classmen held forth in the Altadena Country Club. With music and a most enjoyable entertainment, the Class of '19 celebrated their first party.

Taking it all in all the Sophomores have a spirited, "peppy" class and they have a very promising outlook considering what some of them have done so far. In debating and oratory, Charles Paddock has proven himself an exception as well as starring in athletics, while Bedall and Von Mohr have represented the Sophomores on the Gridiron and the latter has scored for the Red and White in swimming contests.

The High Exalted Ruler of the class has come to the front in playing championship tennis. Francis Davis did her class proud on the Senior debating squad.

The Sophomores are awake and ready for business, waiting for opportunity to do more for their school. Such a promising class will, beyond doubt, leave PASADENA HIGH with colors flying, but, before their school days are over, there is reason to expect a great deal from the class of '19.

FRESHMAN OFFICERS

GERALD BOLTINGHOUSE
*President*

RUTH CRALLE
*Vice-President*

MARION WEEKS
*Secretary*

STAFFORD SADDLER
*Treasurer*

## CLASS OF 1920

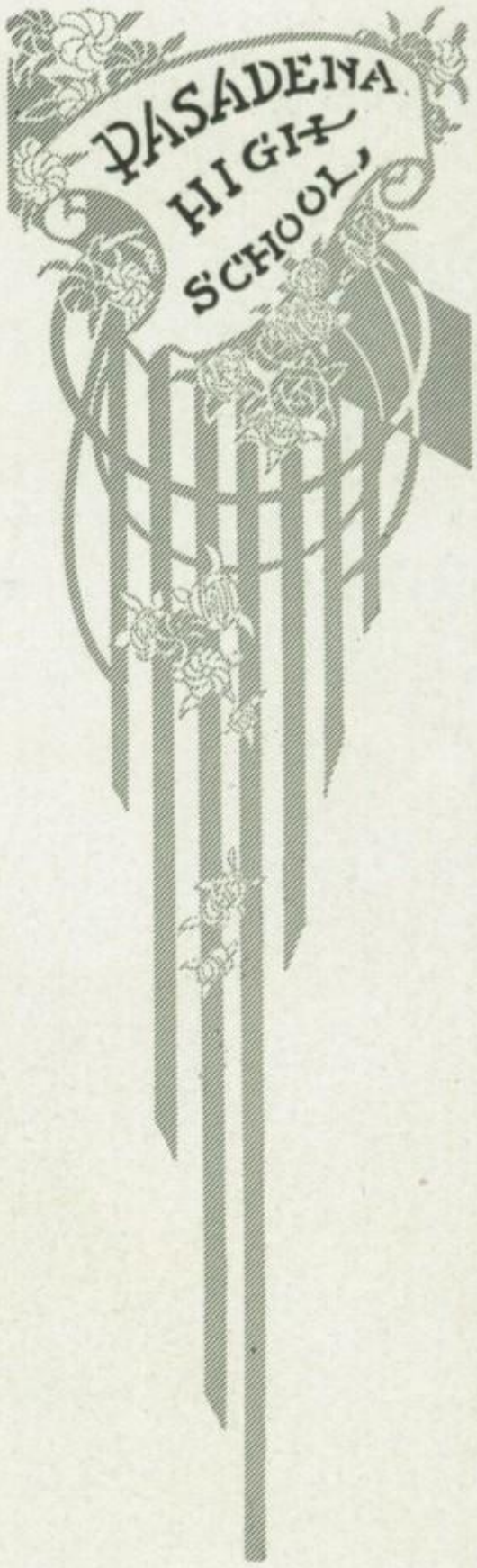
Not wanting to be outdone by their superiors, the Freshmen organized a class at the beginning of the year. An organized class for the lowly Freshies is something new at P. H. S., but this one had plenty of school spirit and proved to be the best of its kind ever at Pasadena. A meeting was held early in the year and the following officers were elected: President, Gerald Boltinghouse; Vice-President, Ruth Cralle; Secretary, Marion Weeks; Treasurer, Stafford Sadler. Miss Lane was appointed class adviser and Eugenia Ong, Commissioner of Public Welfare, lent her protecting arm by assisting the officers in their duties.

Dues were set at twenty cents, and the Treasurer, after a great many wild calls for help, succeeded in coaxing one hundred and thirty memberships out of the classmen. With all these sheckels in the treasury, the members put their learned heads together and decided to have a party. Accordingly, on February 2, this celebration, which was known by the titulary triumph of "The Pumpkinville Deestrick Skule," was held at the High School. Everything was made to represent an old country school, from the costumes to the refreshments, and an informal good time was enjoyed by all.

This merry entertainment drained the finances, but more meetings were called at which outsiders gave talks of interest to the lower classmen. Only four meetings were held during the year, but each one was interesting and was run off in a fast manner.

Although no Freshman succeeded in breaking into the limelight in athletics or debating, the class as a whole set up a high standard for future classes to live up to by supporting the various activities enthusiastically. Sports especially were boosted by them, a great many members having gone out for the various teams. If the Class of 1920 keeps up the good work, P. H. S. is certainly going to be a lively school in the years to come.

# Class 10--2



## THE STUDENT BODY

Five years ago a portly gentleman by the name of Mr. Cross became principal of Pasadena High School. From the very start it was plain to be seen that he was a wonderful organizer and that with him came many new and progressive ideas. It was but a short time after his arrival that Mr. Cross made plans for a student body organization. He appointed Messrs. Fall, Lewis, Durrell and Wilson to select a committee to write a constitution. Those chosen were Morgan Odell, Reba Van Arsdale, Ruby Sharp, Sylvia Wallace, Howell Atwood and Walter Ogier. After considerable time spent in visiting other progressive schools, a constitution embodying the commission form of government was presented to the students and accepted.

From that time on Pasadena has been fast attaining a reputation of having the foremost student body organization in the state. With the close of each year there is to be found a more intense interest in the student body government.

The election for Commissioners last year was intensely interesting. After the votes had been counted, it was discovered that Parker Lyon, Eugenia Ong, Lee Davis, Kenneth Fuessle and Robert Lilley were elected to serve as

THE STUDENT BODY OFFICE

commissioners for the year 1916-1917. At the first regular meeting Harold Perkins was appointed clerk of the Student Body and Ralph Hosler football manager.

The beginning of the year found the finances of the student body in a bad state. A deficit of over eleven hundred dollars had been charged against the school. To face such a situation was not a pleasant undertaking, but the newly elected Commission resolved that the deficit should, if possible, be erased by the close of school. With this thought in mind, a well-organized budget was drawn up, which, if abided by, the close of the year would find the student body out of debt.

Through the entire year the Commissioners have held meetings each Tuesday and Friday. Not only at these meetings, but at all times, the co-operation of the Commissioners has resulted in the smoothest and most successful government the school has had.

Numerous and original have been the plans for many athletic contests and the like. Football proved to be a success in every particular. The support and the co-operation was all that could be desired. Debating also received splendid enthusiasm from the entire student body. The other activities, although not proving a financial success, have been above the average. The student body sent the largest track team from the South to the state meet in Oakland.

Among the entertainments provided for the students have been the American Quartet, Eugene Knox, the impersonator; Thomas Brooks Fletcher and the California and Occidental Glee Clubs. Moving pictures have been more popular than ever, and the best and the most popular pictures have been shown.

The Chronicle and Item, due to the efficient help of Manager Maurice Wynn, have been placed on a firmer foundation. New typewriters and other supplies have been purchased for the Chronicle and Item office.

The Cafeteria and Book Store have prospered, until now there is no student cafeteria in the state that can compare with that of Pasadena, and the same may be said of the book store.

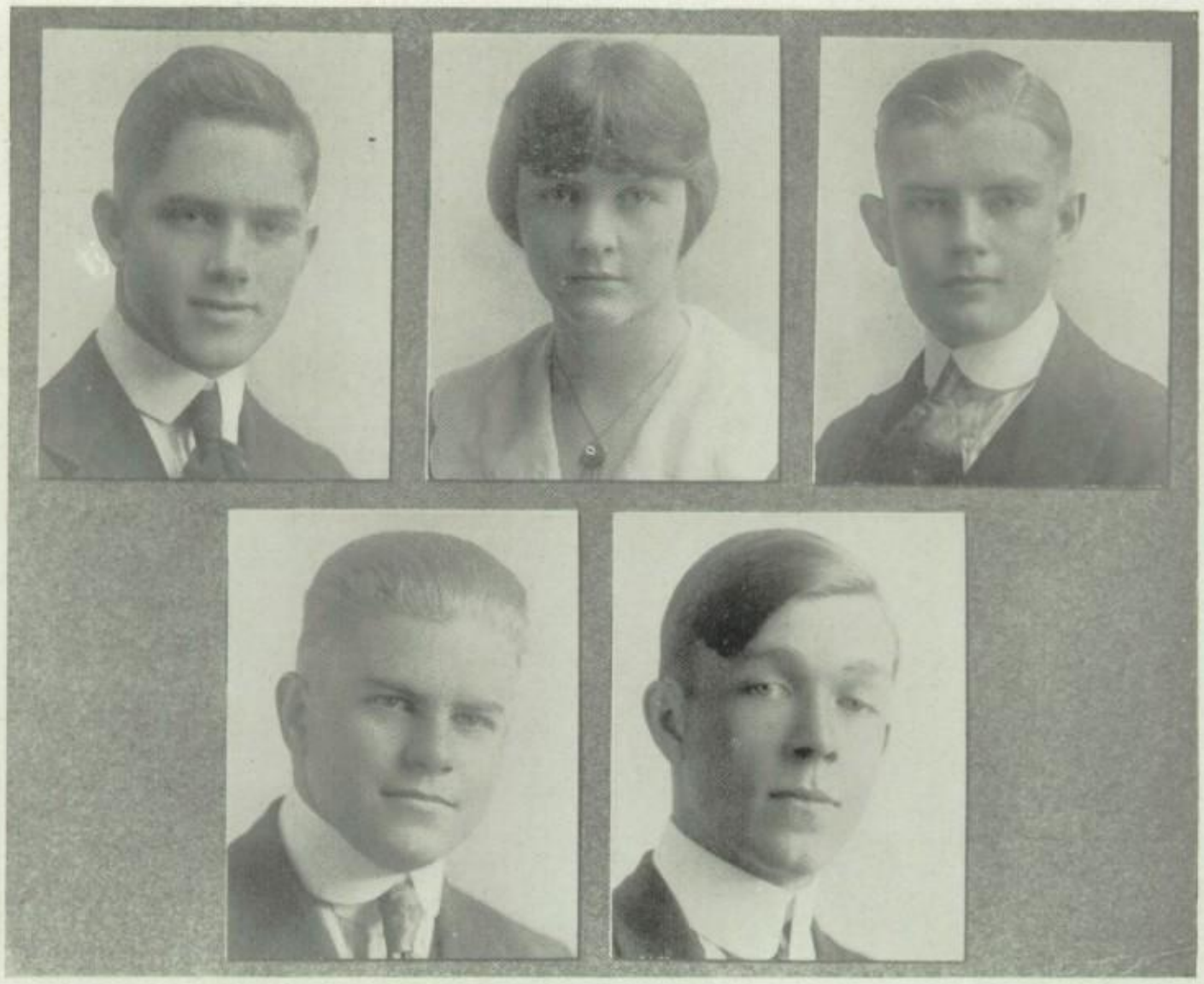
During the latter part of April Commissioners Lyon and Lilley were delegates to the first state convention of Student Body Presidents of California. This convention proved a tremendous success and aided greatly in furthering the commission form of government. Many were the words of praise in connection with the P. H. S. student body.

The absence of Commissioners Lyon and Davis the latter part of the semester has been keenly felt, but the remaining commissioners have done well in completing the year's work. Due to careful planning and hearty co-operation, the prospects for erasing the large deficit are extremely bright. If

this is accomplished, the present year will undoubtedly stand for many years to come as one of the most successful in the history of P. H. S. student body government.

With the continued support of the Pasadena student body, under the leadership of such commissioners as Marian Gibbs, Ralph Ong, Harry McCament, Jack Bangs and Paul Hamilton, the coming year will undoubtedly prove a greater success than the one just past.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF 1916-17



THE COMMISSIONERS OF 1917-18

CLUBS
MC

GIRLS' LEAGUE OFFICERS

HELEN ATKINSON
*President*

MAGARET BRAVINDER
*Vice-President*

FRANCIS. BARTLETT
*Secretary*

SARAH GRASSIE
*Treasurer*

## THE GIRLS' STUDENT LEAGUE

Under the able leadership of Alice Hastings, president of the Confederation; Helen Atkinson, president of the Girls' Student League; Margaret Bravender, vice-president; Francis Bartlett, secretary, and Sarah Grasse, treasurer, the Girls' League have done more and bigger things this year than ever before. Realizing that nothing can be done without money, and having none in the treasury, the girls started out, first, to fill the family pocket-book. Mazuma, they mast have. So, straightaway they staged a Mary Pickford movie assembly. With the family sock thus refilled the fireworks began.

First, they entertained the Confederation of Girls' Leagues at a convention (with the help of the boys, who hauled them around in machines). Then they got together many baskets of food and distributed them to the poor on Thanksgiving Day. The Freshmen came next on the program, and they were given a party in the open air study hall. Then came St. Patrick's Day, and in honor of that Irishman, the Girls' League gave the women faculty members a party. The teachers were again the object of the charitable nature of the League, when a little latter they were pleasantly surprised, after an hour of roasting by Mr. Cross, in faculty meeting, by some dainty refreshments, the compliments of the League, said compliments being punch and wafers. After the eats a general chat was enjoyed by all.

Man, with all his genius, has not yet built the pocket-book which could long endure such rough treatment, and the treasurer was obliged to scrape the bottom of the pan to make both ends meet. The president then ordered a halt while the members of the League foraged for more cash. Another pay assembly was thrust upon the unsuspecting populace. This time Gilmore Brown and his Savoy Stock Company furnished the amusement. With a full load of "shekkels" they continued their campaign. First, they gave one-half of the proceeds of the assembly to the Red Cross. Then May Day came, and with it a pretty little May Day bouquet for all the Faculty.

About this time, Mrs. Myron Hunt made a plea for girls to knit woolen garments for the American sailor boys. Right away the Girls' League set to work, and knitting circles sprang up all over the school. As I write this P. H. S. looks like a New England woolen mill on a busy day, and the buzz of the knitting bees can be heard at all hours.

All these things are extra, and in addition to them the League has had charge of the Raymond School lunches, the giving of food and clothing to the South Pasadena Home, and the girls' Scholarship pins.

The Pasadena Girls' Student League can truthfully be called the mother of Girls' Leagues, being the first one in Southern California, and loaning her constitution to every other league. Pasadena supervised the beginning of four new Girls' Leagues in various schools this year.

# The ITEM STAFF

Kenneth Fuessle, Margaret Mitchell, Llewellyn Gilbert
Viola House, Maurice Wynn, Harriet Hunt

## THE QUARTERLY ITEM

Before writing this article I wandered into the office to see if there was anything of interest there. All was quiet and serene. One would never have dreamed it was a newspaper office, there were no fights going on, no rough-house, not even the rumble of the two old be-whiskered typewriters that the Student Body gave the Chronicle many, many moons ago.

All of a sudden I heard a high-pitched giggle coming from the far corner of the room, and going back there, I discovered Margaret Mitchell, gleefully reading copy for the next issue. At the beginning of the year she was given the position of editor, and a better person for the job could not be found, not if we had a million students in the school. Under her management, the "Item" has had the most successful year of its long and varied history.

New departments have been added, and the old and feeble ones have been given wooden legs or crutches, or anything they needed to stand on. The stories have been the cause of much comment by the Exchanges and once in a while a really new joke was printed. The department of Who's Who, how, why, when, and where, has kept the readers acquainted with all the people about the school who do things. A new feature of the Item this years has been the many cuts and cartoons. A regular cartoonist has been unearthed in the personage of Clifford McBride, a Freshman, who in spite of this handicap draws regular strip cartoons, "a la Bud Fisher."

No story about the "Item" would be complete without a word about Hosler, the O. Henry of Pasadena. If it were not for Ralph, there would have been no Item. He had a clever story in each issue. His stories were intensely interesting and very well written. Ralph is the coming scribe of Pasadena. Long may he waive.

It takes a healthy person to manage a magazine and be joke editor at the same time, yet this is what Maurice Wynn has been doing all year. The staff that has made possible the success of the Item was as follows:

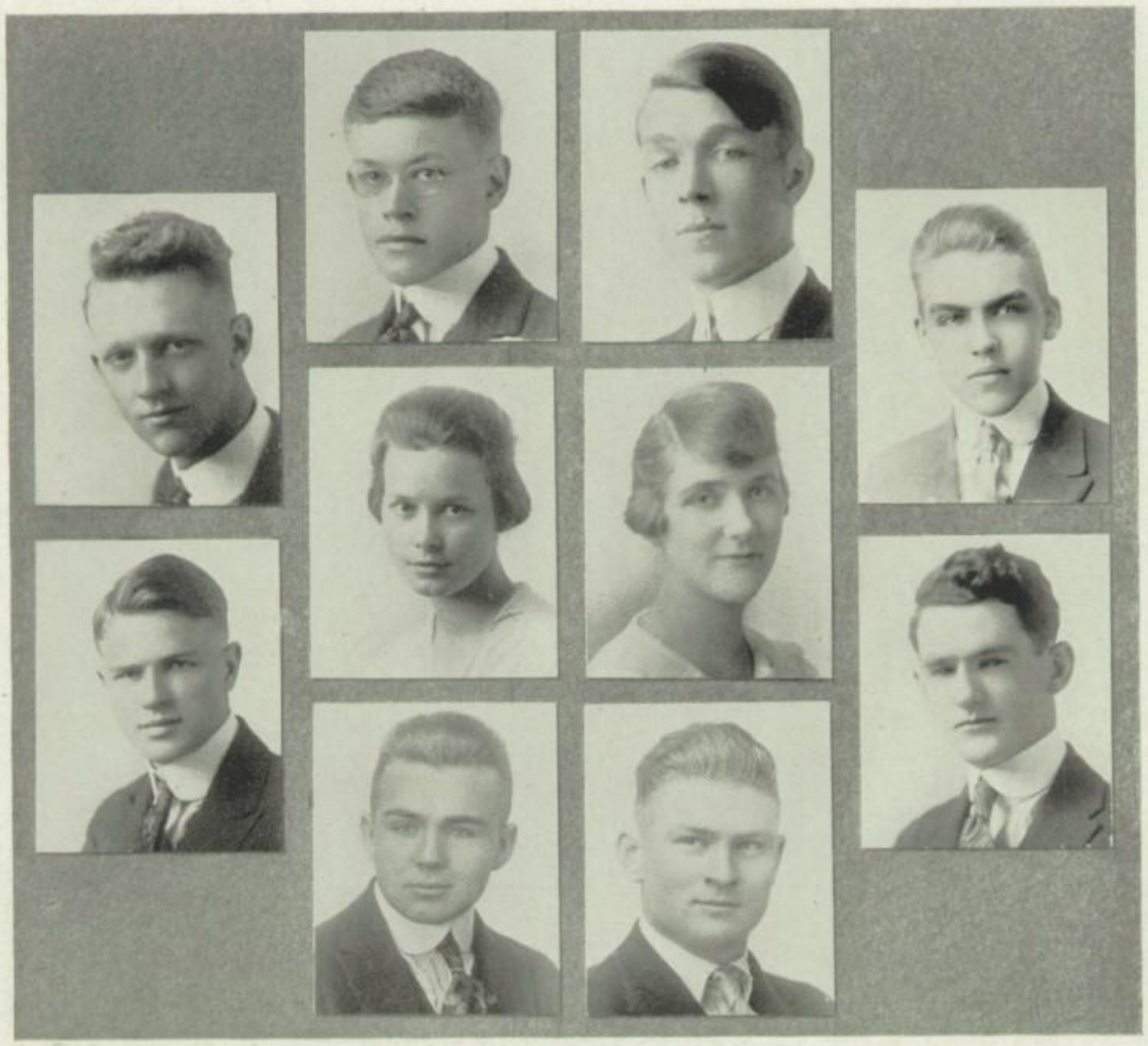
MARGARET MITCHELL, *Editor*

VIOLA HOUSE, *Art Editor* — MAURICE WYNN, *Joke Editor*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

J. H. Jackson — Llewellyn Gilbert

Harriet Hunt — Kenneth Fuessle



CHRONICLE STAFF

## THE CHRONICLE

Finishing its third year as a student body activity, the Chronicle without doubt now ranks as one of the best news sheets of its kind in the country. Starting the year of 1916-1917 with the greatest circulation in its history, amounting to over one thousand subscribers, the Chronicle has come through the year with flying colors. There has been a change in size during the past year, but the sheet has been crammed full of live news and the editors have made a special effort to make it distinctive in this one respect. The average high school paper prints more jokes, "ads," and gossip, than news of the red-hot variety, and it is this one vital quality of news and not fillers that raises the Pasadena Chronicle above the level of the average school weekly.

At the beginning of the year, Pipp, the "King of the Pen Pushers," was elevated from the position of managing editor to that of editor. "Pipp," whose name in private life is Mr. Herbert Popponoe, was, without a doubt, a most efficient editor, and the credit for the success of the paper is largely due to him. Pipp always had a mania for talking, "a la Barney Oldfield," and as the months went by he increased his speed of speech until, by the

middle of March he sounded like the buzz of a swarm of bees. Nobody could understand him, so he resigned as editor.

The general responsibility of the paper then fell on the shoulders of Jack Bangs. While Julian Woodward as managing editor and Sterling Mueller as city editor ably seconded his efforts. Howell Smith as sporting editor, and Barbara Loomis as society editor, have made their departments models for successors to strive to emulate, while Maurice Wynn, bearing the entire burden of the management upon his capable shoulders has systematized the sadly inefficient organization of the last year it has become the highly efficient organization of today.

The staff of workers who have carried the Chronicle through its greatest year are as follows:

EDITORIAL STAFF

JACK BANGS, *Editor*
J. HOWELL SMITH, *Sporting Editor*
STERLING MUELLER, *City Editor*
JULIAN WOODWARD, *Managing Editor*
BARBARA LOOMIS, *Society Editor*
LLEWELLYN GILBERT, *Exchange Editor*

SPECIAL WRITERS

RALPH HOSLER
MARGARET BRAVINDER

REPORTORIAL STAFF

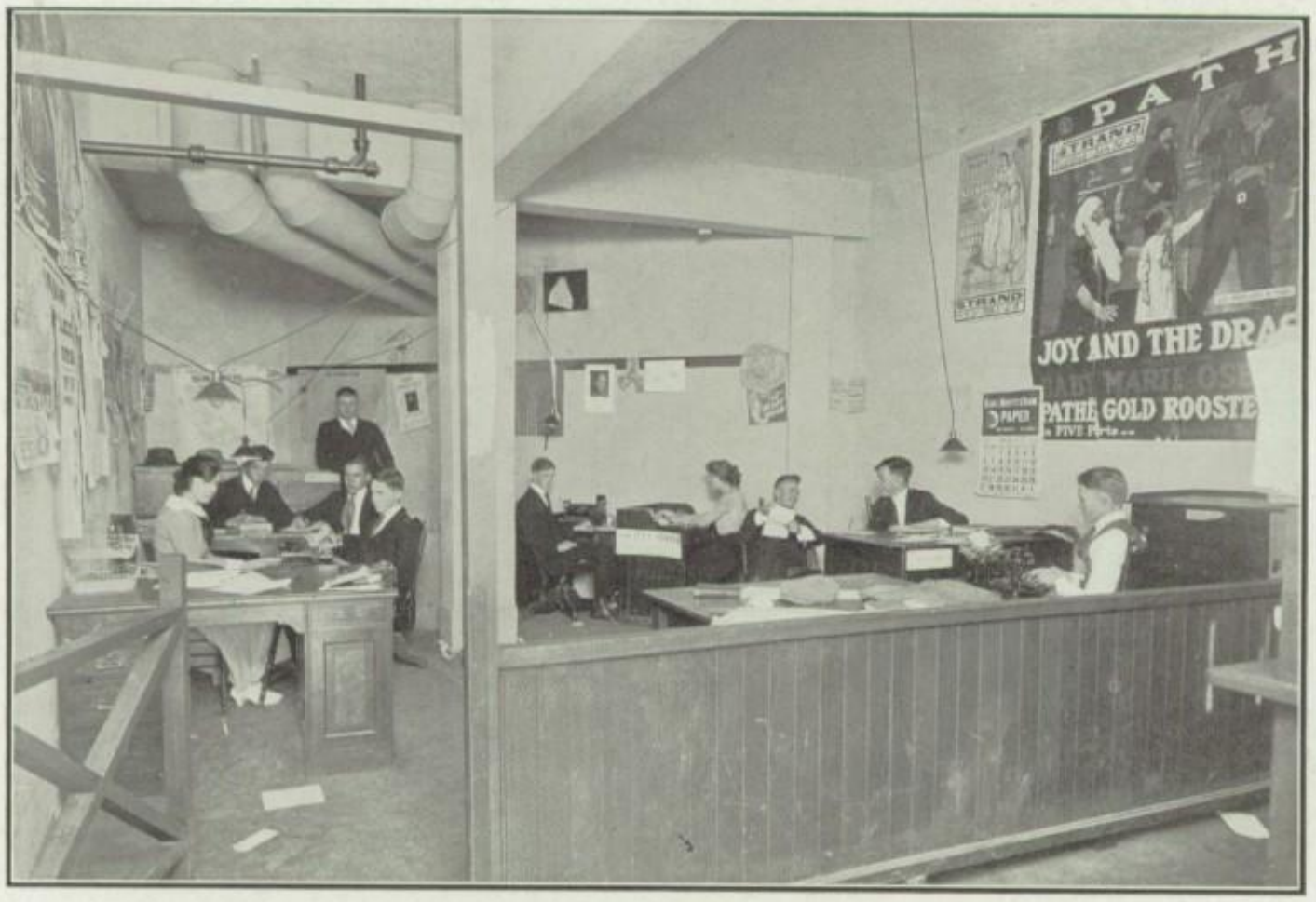
Brewster Hayes
Margaret Hodge
Clyde Keith
Anita Scott
Morris Lerned
Richard Hambrook
Hilda Rhodes
Alfred Wesson
Millard Davis

BUSINESS STAFF

MAURICE WYNN, *Manager*

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

LESTER WARNER
CLARENCE HENSHAW




EDITORIAL ROOM OF CHRONICLE

## THE PHILOMATHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Philomathian Literary Society opened another very successful year with the following officers: Arvid Hellburg, President; Marion Reinick, Vice-President; Viola House, Secretary, and Malcolm Barrett, Treasurer. The officers being elected for only one semester, an election was held the second week in February, at which time the same officers were re-elected. Marion Reinick resigned as vice-president, and Ruth Jones took the place.

The Philomathians held their meetings every two weeks, business and social meetings alternating. At each meeting, whether social or business, an hour was given over to the study of something literary. This literary program consisted of debates, some extemporaneous selections from O'Henry and Van Dyke, and discussions of great men. Something musical (the kind that "Hath the power to soothe the savage beast") was provided by such artists as Clifford Burton, singing; Gene Corey, with the ukulele, and the Harmonious (?) Quartet, composed of Messrs. Wilkie, Corey, Burton and Arthur Ferguson. The business meetings were held in the Model Flat of the Jane Adams building, while the social meetings were held at the homes of various members of the society.

The membership consists of many Seniors who are prominent in school activities, some Juniors wear the Society's pin, and a few Sophs join in the activities. The Society claims some of the school's most prominent students, such as Arvid Hellburg, Eugenia Ong, Vic. Jacomini, Viola House, Robert Lilley, Marian Reinick, Parker Lyon, Laurence Metzger, Dorothy Vance, Malcolm Barrett, Ralph Ong, Lyle Hance, Hyallie Fiedler, Clifford Burton, Ruth Jones, Gene Corey, Dorthy Lee, Donald Doolittle, Marjorie Helm, LeRoy Watson, Edna Breiner, Arthur Ferguson and Walter Mettier.

## THE QUILL AND QUESTION

The third successful season of the Quill and Question Literary Society, organized in 1915, for the purpose of combining the literary talent of the school, is closed. Meetings were held every third Wednesday at the homes of various members, the first half of each meeting being devoted to literary work and businss, and the latter half reserved for a good time. The authors studied, included Kipling, O'Henry, Mark Twain, Warren, Wilde, and Bret Harte. While along with them was studied the works of such contemporary writers as Robert Service and Ralph Hosler.

The officers for the year are: Harriet Hunt, President; Lee Davis, Vice-President; Dorothy Stewart, Secretary; and John Neimeyer, Treasurer. Mr. Batkin, honorary faculty member, proved one of the Society's most helpful and popular members. Many of the school's most prominent members are to be found among the list of the Society's members; Margaret Mitchell, editor of the Item; Kenneth Fussele, Commissioner of Publications; Margaret Bravender, Special Writer; Barbara Loomis, Vice-President of the Class; Edward Culbertson, President of the Class; Lee Davis, Commissioner of Finance; Ralph Hosler, Julian Woodward, "Bob" Allen, George Sherwood, "Bob" Shlaudemann, William Hawks, Mabel Hill, Dorothy Stewart, Harriet Hunt, Caleb Elliott, Sarah Grasse, Fred Cohn, Margaret Cohn, Marion Gibbs, Eunice Perkins, Wallace Chisholm, Stacey Mettier, Harry McCament, and John Neimeyer.

## THE COMMERCIAL CLUB

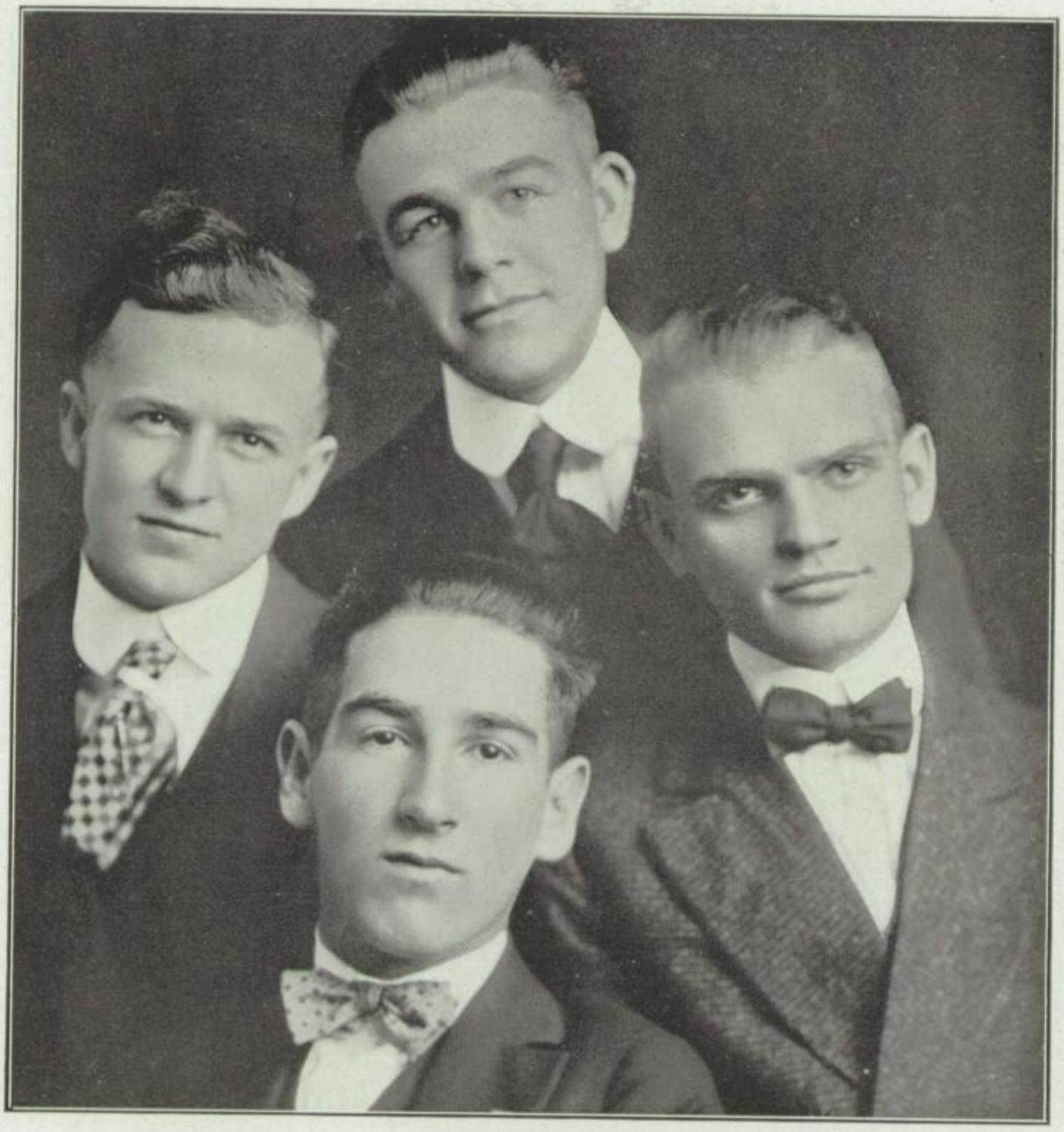
Of all the departments in the school, the Commercial Department is, without doubt, the best organized of any in the school. Since the students who are taking the commercial course expect to become future butchers, storekeepers, merchants, bankers, barbers, auto salesmen, "stenogs" and office boys of the city, they deemed it essential that they copy as near as possible the city fathers. So, five years ago, the commercial students of the school organized a regular Commercial Club. Two years later, they supplemented this with a Junior Board of Trade, a 1915 model of the regular business men's organization of the same name. The Junior Board of Trade, we might say, is the board of directors of the Commercial Club.

The school year began with Arvid Hellburg elevated to the position of president; with Harold Butterworth as vice-president; Grayce Brisley, secretary, while Harold Perkins was entrusted with the family pocket-book. In addition to these, the Junior Board consisted of Margaret Mitchell, Stacey Mettier, DeWitt Macey and Percy Ubil.

The policy of the club has been a very progressive one, in regard to outside speakers, who come into the meetings and give a lot of helpful hints to sure success in business; a sort of Mary Pickford, Healthful Hints, or a Beatrice Fairfax.

This year the club was very fortunate in hearing Mr. C. E. Blower, of the Cromwell School of Memory; Mr. Arthur E. Popple, assistant to the Attorney General of Edmonton, Canada; Mr. Jungblut, local agent for the New York Life; Mr. Victor Hecht, of the Zellerbach Paper Co., gave an illustrated lecture, and Mr. J. B. Coulston, of the National Bank of Pasadena, gave an interesting talk on the value of money. Mr. Heffelfinger, of Hamburger's Department Store, spoke on advertisement.

In a constructive way, the club has entered a float in the Tournament of Roses every year since its inception, and has helped many student activities out of the hole by means of its organized sales force. The Chronicle is but one example of this. This year they are managing the sale of season tickets for the Chautauqua. The Commercial Club is a big asset to the school.

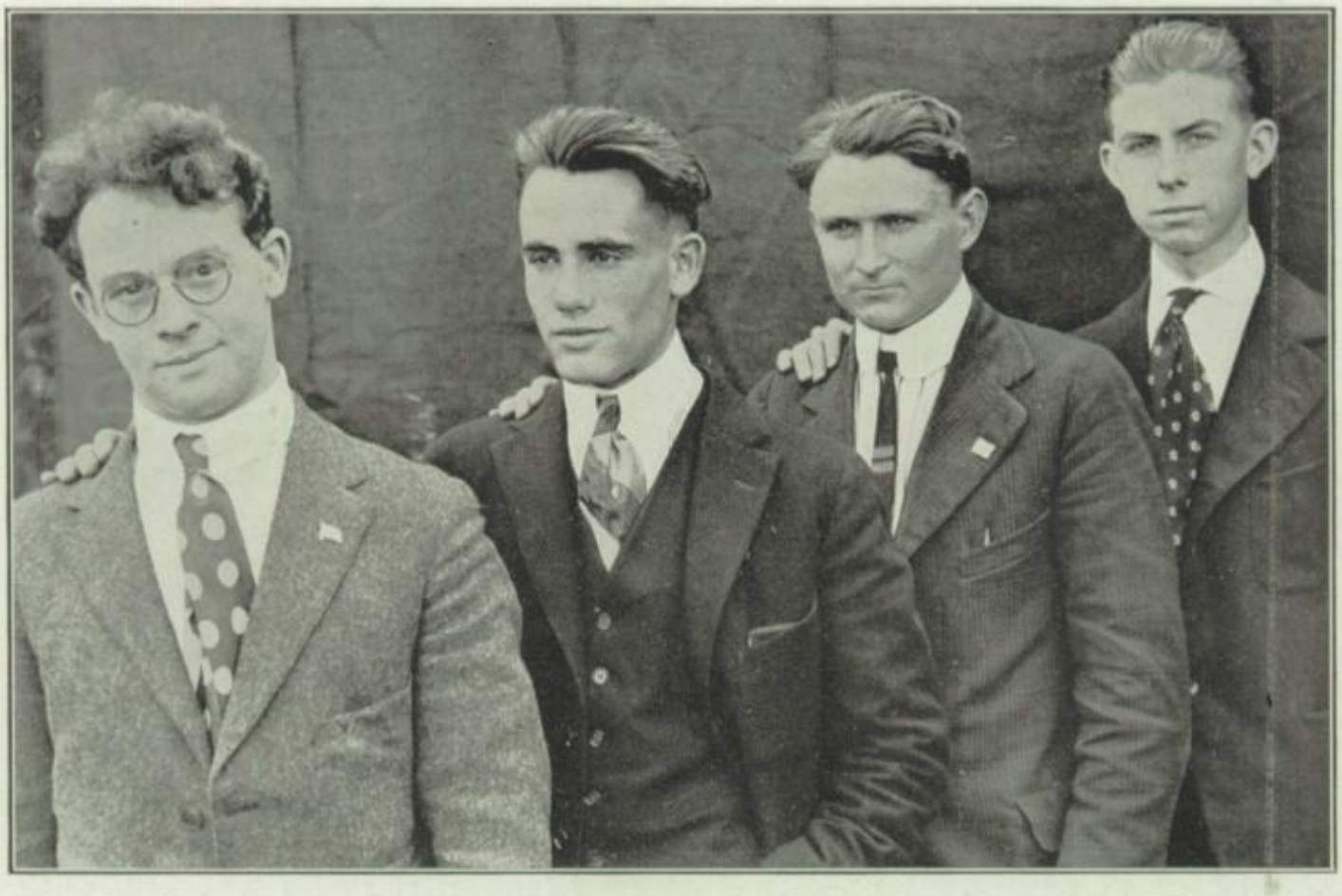


## THE AD CLUB

One of the most important subjects studied in the commercial course is that of advertising. The pupils of Mr. Lewis' "Ad" class, three years ago, started an Ad Club, to get additional information about the subject, and for social reasons. In the pursuit of the former, the club held many meetings to which big business men were invited to speak about anything that had anything to do with advertising. The social part of the club consisted mainly of a banquet—usually held near the close of school.

This year the club, under the direction of Malcolm Barrett, Arvid Hellburg and Dewit Macey, who were elected president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer, respectively, was fortunate in hearing many important business men. At various times Messrs. Youngblot, Butterworth of Harris-Frank, Caldwell of Hambergers, and John Dillon, spoke to the Ad Club on subjects of interest.

In the past, it has been the habit of the "Ad" Club to hold an annual banquet, but this year, "on account of the war," it has been omitted.



## THE STAGE

This year of 1916-17 will long be memorable in the annals of Pasadena High for the launching of dramatic work as one of the legitimate activities of the school. Our school has won deserved praise for the artistry of the performances which have been given. Our ambitious local stage-folk have been praised and applauded. But how many of us have been beyond the story of the play, beyond the cleverness of the "stars" and have realized that there is a force back of the actual characters in the play which is essential to the production?

There is a crew of unapplauded workers back there behind the scenes without whose help our evening's entertainment would be as sauce without the pudding. Their part in the game is as important as the cast, for they must journey hither and thither at any hour or all hours to collect innumerable minute details for furnishing and lighting in order that the cast may present to you a perfect whole. And on the final night of production they are all on the job ready to shift the scenes with such rapidity, skillfulness and silence that the most tasty and temperamental in the audience could not be ruffled.

"The leading man" on this important crew is Taylor Malaby, seldom seen by the ticket holders, but admired, respected, yea, verily, OBEYED, by his co-workers. When Taylor calls "Strike" every stage visitor is a living incarnation of "Safety First," for the man in the grimy brown jumpers, faded red skull-cap and cheerful grin, means business, and his worthy hop about like sailors during a storm carrying out his clear, concise directions. This in itself is a virtue, for few people know how to obey orders. Therefore, much credit and appreciation is due Glen Balch, electrician; Joe Logsden, property man, and Thomas Iiams, assistant property man, for their thorough and loyal support through all the vicissitudes of "putting on a show."

THE FORESTRY CLUB

Not to be outdone by the various people about the school who have started mirads of clubs, all the students interested in trees of any description ranging from a louquot to a giant sequoia and from a palm to cactus, got together and formed the Forestry Club. Last year it took its place along with the Commercial, Engineers, U. S. R., Latin and Medical Clubs.

At the beginning of the present school year, Donald Blick was chosen president, Harold Sloan, vice-president, and Verne Smith, secretary and treasurer. As the name might imply, the object of the club was to study forests, but it wasn't. They had a broader vision of the subject than that, and they strove to get and keep people interested in things of nature.

They had several excursions scattered throughout the year, among the more interesting being the ones to the water wier, several miles up the Arroyo, and one to the National Orange Show at San Bernardino. Then Mr. Austin, of the Y. M. C. A. and Switzers Camp, gave an illustrated lecture in assembly on the Sierra mountains. Just before Christmas vacation, Head Ranger Sloan gave a speech advising all to go to the mountains, and telling how to get there. The club closed the year with an instructive talk, again by Mr. Sloan, on "How to Fight Fires."

## THE CAFETERIA

In mentioning what some pupils consider the most important part of the school, one must note with much care that it is pronounced "Cafe-teria" (long e, as in the word beef-steak), and that it is no small job to feed a thousand people in a half hour. It takes more than one lunch room to house so large a crowd, so there are four places to dine. There is the boys' lunch room, where it takes too long to **serve** you, so they just **throw** it at you, and where the noise reminds you of a boiler factory or a fire in Chinatown. Next to the boys' lunch room is the faculty diner, where all is peaceful and serene, and where the members of the faculty sit around little tables and partake of regular home cooking. Next to this is the students' lunch room, where many members of both sexes dine "side by each," while distributed at various points of vantage about the walks are booths, where everyone in general congregates, and which looks like the "Pike" at Long Beach.

It is some job to rake in the cash from these people in so short a time, and much credit is due the "Knights of the Cash Registers." In the boys' lunch room, Stanley Curtiss sits over his little "National" and takes in the "sheckels." Harold Perkins does the same thing in the faculty lunch room, while Malcolm Barrett occupies a similar position in the students' lunch room. Out in the back yard, the Irish smile of "Cliff" Burton helps him immensely in separating the girls from some of their money.

Much credit is due Donald White, the student manager, for the success of our school cafeteria. To him belongs the credit of keeping straight the fifteen odd thousands of dollars worth of business which our cafeteria does in a school year. And last but not least comes the two dozen students whose speed and efficiency in juggling hash, spuds and gravy, milkshakes, fish, ice cream, macaroni, candy, and hot dogs, makes possible the feeding of a crowd.

DONALD WHITE
Manager

## THE "COMITES ROMANI" (LATIN CLUB)

One of the newest and likewise the busiest of the various student-body organizations is the "Comites Romani," the high school Latin Club, made up of pupils from the Sophomore, Junior and Senior Latin and Greek classes. It has, in all, about 175 members. A constitution was drawn up, providing for a government modeled after that of ancient Rome. The officers elected were: First Consul, Raymond Barton; Second Consul, Minna Arni; Quaestor, Kellog Krebs; Aidiles, Helen Hunt, Mary Freyer, Ruth McIntosh, Margaret Frey, Hope Gilbert and Helen Rollins; Tribuntes, Kathleen Wright, Charles Prickett, Margaret Pratt, Beulah Folts, Winifred Wallace, Helen Larkins, Clarence Hall, Dorothy Lee, Helen Marie Parker and Elsie Rogers; Plebeian Aediles, Frederick Loomis and Caleb Elliott.

The duties of the first three named are those of president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer, respectively. The Aediles have charge of arranging the program for the club meetings, and the Tribunes, under the direction of the Second Consul, acts as a social committee. The Plebian Aediles have the functions of the sergeants-at-arms.

Since the formation of the club in the middle of the year, meetings have been held once a month. In May a real Roman party was held in the Music Hall. All attending wore Roman costumes, played Roman games and partook of Roman refreshments. Miss Sterling's dramatic classes presented several well-acted scenes from "Electra," and visiting students from Monrovia gave a humorous skit in Latin.

Vigorously supported, as is the case, by the pupils and teachers of the Ancient Language Department, the "Comites Romani" have made a most excellent start, and everything indicates that the success will continue and increase in the years to come.

## THE OFFICE FORCE

Great scientists and statesmen tell us that the one perfect form of government is an absolute monarchy, where the ruler has the power over the life of every subject—providing you have a perfect monarch.

At the head of the office force is General Walter C. Wilson, a man who comes as near being a perfect ruler as any man I have ever seen. Eighteen hundred boys and girls of high school age have a million and one trifling problems, tragedies, we call them, and Mr. Wilson must patiently listen to them all.

Before writing this article, I spent a good half hour in the office watching the line in front of him which extended far out into the hall. As fast as he could he "took 'em on." One boy tore his trousers and wanted an excuse to go home; the next one wanted another book of excuse blanks; then a girl forgot her excuse after she had had two temporaries; Long Distance wanted him on the telephone, and when he came back a boy had lost his change of program and wanted another. Mr. Wilson told him to come back in ten minutes. Then a pupil had failed to make up detention. Next, a senior wanted to check up his credits. Then Miss McMurdo informed him that Miss Skinner was freezing to death in the library and nobody could find Mr. Hunter. Then someone wanted to know how their son was doing in his studies. By this time the first one was back for his change of program and wondered why it wasn't ready.

About this time I began to realize that taking a mile or so of trench away from the German army was but the work of an idle moment when compared to the task of taking care of eighteen hundred pupils.

Next under General Wilson is Major Clifton, the registrar, who has charge of everything pertaining to that work. Next in line is Captainette Leona Case, who has charge of the detention and all legitimate irregularities of the students. Along with her comes Lieutenants Mary Mount and Martha Manuel, who assist in the immense task of keeping straight all these pupils. To assist them is Orderly Ellen McMurdo, who utilizes a whole battery of typewriters, a telephone system, the postman, Mr. Hunter, and anybody or anything else she can find to run her hundreds of errands.

And the system and methods used are the outgrowth of years of experience, and present a marvelous display of diplomacy, ethics, military tactics, and strategy.

If you want to know anything about anybody at any time, just ask anyone in the office and they can tell you in half-a-minute.

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## THE ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT

### (The Cage)

In one end of room 208C, there is a curious little compartment, with bars where the windows ought to be, reminding one of a city jail. But far be it from such. It is the Accounting Department of the Pasadena High School, and in that room some fifty thousand dollars worth of business is transacted for the school every year.

Under the leadership of Mr. Anderson, the department has become a model for speed, accuracy and system. And during the past year faculty representatives from nearly every High School in Southern California have visited the cage and patterned their accounting departments after ours.

This department has charge of all the funds of all the student organiza-

tions in the school. It may be called the High School Bank, for each organization has a separate account and money can be drawn out only by means of the cash voucher.

The students who have charge of the thirty school organizations are:

Head Bookkeeper.....Lester Groetzinger
Assistant Bookkeeper.....Warren Parmelee
Student Body Clerk.....Harold Perkins
Chronicle Manager.....Maurice Wynn
Manual Arts and Dairying.....Harold Aiken
Cafeteria Manager.....Donald White
Cafeteria Checkers.....Carl DuNah and Robert Steele
Bookstore.....Arvid Hellburg and Russell Johnson
Chronicle Bookkeeper.....Harold Rossiter
Print Shop Bookkeeper.....Newel Woodworth
Remittance Clerk.....Russell Johnson
Stenographer.....Greta Carlson

THE BOOK STORE

The other day I went up to the Student Book Store. There was a line of people waiting in the hall which extended almost to Mr. Lewis' office. Inside the little store were a dozen or more pupils crowding around the counter. Behind the counter were three young men, busily engaged in supplying the wants of the students.

A little girl stepped up to Arvid Hellburg, the manager, and started the following conversation:

"Have you any tennis balls?"

"Yes."

"Do you keep the Paramount ball?"

"Yes."

"Well, have you the Spaulding?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I'll have some biology note paper."

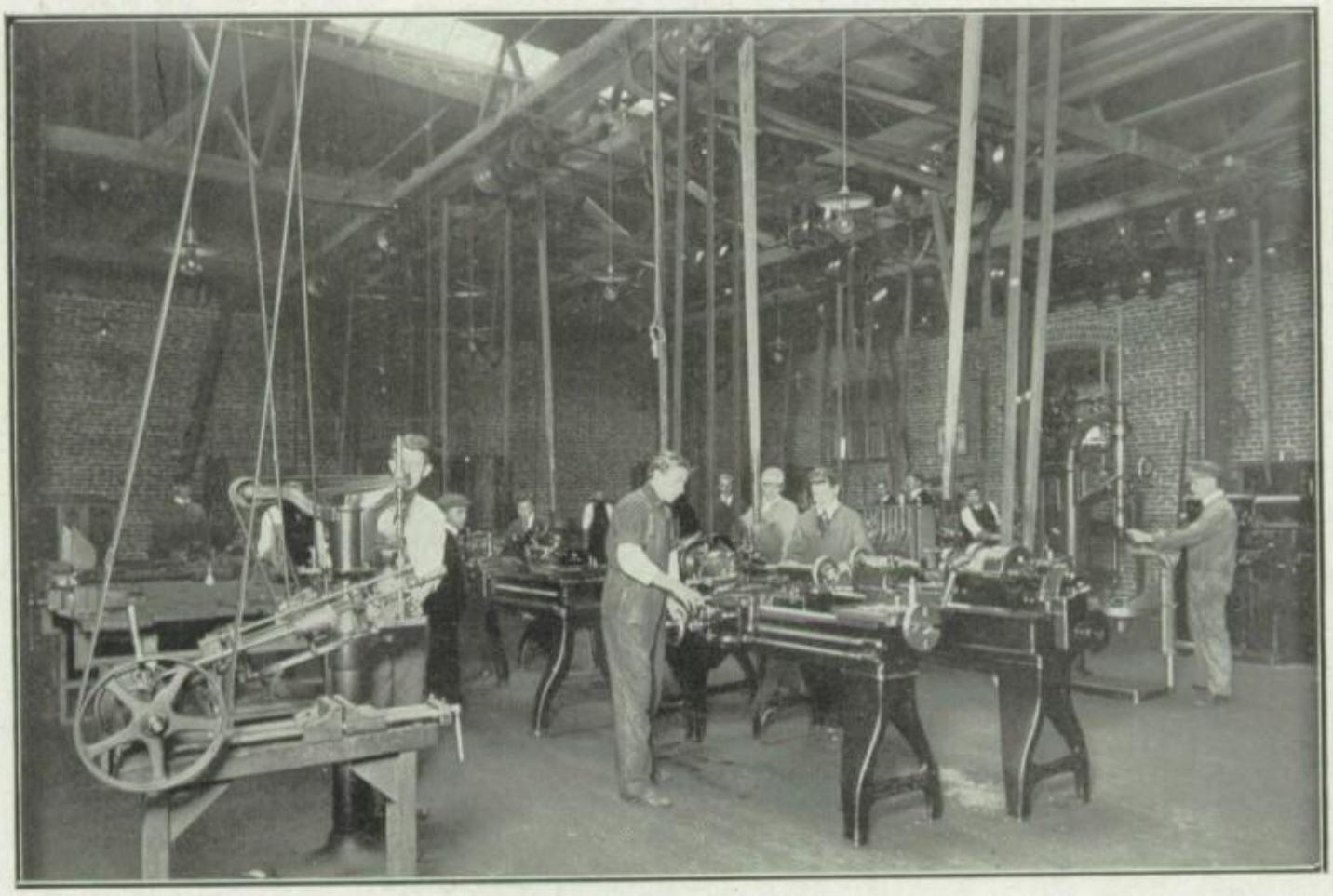
All this time the above mentioned Mr. Hellburg remained as courteous

and polite as ever. No matter what happens up in the book store, Arvid is always the same. It takes a great man to understand and get along with everybody, and Arvid has the "makin's" of a regular one.

Much credit is due Mr. Thurston, the faculty manager, for the efficient management of the store. Under his able direction, the store has been able to save the students about twenty per cent on the price, not only of books, pencils and paper, but also on all sporting goods.

About four years ago the book store started, with nothing much behind the counter except a hope and the beaming smile of Messrs. Thurston and Dorn. But the students got behind it and by a strict policy of "Patronize your home merchant first," have enabled the store to continually add new lines of stock, and now one can almost call it the School Department Store. All it lacks is a bargain basement, an elevator and a "Semi-Annual Clearance Sale."

Besides being open about three hours a day for the students of the day classes, the store remains open for the benefit of the night school, and in that way "kills two birds with one stone."



VIEW OF THE MACHINE SHOP

# THE U. S. R.

Beyond any question of a doubt, the most unique organization in the school is the U. S. R., meaning The United Sons of Rest. The club was modeled after Wordsworth's poem, "We Are Seven," and there are just seven members to the club. It is a miniature Mexican army, for every member is an officer. The officers are, with their official titles: MacDonald Wynn, Head Mogul and Chief Keeper of the Sacred Bull; Charles Fuessle, First Chancellor of the Exchequer and Second Assistant Grand Master of the Order of Chiefs; Franklin Popenoe, Toastmaster and Head of the Eternal Triumvirate; Hesikiaka Bangs, Chief Orator, Lord of the Pen Wipers and Keeper of the Note Paper; Byrd Horrell, Mighty Protector of the Poor, and Hurler of the Thunder-Breaking Pig Skin; Henry Hosler, Keeper in Chief of the Records of the Eternal Ones, Critic; Gordon Lilley, Argurer, Scribe and Keeper of the Larder.

The Club was organized in January of last year, at a time when the fore said gentlemen were the only ones on the Chronicle staff, and of either hang together or hang separately. They chose to hang together and the club was the result. Among the more notable things they have done about the school last year and this was the management of the "Tuffy" Conn Strand campaign, which won for that popular athlete the automobile.

The U. S. R. held regular meetings, called anytime by anybody at any place the seven happened to meet each other. Very often they were held in the halls, between classes, before and after school. Meetings were also held at the homes of the members—business meetings these were, the business consisting chiefly of devouring luscious refreshments. United Sons of Rest, they call themselves, but they do more than rest. If it were not for them there would be no Chronicle. U. S. R. RAH! RAH! RAH! U. S. R.

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In seriousness, however, the U. S. R. has taken its place as Pasadena's first honor society. Only those of highest position in the school are in line for membership, and then only seven at a time may be admitted. Those who meet requirements are the four boy commissioners, the football captain, football manager, track captain, swimming captain, editor of the Chronicle, editor of the Item—if a boy—, manager of the Chronicle, and manager of the Item. As members of the organization graduate, they have the privilege of nominating another to take their place. A unanimous vote of the other members is necessary to install any candidate.

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## THE ENGINEERS' CLUB

The Engineers Club, as the name might imply, was organized three years ago for the purpose of promoting a wider knowledge of the science of engineering. At the beginning of this year, all students interested in any phase of the subject met, and as a result Donald McCleery was chosen for the presidency, Klide Keith, vice-president, and Donald Doolittle, secretary and treasurer. From the beginning of the year things began to move, and move fast. Excursions came and went with marvelous rapidity.

They went to the "Henry" assembling plant in Los Angeles and learned how speed and efficiency plus much capital was used in the turning out of over a hundred Fords a day. A little while later they went to the Pacific Light and Power Plant at Redondo. The oil wells at El Segundo were next on the list. Then the club journeyed down to Torrance, where they took on the United Tool Works and the Window Glass Factory. The S. P. Shops were also visited.

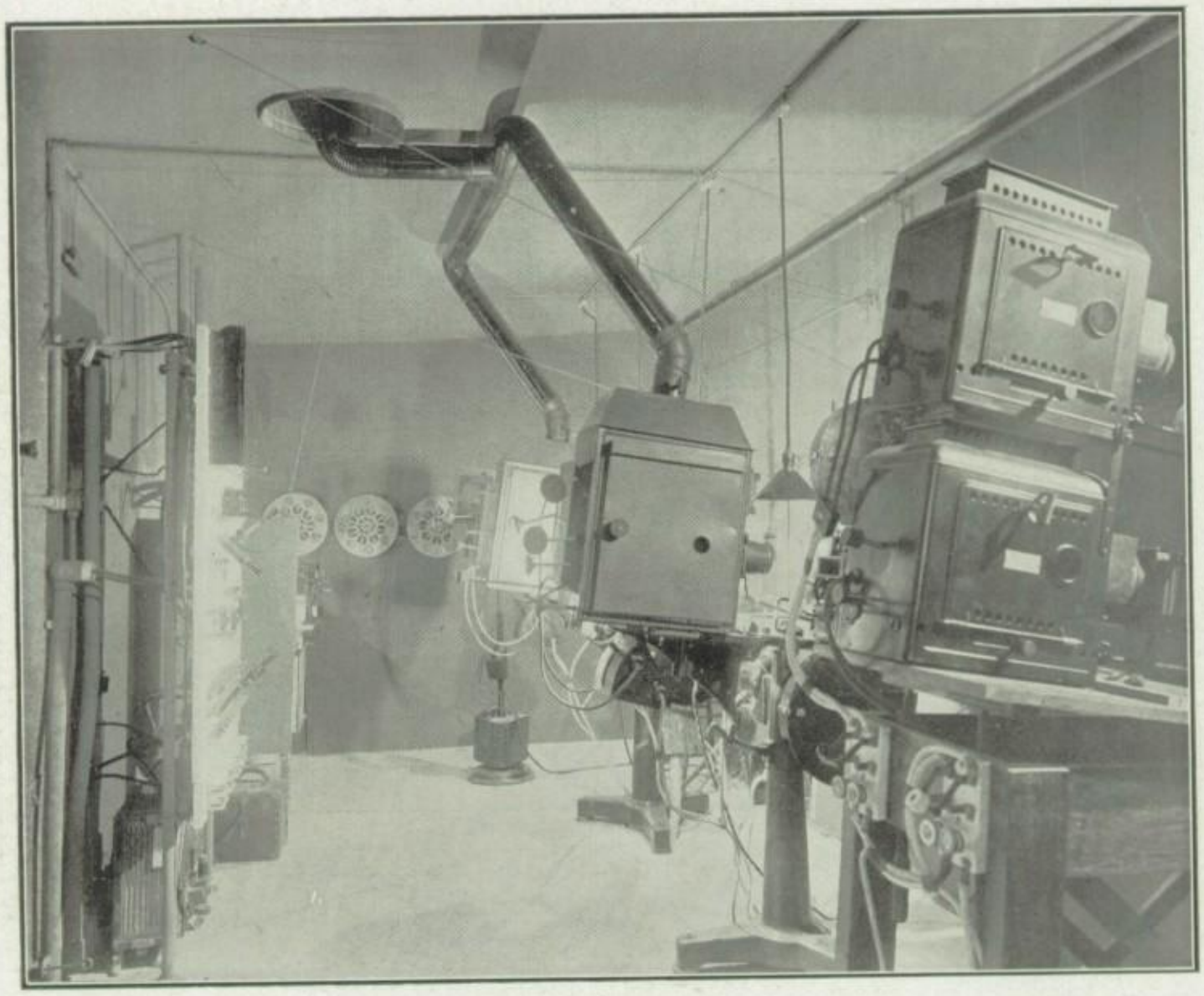
When the club had literally toured the stated and returned home to study, they had manufacturers and engineers of all kinds tell them of the various tricks in the trades concerning engineering.

At least once a week the Engineers held an assembly, at which time the veterans in the game would instruct and give advice to them.

In their mad dash for information upon the subject, they went so far as to have several movie assemblies and were shown pictures illustrating the many phases of engineering. The club will soon wind up the year with a big speech from Dean Damon of Throop, who knows all about engineering from the building of a giant aqueduct down to running a Ford.

OFFICERS OF ENGINEERS' CLUB

EXCURSION OF ENGINEERS' CLUB



THE MOVING PICTURE BOOTH

About three years ago the Faculty bonded themselves to buy, for the school, a "movie" outfit. They bought a machine, a reel winder, a spot light (moon, we call it), and a couple of lenses. They had to have a garage to put all this in, so the picture booth was built, a little two-by-four coop in the rear of the balcony. With the money gained from many pay assemblies, the Faculty purchased more and better equipment. They bought a new double-dissolving stereopticon machine, a new moon, and containers for reels.

It was then necessary to add considerably to the floor space, so a new and greater booth was built, being larger than the booth at either Clunes, Broadway or the Garrick. I asked Mr. Carson, who knows all about movies, what he thought of our outfit. He replied:

"Our new cement and steel booth, and our wonderful equipment can be equaled, but it cannot be beaten if a man had ten million dollars to spend for a better one. We have all of the latest and best material that money can buy.

Next year promises to be even better than this year, for the Board has just authorized the purchase of a new portable machine. The said portable machine being a "movie" machine which can be moved from one class room to another and set up in two minutes, and which operates from the electric

light switch. And probably greatest of all, the State Legislature has, within the last month, passed a bill providing for a regular moving picture course to go along with the class room work.

Possibly by next year, Mr. O'Mara will be forced to change his methods of assigning lessons, and instead of saying, "Class, for tomorrow, take the next three pages in the book," he might have to say, "Class, for tomorrow, take the next "five-reeler" by Mary Pickford, entitled "Quadratic Equations."

## THE PRINT SHOP

There are very few schools in the country which can support a print shop. Pasadena High can sport and support anything in the line of school equipment, and a print shop is no exception to this rule. Five years ago, Mr. Morris came to Pasadena and brought with him a few fonts of type, a small roll of paper, a can of ink, and a little press that you kick with your foot. He set these things up in a vacant room in the old Throop building, hung a shingle beside the door, "Pasadena High School Print Shop," a couple of boys wandered in and took printing of him, and this was the beginning of what many educators who visit our schools claim, "The finest school print shop in the country." Year after year, the Board of Education has purchased additional equipment in the shape of presses, cases, stock and type, until now it equals many commercial print shops in the city. Under Mr. Morris are about forty boys, who assist him in the printing of all supplies for the grammar schools, the High School, and the Board of Education. They print all ballots, election notices, letter heads, bulletins, tickets, programs for all entertainments in the school auditorium, commencement and senior shows, and then, while they are resting, they print the Item. The Item, by the way, is one of the very few school magazines printed without "ads," selling for ten cents, made possible only through our own printing department.

GOODNESS GRACIOUS!!

MUSIC
K. CHENOWETH.

## THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The music department of Pasadena High School has progressed more rapidly than any other organization within its walls. In 1916 its extent was confined to the limits of one small room in the Jane Adams Building, and its outlet was through the medium of the two Glee Clubs, one harmony class, and one history of music class of eight members. From this poor beginning, the department has advanced literally by leaps and bounds to its present environment in the spacious and beautiful music hall and its present splendid organizations, namely, the two Boys' Glee Clubs, the Treble Clef, four harmony classes, two sight singing classes, a class in musical appreciation numbering sixty, a mixed chorus, and a ukelele club.

Besides progress along these lines, the music department has added new equipment in the shape of a fine Victrola and a large musical library.

The extensive growth of the music department has been due undoubtedly to the untiring labors of Miss Sabel and her competent assistant, Miss Baum, and the gratitude of the entire Student Body is due to them for the many pleasures the department has afforded us.

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## THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Pasadena High School Boys' Glee Club has from the very outset of its career proved to be one of the most successful of the school organizations. From a chorus of untrained voices it has been molded, chiefly by the unceasing toil of Miss Sabel, into a unit of vocal artistry. From a small room with poor acoustics it has been transplanted to the commodious Music Hall where the fresh air and sunshine stimulate the boys to their best efforts. The twice a week hurried practice has given place to the daily careful rehearsals where perfection is attained by degrees. The officers are Royal Wilke, president; Douglas McKenzie, vice-president; Ralph Ong, secretary-treasurer.

The Glee Club has appeared in public at the Methodist Church, at an elaborate entertainment in South Pasadena, several times in assembly, and in the final program May 10, when the annual Spring Festival concert took place. Although graduation will take many of its best members from it, the Glee Club is certain, with the addition of new talent, to repeat the successful season it has enjoyed.

The members of the club are Carleton Ambler, Clifford Burton, Vaughn Cummings, Kenneth Fuessle, Harold Gage, Douglas McKenzie, Stacy Mettier, Harold Perkins, Hall Perry, William Porter, Joseph Shawhan, Arthur Whedon, Royal Wilkie, Ralph Ong, Howard Emert, Leslie Cramer, Verne Smith, and Gerald Boltinhouse.

## THE TREBLE CLEF

The Treble Clef, better known as the Girls' Glee Club, has during the past season of 1916-17 effectively proved to everyone that a girls' glee club may be on a par or even superior to any organization of male voices. Certainly this charming coterie of young girls have by their creditable and splendid work unquestionably demonstrated the skilled leadership of Miss Sabel. Appearing in conjunction with the Boys' Glee Club at many assemblies and sacred concerts, not to mention the beautiful and elaborate Spring Festival program, they have also presented themselves on several occasions in separate performances of artistic merit. Under their supervision the two Glee Clubs held a delightful picnic at Eagle Rock where the labors of singing were forgotten and only the pleasure thereby derived remembered.

A second Girls' Glee Club of almost equal singers has been formed and the more advanced members are being prepared to fill the many absences caused by Commencement. The best of good luck is hoped for the Treble Clef and Miss Sabel is to be congratulated on her scintillating success. The officers of the club are Tevilla Hurlburt, president; Elsie Weaver, vice-president; Vivian Brandenburg, secretary-treasurer.

The members of the club are Vivian Brandenburg, Bessie Dial, Melva Fishbeck, Nellie Helfrich, Marion Hubbard, Tevilla Hurlburt, Mildred Kallstedt, Margaret Odell, Margaret Pratt, Susie Richards, Sadie Ross, Helen Sadler, Gladys Snelling, Helen Thompson, Elizabeth Walker, Elsie Weaver, and Dorothy Ford.

ANTOINETTE SABEL

MISS BAUM
*Teacher of Harmony*

VIEW OF MUSIC HALL

THE ORCHESTRA

## INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

Five years ago Mr. Hubert H. Parker took charge of an orchestral class in Pasadena High School. That year he had only twenty pupils. The following year that number had increased three times and he was able to work along the same line in the grade schools. As the demands of the high school work increased, however, he was forced to give up his work in the grades, but during the present year the pupils he developed then are in high school, and their work has aided greatly in making possible the present success of the school's orchestral organization.

This year Mr. Parker has had in his classes about 150 pupils, besides about sixty-five at the John Muir School, who will later help in the high school organization. He teaches about twenty-five pupils a day and has three orchestral classes and a band, each consisting of twenty-five members.

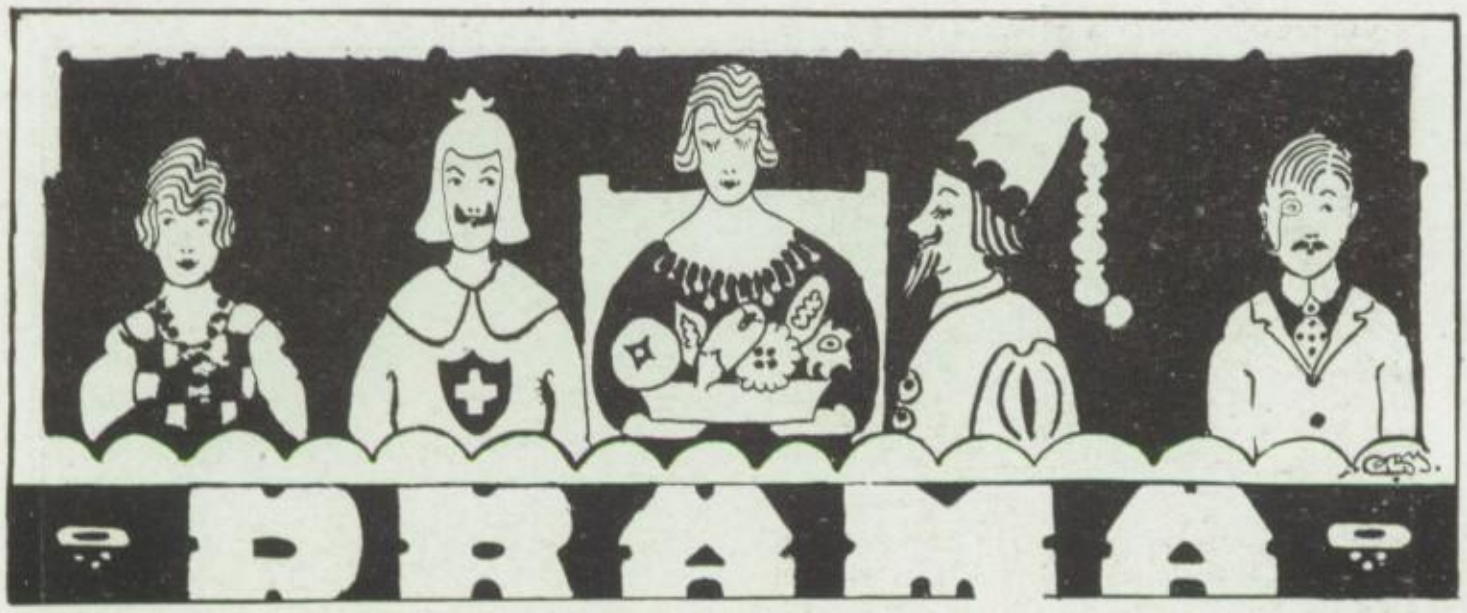
Evidence of this work has been given upon numerous occasions during the present school year. No athletic assembly or football game has been considered complete without the stimulating influence of the band, and the orchestra has appeared at numerous times to supply music for entertainments given in the Auditorium.

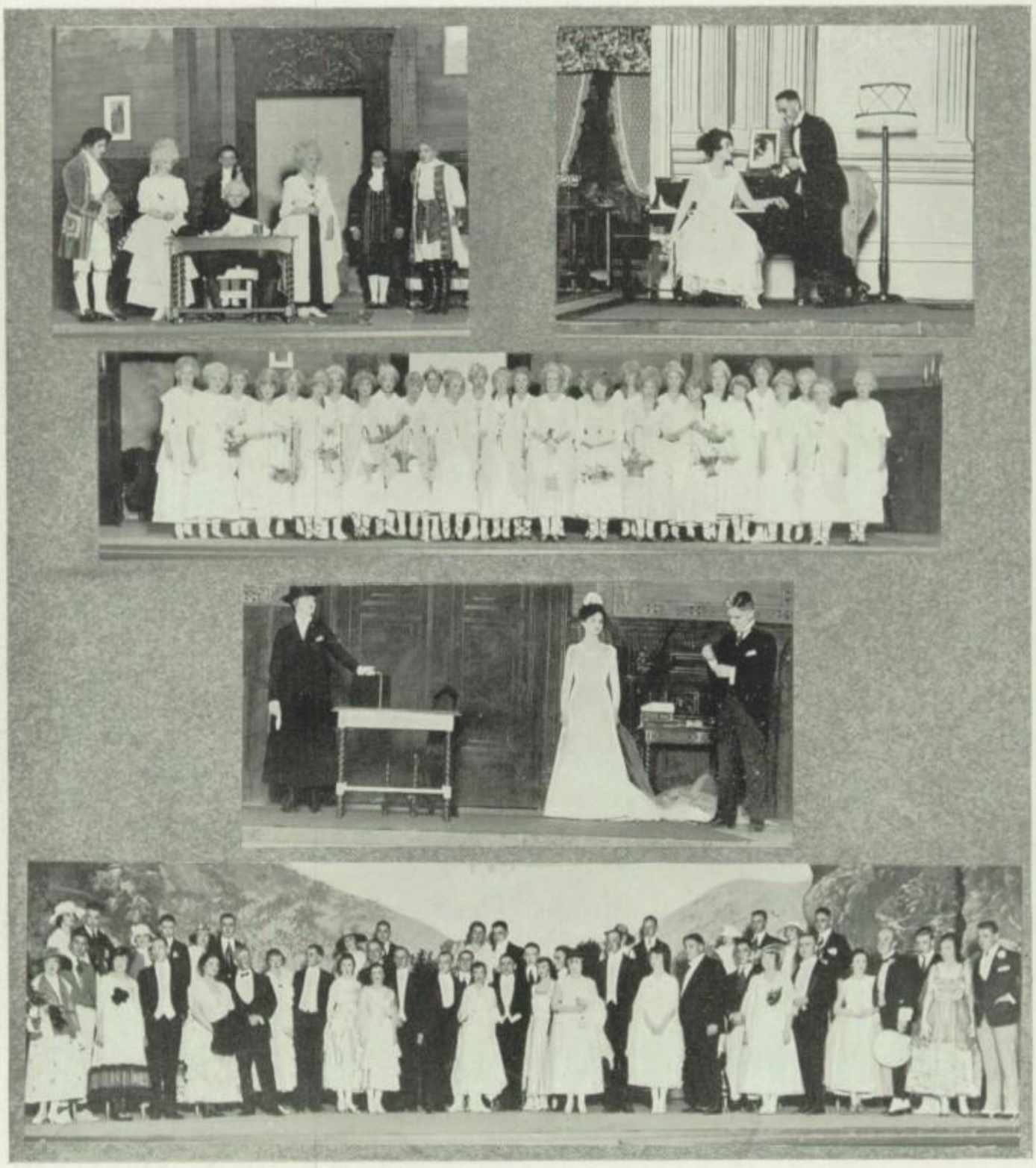
Besides this, the orchestra, consisting of sixty, gave, on May 4th, their third annual May Festival Concert. This concert was featured by three solos of exceptional merit. It might be interesting to note that none of the soloists of this concert ever received training upon their instrument other than that given by Mr. Parker, which seldom exceeds ten minutes per week. This concert, which was given in a regular assembly before the whole school, was greatly enjoyed by those present. It included, besides the solos just mentioned, the overture "Pique Dame," by Suppe; the largetto from Beethoven's "Second Symphony," and the "Aida March."

On May 9 the band gave its annual concert. This concert was conceded by all to be the best this organization has ever attempted. It was featured by a cornet solo by Howard Vesper.

Adolph Tandler, director of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, has attended the last two May Festival Concerts and is enthusiastic in his praise of the work done by the Pasadena High School Orchestra. He expressed his opinion that this organization is superior to any similar one in Los Angeles and that its appreciative rendition of difficult selections is very remarkable for a high school organization.

PASADENA


DRAMA



GERMAN PLAY—SENIOR NIGHT
CHORUS IN GERMAN PLAY
ANOTHER SCENE IN SENIOR NIGHT
SCENE FROM "PEP"

## DRAMATICS

Dramatics have always ranked among the foremost of school activities but during the past three or four years, the development of this indoor sport, so to speak, has been particularly marked. Especially is this true of the year just passed and the Class of '17 will be envied by all past and perhaps many future classes as having been responsible in the main for making the year 1916-17 a successful one as far as the histrionic art is concerned. Since the advent of the Class of '17 four years ago and the acquisition of the new buildings which now constitute the High School group and with them the acquisition of a regular man-sized stage, dramatics have gained an important place in school life. It has always been recognized by the Student Body that dramatics have been an absolute necessity among the school activities, but only recently has it been demonstrated that it is also of value as an educational feature—said demonstration being accomplished by the including of dramatic expression in the regular curriculum at the beginning of this year and the subsequent choice of Miss Sterling to head the new work. The wisdom of these moves on the part of the administration is clearly shown in the number and variety of really good "shows" produced.

## "THE DUST OF THE ROAD"

On the fourteenth of December, the Dramatic Expression classes, under the direction of Miss Sterling, gave a one-act Christmas play entitled "The Dust of the Road." The play portrayed a visit of a tramp (who was really Judas Iscariot) to the home of a miser, Peter Steele, who on Christmas Eve had turned a poor man from his door. By telling Peter of the misery he had suffered, since selling his soul for "thirty pieces of silver," he finally convinced him that his act was unworthy of a Christian and caused him to repent and make reparation. Kenneth Fuessle in the part of the tramp was good; Barbara Loomis was fine as Prudence Steele, as was Thomas Iiams, who took the part of old Peter Steele, and Harold Perkins as the uncle did a very difficult piece of acting.

Judas Iscariot.....Kenneth Fuessle
Peter Steele.....Thomas Iiams
Prudence Steele.....Barbara Loomis
Her Uncle.....Harold Perkins

## SENIOR NIGHT

One of the biggest and best performances of the year was given on March thirtieth, when "Senior Night," composed of three one-act plays, was presented. When the Senior Class heard that the Faculty had "stepped on" the annual Senior "Vodvil" they decided to go them one better, and accordingly came to the conclusion to replace the old "Vodvil" with the annual Senior Night.

The first of these three plays was "The Twelve-pound Look," by Barrie. Kate, Sir Harry's first wife, who had left him to escape being subdued at his hands, met her former husband again, but this time as a typist, at 35 shillings a week. Sir Harry's second wife had grown to be almost lifeless and mechanical, but upon seeing what Kate had made herself, she too became interested in really doing something. The part of Kate, with its many

advanced ideas of feminine independence, was well interpreted by Barbara Loomis, while Kenneth Fuessle as Sir Harry Sims played the pompous, aged, middle-class Englishman to perfection. Frances Bartlett, who was excellent as the second Lady Sims, completed a very good cast.

The second skit, "The Master of the House," by Stanley Houghton, although of a heavier nature, was very well given. Thomas Iams, played the leading part, that of Fred Ovens, with a heavy emotional intensity which would be hard to equal. Marie Johnson as Mrs. Ovens also did a very good piece of acting, while Lethe Knight as Edie, Howard Vesper as Dr. Jellicoe, and Frank Little as Mr. Skrimshire all did their parts well.

The final play was a comedy by Margaret Cameron, "The Pipe of Peace," which dealt with a delightfully comical newly-wed's quarrel over the trading of Joe Terrill's favorite meerschaum pipe for an old piece of furniture. Joe and Gladys Terrill were played by Lee Davis and Viola House, both of whom entered into their parts with a zest that would seem to betoken a more than ordinary interest in the married life.

## FRENCH-SPANISH PROGRAM

Not to be outdone by any ambitious Teutons, students of French and Spanish put on a program on the night of March nineth which bade fair to rival the German Play in interest, humor and quality of entertainment in general. Two short plays were the chief features of the evening's fun.

The French skit, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," was the more pretentious of the two. The plot of this sketch was concerned mainly with the troubles of one of the newly-rich in his attempt to break into society, and incidentally with a love-story centering around his daughter. Paul Marhenke took the lead in the part of the ambitious "bourgeois" and played it in a more than satisfying manner. Florence Wessels as his wife, Helen Bentz as their daughter, and Donald McCreery as her lover, had the remainiing leading parts, which they creditably filled. Much credit is due Miss Tennis and Miss Cass for the success of this production.

THE CAST

Monsieur Jordain, bourgeois.....Paul Marhenke
Madam Jourdain.....Florence Wessels
Lucile, their daughter.....Helen Bentz
Cleonte, her lover.....Donald McCreery
Nicole, servant.....Pauline Stanton
Covielle, valet.....Alexander Sheperd
Music Master.....Chester Pearman
Music Student.....Curtis Tanner
Dancing Master.....Franklin Wright
Teacher of Philosophy.....Robert Wallerstein
Tailor.....Hall Perry
Apprentice.....John Brainard
Lackeys.....Loren Ryder, Kenneth Learned

Dancers in Minuet—Ruth Pashgian, Richard Sears, Helen Parker, Franklin Wright, Elizabeth Russell, George Sherwood, Edith Boadway, Jack Brainard, Dextra Baldwin, Richard Kern, Dorothy Stewart, Gerald Mathewson, Gertrude Manley, De Calvus Simonson, Marjorie Newby, Albert Sanborn.

Although essentially a comedy, "Los Tres Novios"—the Spanish skit—might well be taken to be a preachment against getting yourself into the unfortunate position of having "three lovers," and all at one time! Evidently this heroine business runs in the Rhodes family, as Hilda Rhodes certainly proved she could handle a delicate situation, and also be a heroine.

Carlos Alviar, Whitney Reeve and Byran Shoemaker, her three lovers, were sufficiently eloquent, especially when prodded on by Samuel Bender, as Chombo, the too-solicitous young cousin of Catalina (no not the island, the shero.) Catalina's irascible father and mother, ne Steve Horrell and Vera Benton, were more than good.

Among those present were:

Catalina ..... Hilda Rhodes
Dona Lucia ..... Vera Benton
Don Fernando ..... Stephen Horrell
Francisco ..... Carlos Alviar
Jose ..... Whitney Reeves
Enrique ..... Bryan Shoemaker
Pablo ..... William Joyce
Chombo ..... Samuel Bender
Tomaso ..... Vivian Wallace

## THE GERMAN PLAY

Starting off the season with a bang (I think that's the correct phrase to begin with), the German Play may be said to be partly responsible for the high standard of the plays which were to follow, as it certainly set a hot pace. Working under difficulties from the very start, the Modern Language Department is certainly to be congratulated upon the success which crowned its efforts. Handicapped by the loss of the regular dramatic coach of the department, Miss Kemp, it was necessary to translate the play word for word and try and get along with German actors and an English coach, the combination of which did not prove exactly efficient. A way out of this difficulty was found when Miss Shatto, of the German Department, volunteered her services, and with her aid, together with that of Miss Hawes, and such as Miss Sterling and Miss Soule, who were almost entirely ignorant of the language, were able to give, the play in such a way that left nothing to be desired.

The play given this year, "Der Neffe Als Onkel," was practically sure to make a success, even with an audience which was not familiar with the language. It was a comedy; to say more would be superfluous (speaking broadly). The plot dealt with the situations arising out of a striking similarity between the "nephew" and the "uncle," and the complications caused by a love-affair.

The parts were so evenly divided that no outstanding "leads" were noticeable. On the whole, the work done by the cast was remarkable, but that of a few deserves mention. In the title role of the nephew, DeCalvus Simonson did some very creditable work, showing a command of the German language that was exceptional. Ruth Rhodes playing opposite the nephew in the part of Sophie was everything that a heroine is supposed to be, and a little more. The other feminine characters, Mary Freyer, as the typical German **Hausfrau**; Dorothy Lee as the flirtatious widow, and Lois Howe playing the difficult part of the maid with a nicety born only of natural talent, coupled with hard work, were all good. Howard Vesper as the pompous, irrascible uncle, and Arthur Raymond, who provided a good part of the comedy in the play with his drunken staggerings, took their parts with a naturalness that was delightful.

THE CAST

Colonel von Dorsigny.....Howard Vesper
Frau von Dorsigny.....Mary Freyer
Sophie, their daughter.....Ruth Rhodes
Franz von Dorsigny, their nephew.....De Calvus Simonson
Frau von Mirville, their niece, a widow, and Franz von Dorsigny's sister.....Dorothy Lee
Lormeuil, Sophie's Betrothed.....Thomas Iiams
Valcour, a friend of Franz von Dorsigny.....Brewster Hayes
Champagne, his valet.....Arthur Raymond
Notary.....Milton Smith
Under Officers.....Charles Goodman, Frederick De Silva
Jasmin, the Colonel's servant.....Hugo Becker
Marie, Sophie's maid.....Lois Howe
Lackeys.....Peter Busker, Stacy Mettier

## THE SENIOR PLAY

The Senior Class Play always culminates the dramatic activities of the year, and from present indications the Class Play of '17 will not only overshadow all the Senior Plays but will be the best student production ever put on at Pasadena High School. Some time ago a Class Play Committee was appointed by the Senior President. Assisted by Miss Sterling, this committee, after much deliberation, has selected "Quality Street," by J.

M. Berrie as the Class Play. Try-outs for the various characters were immediately started and, after much thought, those who are to be in the play were selected. This cast is now working night and day on the play, being coached by Miss Sterling who is proving herself of sterling quality as a dramatics instructor.

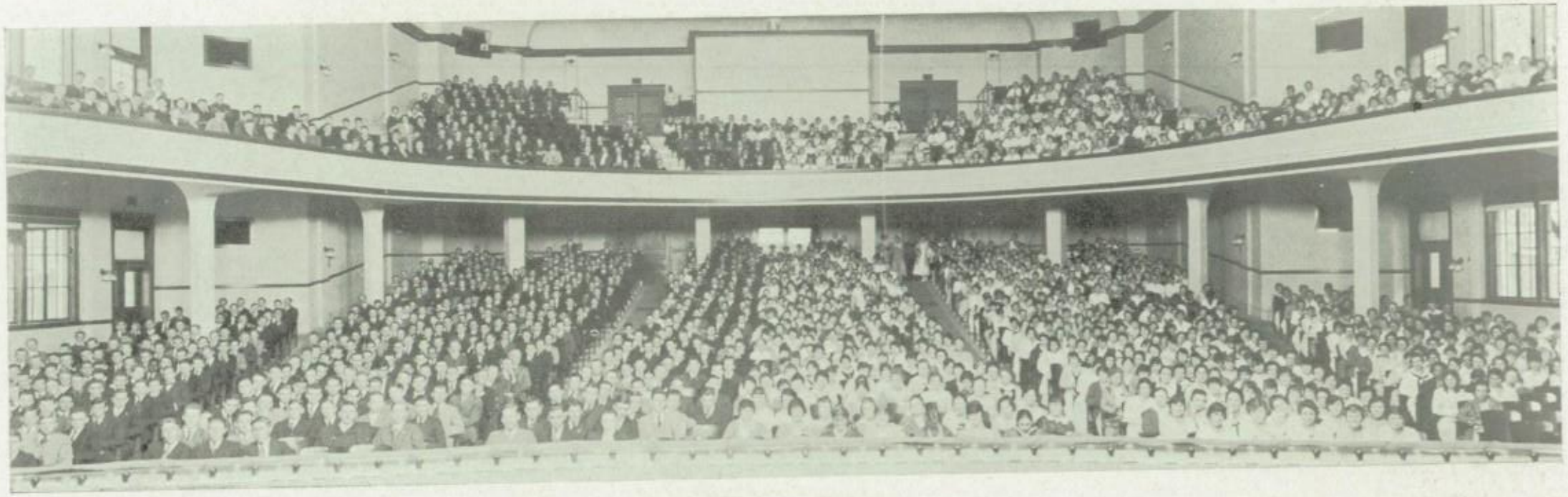
The scene of action is in a small English town—the dainty home of two sisters—in "Quality Street, during the time of the Napoleonic Wars. A clever love story runs through the play, leading to many comical situations.

The following cast will present "Quality Street," on June first, in the Pasadena High School Auditorium:

Valentine Brown.....Douglas McKenzie
Ensign Blades.....Harold Perkins
Lieutenant Spicer.....Brewster Hayes
A Recruiting Sergeant.....Earnest Koyen
An Old Soldier.....Thomas Iiams
A Gallant.....Howard Vesper
Phoebe "of the Ringlets".....Frances Bartlett
Susan Throssel.....Margaret Bravinder
Charlotte Perritt.....Viola House
Miss Fanny Willoughby.....Elizabeth Lowstetter
Miss Mary Willoughby.....Eveline Knock
Miss Henrietta Turnbull.....Lucy Spaulding
Patty.....Ruth Jones

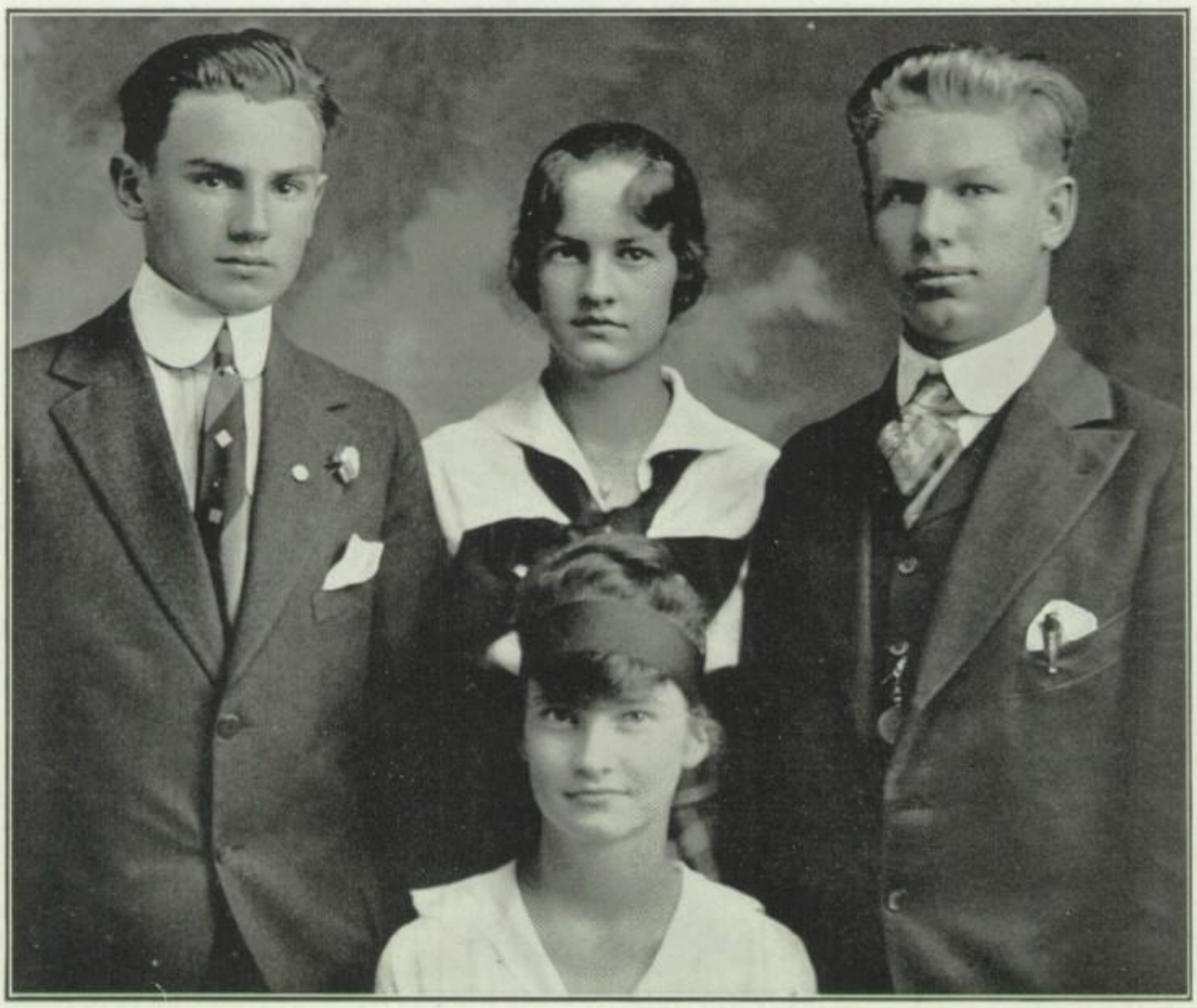
Students
Guests at the Ball

Howard Coggeshall, Russell Barnes, Stanley Curtis, Harold Perkins
Ruth Pashgian, Harriett Hunt



VIEW OF THE ENTIRE STUDENT BODY

DEBATING



THE JUNIOR DEBATING TEAM

## DEBATING

Oratory has not proven a great success at Pasadena High this year. It is rather difficult to know just where to lay the blame for the failure of Pasadena to live up to her past reputations in Oratory. Perhaps those students who are gifted along the line of Public Speaking were too busy with other activities. Then it must be remembered that three of the best Orators were missing from school at the time the season opened. Cooper having graduated while Metzger and Alviar withdrew from our midst.

Although not making a good showing in the Interurban, the Annual Davis-Hall Contest brought forth some excellent orations. This annual affair resulted in William DeLapp winning first place, and Charles Paddock grabbing second honors. Besides the winners, "Dick" Hambrook, Lyle Hance, Elizabeth Lowstetter, Paul Davidson and Rowland Maxwell presented good orations.

The results of the Interurban Contest found Donald White of Pasadena in third place. It is true that he was beaten, but in spite of that fact he represented the Red and White in a creditable manner.

The failure of Pasadena to win that contest eliminated her from taking part in the Southern California Championship.

During the past year Pasadena has continued to abide by her reputation as a Debating Institution. For many years the local school has been considered a leader in Debating among the California High Schools. The close of the season again finds Pasadena in the first rank.

It is true that the Pasadena representatives failed to win the Championship but in spite of that fact the past year has been a marked success and its record is one that will long be remembered. The schedule was a long one. The questions for debate were difficult and the opponents the best in the South.

During the season eleven contests took place. Nine of these resulted in favor of the Red and White. In one the local boys met defeat while one debate resulted in a tie. After making such a showing it was of little consequence whether the Championship was won or lost.

Shortly after the opening of school the call for candidates was issued. Such familiar rostrum artists as Cooper, Littleton, DeLapp, Coombs and Miss Fiedler were missing. All with the exception of Miss Fiedler having graduated. It was only natural that those in charge of the Rostrum activity were rather discouraged at the outlook. Soon however Coach Carson and the squad system was hard at work and within a few weeks the situation had an entirely different appearance. Numerous students were developed into brilliant debaters among them being Carlos Alviar, Lyle Hance, Richard Hambrook, Raymond Barton, Clarence King, Elizabeth Lowstetter and Eugenia Ong.

After much deliberation on the part of the coaches, Alviar and Barton were chosen to represent P. H. S. against Pomona in the first interscholastic debate of the year, while Clarence King and Foster Daniels were destined to journey over to Lincoln High on the same evening. The question for debate dealt with Immigration and was ably handled by both Pasadena teams. The home team winning unanimous with the affirmitive while the negative grabbed a two to one decision.

Not being satisfied with winning two contests in an evening, arrangements were completed for special debates with League Teams from Glendale, Venice, and Lincoln. Never before in the history of debating had there been such a wealth

of good material and yet there were so few league contests that it was impossible for all deserving debaters to represent the Red and White in such contests. For this reason the special debates were arranged.

Elizabeth Lowstetter and Clarke Bogardus met and defeated Glendale in the latter's auditorium by a count of three to nothing. Lyle Hance and Richard Hambrook took the town of Santa Ana by storm and defeated the Peatlanders with ease. Carlos Alviar the hero of the Pomona debate with Eugenia Ong as a team mate, payed a visit to the Venice High School and chalked another victory up on Pasadena's clean slate. This was Miss Ong's first debate and those that were present were unanimous in their praise for her forsenic ability.

Due only to the fact that one judge failed to make his appearance Pasadena was robbed of another almost certain victory at Lincoln High, where Marian Laird and Elizabeth Goodell met Lincoln's first team. As it was, the decision resulted in a tie.

The results of these debates placed Pasadena far in the lead of all rivals and the Coach and students entered into the tryout for the second series with new interest and determination. The number answering the second call was not so large but the quality of the candidates made up for the lack in quantity. Soon after the Christmas vacation a squad of eight, consisting of Howard Winegarden, Foster Daniels, Richard Hambrook, Lyle Hance, Clarence King, Carlos Alviar and Lillian Coleman were chosen. Following several squad debates Hance, King, Winegarden and Alviar were chosen as the speakers to meet Santa Ana and Glendale in the second series. No mistake was made in the choice, for three weeks later two more victories were added to the already long list of the Red and White achievements.

It was the outcome of the second series that cost Pasadena the Championship. The fact is not to be lamented however for we had an opportunity of displaying the spirit of true sportsmanship.

Due to a misunderstanding on the part of Santa Ana a negative team arrived in Pasadena in place of an affirmative combination. Santa Ana soon realized their mistake and were willing to forfeit the contest. Pasadena being confident that it was merely a misunderstanding refused the forfeit and made arrangements to hold the debate the following week.

While Hance and King were resting Alviar and Winegarden were defeating the Glendale speakers by a two to one count.

As the time was very short it was impossible to secure judges of the first choice for the Santa Ana contest, the management having to be content with the best that could be secured on so short a notice. This was disastrous to Pasadena as one of the judges frankly admitted before the contest that he was prejudiced in favor of government ownership and as the result showed he voted in favor of government ownership against Pasadena.

Following the Santa Ana debate, Pasadena was leading the Association by one debate and two judges' decisions. A dispute arose among the members of the Association whether or not a third series of debates should be held. After much discussion it was agreed to hold a third series, Pasadena being scheduled to meet Pomona. Before the Pomona debate Lillian Coleman and "Dick" Hambrook won in a special debate from Huntington Park. The decision being two to one.

The Goddess of Fortune seemed to have deserted the Red and White for after a corking good contest the decision of the judges stood three to nothing in favor of Pomona. The victory of the Sage Hens gave them the Championship by the close margin of one decision.

The debating season had come to a close so far as the Association debates were concerned but the Junior League open to Freshmen and Sophomores only were renewed after a rest of two years. Although two contests resulted in a loss for Pasadena, they were the means of developing excellent material for next year. Winifred Wallace, Lucille Wallace, Charles Paddock and Louis Minskey were the youthful orators.

With the return of Lawrence Metzger and Hyallie Fiedler to debating, together with the Junior team members, the student body may look forward with encouragement to a successful debating season.

## THE MANAGER

No matter what the activity is, its success or failure depends to a large extent on the manner in which the clerical work is handled. In this department Debating has been extremely fortunate in having as manager Howard Coggshall. Howard was on the job at all times and did much in arousing enthusiasm over the activity.

## THE COACH

Who is that unseen person behind the screen that directs the performance on the stage? He is no other than the Coach. The Dramatic Coach in theatrical work. The Athletic Coach on the Football Gridiron. In the same way the man who directs the work of the debaters is the Debating Coach. In other words he is the man behind the guns.

Carl H. Carson has been with Pasadena four years and in that time he has done more for making debating a success than any other one person. Mr. Carson has proven a live wire. The squad system was introduced and perfected by him and now is recognized as the most efficient method of coaching debating.

THE DEBATING TEAM

Pasadena considers herself extremely fortunate in having such a man as Mr. Carson as Coach.

## STUDENTS RECEIVING SPECIAL TEAM PIN

EUGENIA ONG:

A pleasing speaker with a convincing manner. Made good with a vengeance in the Venice Debate. Her ability as a girl debater cannot be over-estimated.

ELIZABETH LOWSTETTER:

Winning a place on the "special team" the first time she went out for debating Miss Lowstetter showed her ability as a speaker in the Glendale debate.

LILLIAN COLEMAN:

The third girl to receive a "special team" pin. Doing exceptionally well in the Huntington Park Debate. Her work proved invaluable to the squad.

RICHARD HAMBROOK:

The only boy to receive "special pin." A new hand at argufying but a "whiz" under fire. Was important factor in the Huntington Park and Santa Ana victories.

## STUDENTS WHO DEBATED IN LEAGUE CONTESTS RECEIVING THE GOLD PINS

CARLOS ALVIAR:

A hard consistent worker. A wonderful orator with great debating ability. Alviar was especially adapted to the Affirmative, was on three teams and did not lose a debate.

LYLE HANCE:

A smooth speaker. A clear thinker and a "bear" at refutation. His hobby was putting it over on the other fellow. Did his best work in the Pomona Debate.

CLARENCE KING:

A Dark Horse but not a slow one. Full of life and perfectly at home on the platform. A logical heady debater. Arguments well thought out and put forth in a decise manner—at his best in Santa Ana Debate.

FOSTER DANIELS:

A plodder with the never give up spirit. Exceptional good head work—said what he meant and made it count. Daniels was a valuable asset to the squad—aided in defeating Lincoln.

RAYMOND BARTON:

A slow, clear, deliberate thinker. His logical arguments aided Pasadena in stepping on Pomona in the first debate.

HOWARD WINEGARDENS

Much the same type of a debater as Barton—not a brilliant orator but a wonder at breaking down the opponent's arguments. Debated against Glendale.

## MR. BATKIN AND MR. HENRY

Two other gentlemen are deserving of special mention for their interest in Debating and Oratory. They are no other than Paul J. Batkin and Leslie B. Henry. Mr. Batkin is Coach of Oratory and while not busy with that work, he aids in coaching debating. During the past year Mr. Batkin's service has been

invaluable. He had direct charge of the Interclass Contests that proved so successful. His work in developing orators is too well known to dwell upon.

The question is often heard, Why does Mr. Henry take such an interest in High School activities? The answer is this. Les Henry has the interest of P. H. S. at heart. He knows the students. He likes the spirit and as he puts it, "I want to see you lick Long Beach." Mr. Henry has endeared himself to every local student. He is always willing to aid in the coaching of the debaters and lend his aid where ever most needed.

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## MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR TEAM AWARDED SILVER PIN

WINIFRED WALLACE:

Winifred is a sister of Lucille, therefore a good debater. A willing and unselfish worker. She has two more years at Pasadena in which to aid the Red and White.

LUCILE WALLACE:

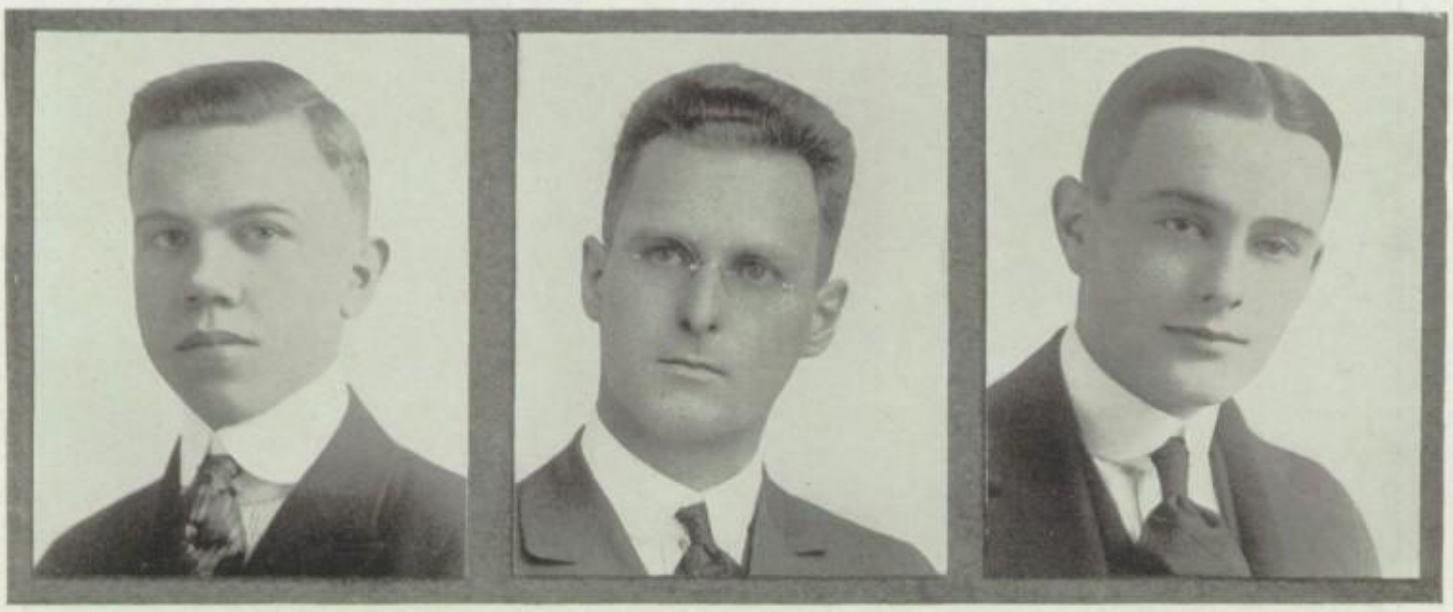
Being a sister to Winifred it is only natural that Lucille is a good debater. She also returns to P. H. S. and great things are expected of her.

CHARLES PADDOCK:

Not being satisfied with winning points for the school in track, Paddock tried his hand at debating and discovered that it was as easy to win medals in debating and oratory as in track. With a little more experience he should develop into a star debater.

LOUIS MINSKEY:

Minskey is only a Sophomore but a corking good debater. His cool logical headwork was responsible for his success. Watch him next year.

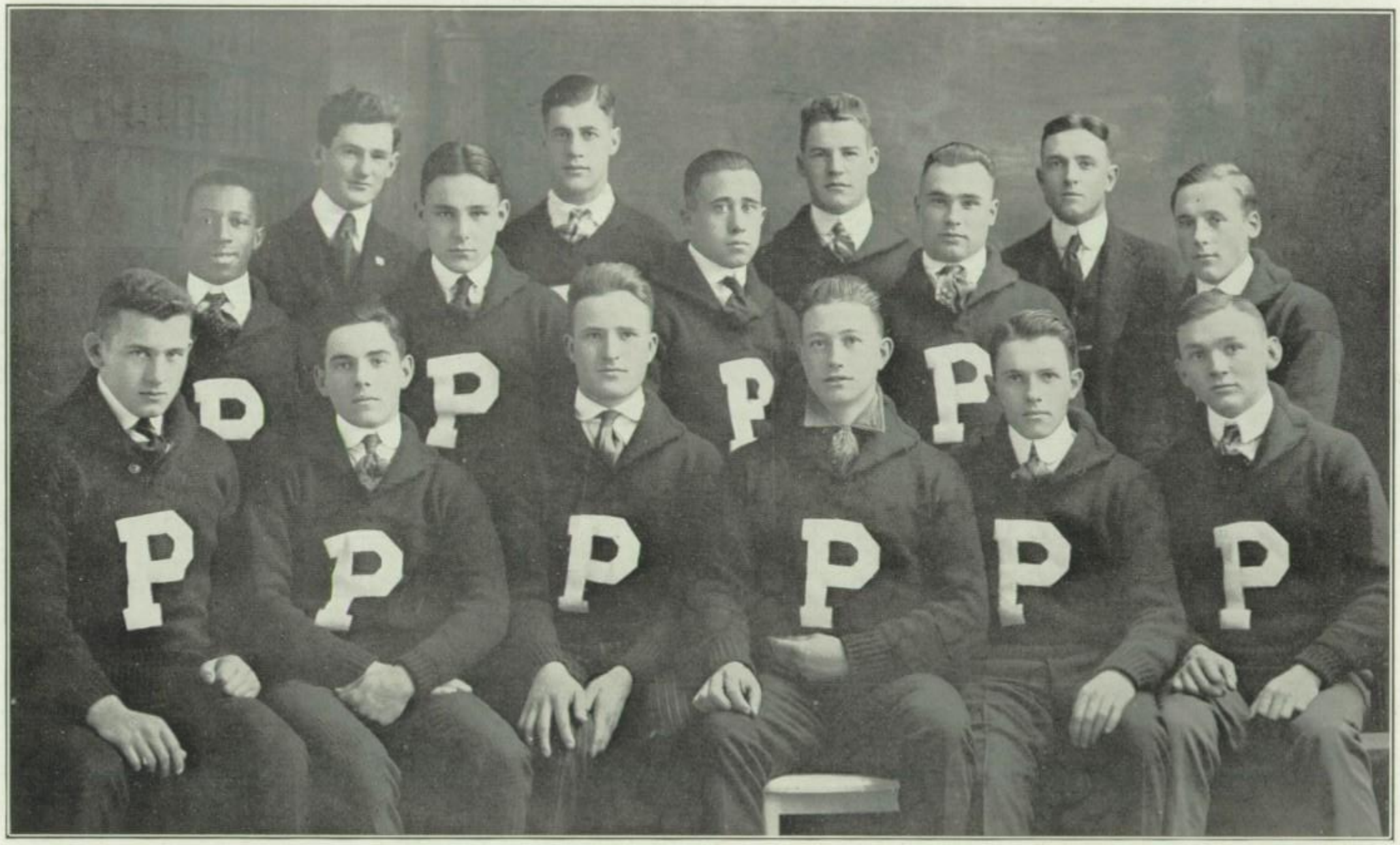


ROBERT LILLEY
*Commissioner*

C. H. CARSON
*Coach*

HOWARD COGGESHALL
*Manager*

ATHLETICS
P
P
A.H.V




THE RAYMOND STUDIO

# FOOTBALL SEASON

After three and one-half months of hard, gruelling work, the football season of 1916 closed with Pasadena High champions of the county, and a runner-up in the state finals. The team worked hard and ceaselessly, and as a reward they battled through the season without loosing a league game, thus maintaining Coach Duffy Seay's famous record of not having lost a league game in three consecutive years. Next year Coach Seay will probably not be at Pasadena, taking training at the Officers' Reserve at the Presidio. Coach Seay was the greatest little coach in the world.

The wearers of the Crimson and White played hard, fast, clean football, and deserve without question the title of County Champions. They played the game as real athletes of Pasadena should, hard, clean and fair at all times, no matter what the occasion. Not once was a Crimson player reprimanded on the field for unclean tactics, but on the other hand he was congratulated for the masterful clean way in which he fought and won the game.

To our stocky little sunburned Coach, we owe our great successes in football. Out of four veterans, plus seven green men, Coach Seay moulded a team together that was the fastest around California. What the men lacked in weight, they made up in speed, fight and aggressiveness. The 1917 team was perhaps the lightest Pasadena High ever possessed. The line averaged slightly over one hundred and fifty pounds, while the backfield tipped the scales at an average of one hundred and forty-five. A light team, but with a mass of mystifying plays and a captain chock full of fight, the team made great advances in the football world.

Coach Seay and "Big Steve" Horrell, captain, were a great combination. What the husky Pasadena captain did not know about the great tanbark game could be balanced upon a needle point. It was the untiring work and labor of the big center captain that helped the Bulldog team along ways toward a championship. Coach Seay was a coach in a million. He treated his men fairly, and, although he worked his men hard, they had the utmost confidence in him, and played the game the way Coach Seay taught it: "Hard and Clean."

"Steamboat Steve" Horrell was the only Pasadena man to make the All-Southern this year, but "Zip" Wilkie, Al Goodale and Gene Cory came within a hair's breadth of making the all star team. Next year, Wally Chisholm will be captain of the Bulldog eleven, and with Elliott, Bedall, Van Mohr, Ash, Cline, Davis, Schlaudeman, Mitchell and a few other huskies back next year, he should have a most successful season.

### The Santa Monica Game

In the first real game of the season, the team of 1917 tangled up with Santa Monica and defeated the Seasiders by the overwhelming score of 53 to 0. Not once was the Crimson goal in danger, the ball never once getting past the thirty-yard line. The work of Captain Steve Horrell, Wilkie, Chisholm and Goodale stood out as exceptional. The Pasadena backs scored almost at will, pounding big holes in the Santa Monica line and skirting the ends with the utmost ease. This game again demonstrated to Pasadena, that Coach Seay knew his business. The team played the old-time brand of ball, slashing, fighting down the field as of yore. "Big Steve" was the chief scrapper.

### The Whittier Game

Outweighed six pounds to the man on the line and at least eight in the

backfield, Coach Seay's team went into their first league game at Whittier before a large crowd, composed mostly of Pasadenans, and gently but firmly they slipped a 14 to 13 victory over on the heavy Quakers. From the first toot of the referee's whistle, the game was full of thrillers and spectacular plays, which kept the huge crowd on its feet three-fourths of the time. And Coach Seay's little team of midget Bulldogs fought with a speed and determination that fairly dazzled the cheering multitude in the stands.

Things looked dark for Pasadena the first few minutes of the game, but after getting their bearings, the Bulldog line held like a stone-wall, despite the

SCENES FROM THE WHITTIER CONTEST

Quakers' desperate attempts to penetrate it. They essayed a forward pass, but "Shorty" Bedall slipped his hands over the pigskin, running it back fifteen yards. Starting on their own thirty-five-yard line, the Crimson sweaters began a steady, resistless march down the field, desperately opposed by the Whittier gang. Wally Chisholm plowed through the heavy Quaker line for long gains, while "Shorty" Bedall and "Zip" Wilkie skipped around the ends for big yardage. On the ten-yard line Schlaudeman outfoxed the Poets by signaling a forward pass and receiving the said pass himself back of the Whittier goal line. Again the Bulldogs scored in the same quarter.

In the last period the heavy weight of the Quakers began to tell and they slipped over two touchdowns. Captain Beam's toe failed him, however, and Pasadena began her march through another league season with one victory chalked up to her credit.

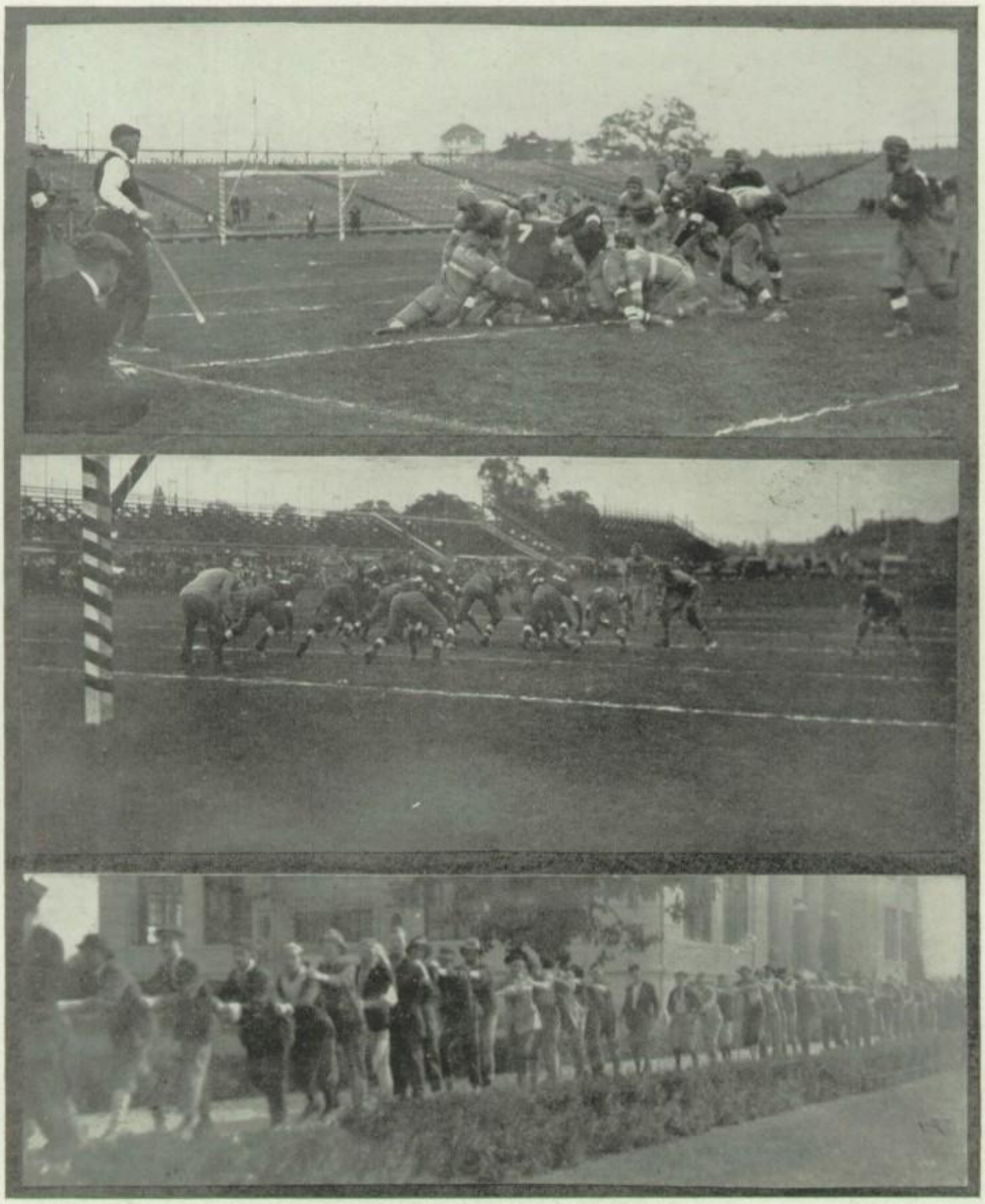
### The Chaffey Union Practice Game

The following Saturday after the Whittier fracas, the team lined up

against the monstrous gang of football artists from Ontario. The men were outweighed ten pounds to the man, but even with that great handicap, the Bulldogs proceeded to play a style of ball that brought the stands to their feet time after time, cheering some plucky stand or plowing their way through the Chaffey line. The first quarter, the only period in which the Chaffey team showed any particular class, and that "class" was their fullback who played the whole game for them, the visitors scored two touchdowns. After that, however, their attack was useless. No matter how hard they hit the line, some scrapping little Crimson sweater went hurtling into the line and spilled his man hard. During this period the stands were treated to one of the most spectacular comebacks ever seen on a Southern gridiron. The Bulldogs went steadily down the field with Cass Smith and Wally Chisholm making most of the big gains. The Chaffey giants held on their four-yard line, however, and the team of Pasadena High failed to score.

THE P. H. S. VARSITY SQUAD

THE LIGHTWEIGHT FOOTBALL TEAM, CHAMPIONS OF THE COUNTY



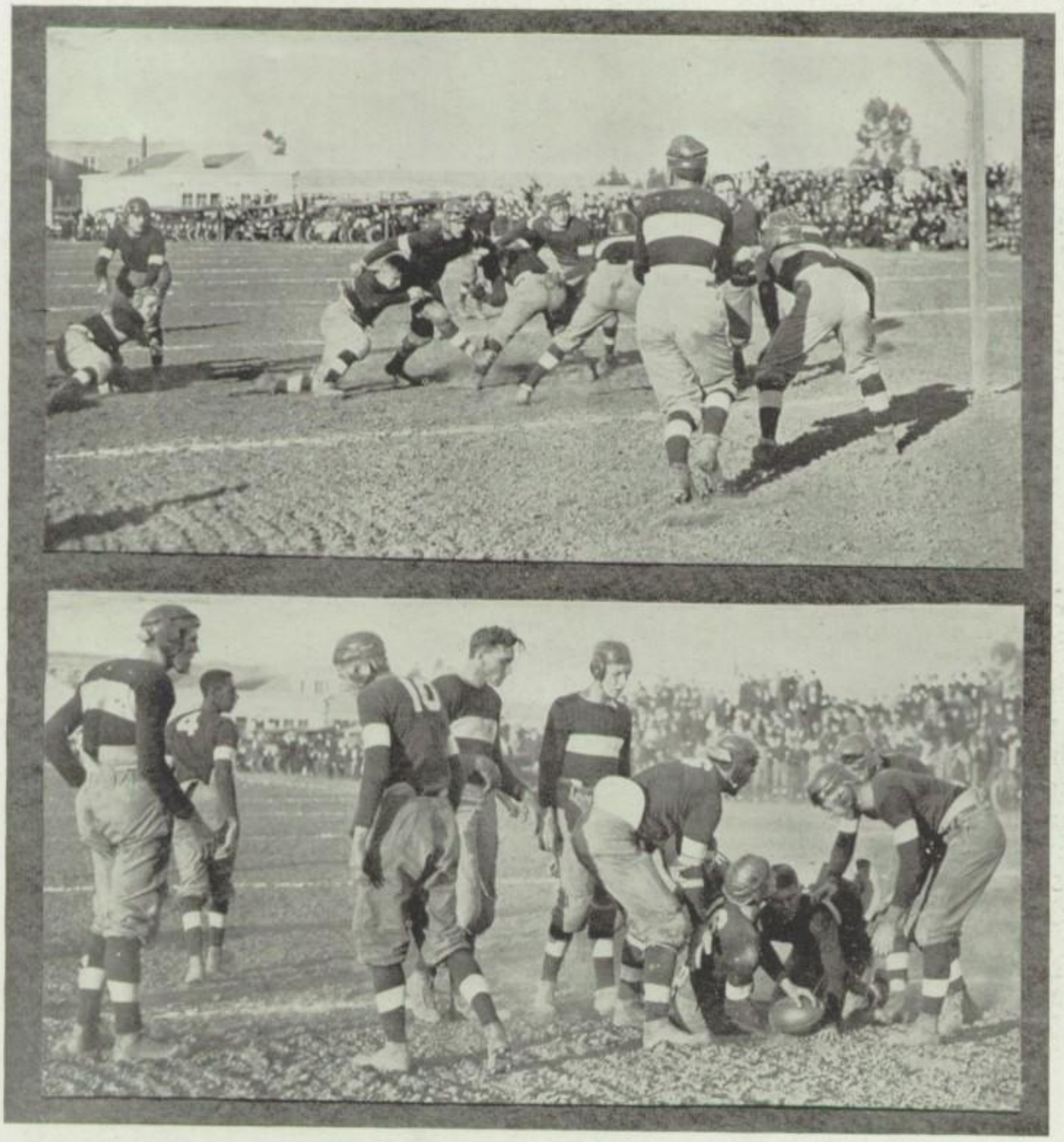
SCRIMMAGE IN THE GAME WITH SAN DIEGO

## San Diego Game

After being defeated by Chaffey Union 13 to 0, Coach Seay's team met San Diego High on the following Saturday at Tournament Park. The final result was San Diego 26, Pasadena 0. The San Diego team was composed of eleven rangy fellows, ten of which had been playing together for two years. All were veterans, every one of them. The southerners had no extra fine plays,

nor weight, but they had team work, that one essential in football that comes from long practice.

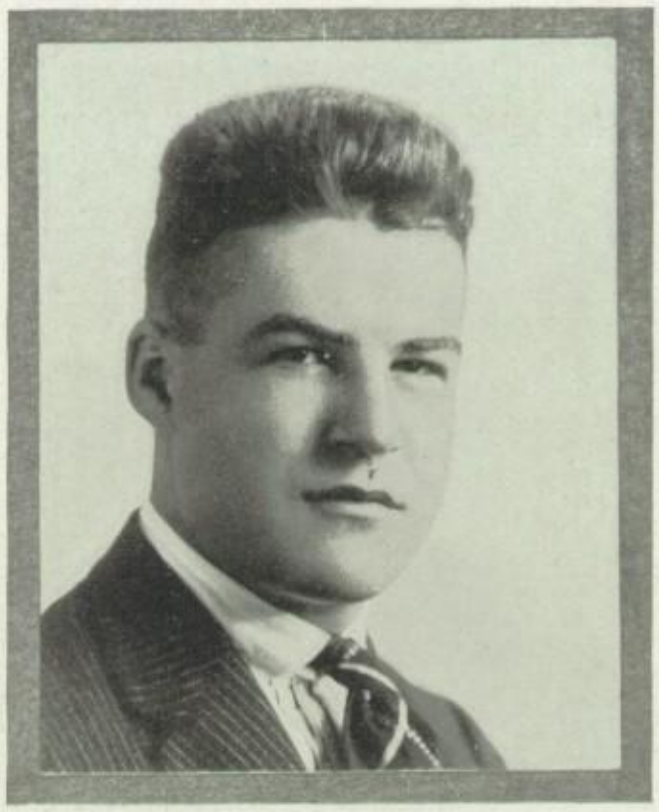
The San Diegans scored two touchdowns the first half and two the second. In spite of the defeat, the game was a thriller from a Pasadena standpoint. It is always interesting to the P. H. S. rooter to watch the Bulldogs stage one of their old-time comebacks. And the Crown City men did—staving off two or three more touchdowns by valiant work.



(Above) SANTA ANA PUNTING TO SAFETY
(Below) PASADENA MAKING TOUCHDOWN

### The Santa Ana Game

Wild were the unloyal students who remained behind on the day of the second league game with Santa Ana, when they heard that the Bulldogs had won, 26 to 3. The team journeyed down to the Celery City hoping for an even break, but after three minutes of the game had passed they found themselves masters of the situation. Before the first quarter was over they had scored one



WALLACE CHISHOLM
*Captain-Elect, 1917-18*

touchdown and were close to scoring another. A few minutes after the second period had begun, the Bulldogs lost the ball on downs. The Peatlanders attempted to punt out of danger, but say not so—! "Big Steve" broke through the line and blocked the punt, and "Fronkus" Von Mohr curled himself around the pighide for another six points.

After the second half had started Coach Seay ordered into the fray, his two midget halfbacks, Bedall and Wilkie. What these two little fellows did to the Santa Ana ends would be a shame to tell, but the score speaks for itself. The first time "Zip" Wilkie was handed the oval, he stepped around right end, dodged the interference and raced sixty yards to a touchdown. "Big Steve" converted. In the last quarter, after Cass Smith had made sixty yards on a rugby pass, All Goodale, on a straight tackle buck, pulled off in Seay fashion, bumped his way across the white line for six more points. That ended the scoring, Pasadena 26, Santa Ana 3.

**The Long Beach Game**

The game of games! The Bulldog team of Pasadena met the Long Beach bunch at Tournament Park Thanksgiving Day and licked them to the tune of 42 to 13. From whistle to whistle the game was a thriller, and it is a safe bet that the 8,000 people present at the game did not get their money's worth out of their seats. However, they cheered much louder standing up.

Pasadena started the scoring early in the first quarter, and the Beachites also responded with a seven points. In the same period, however, the local demons slipped over another six points. In the following period, the Bulldogs, too, scored seven more digits. Before the game was over, Pasadena had scored 42 points and Long Beach only 13. When "Zip" Wilkie and "Shorty" Bedall entered into the game, the Salteaters were cautious, in fact they were too cautious, for on the first play, "Zip" Wilkie went skipping down the field seventy-five yards for a touchdown. Following that, the scoring became as frequent as the ticking of a watch. The Long Beach line could not

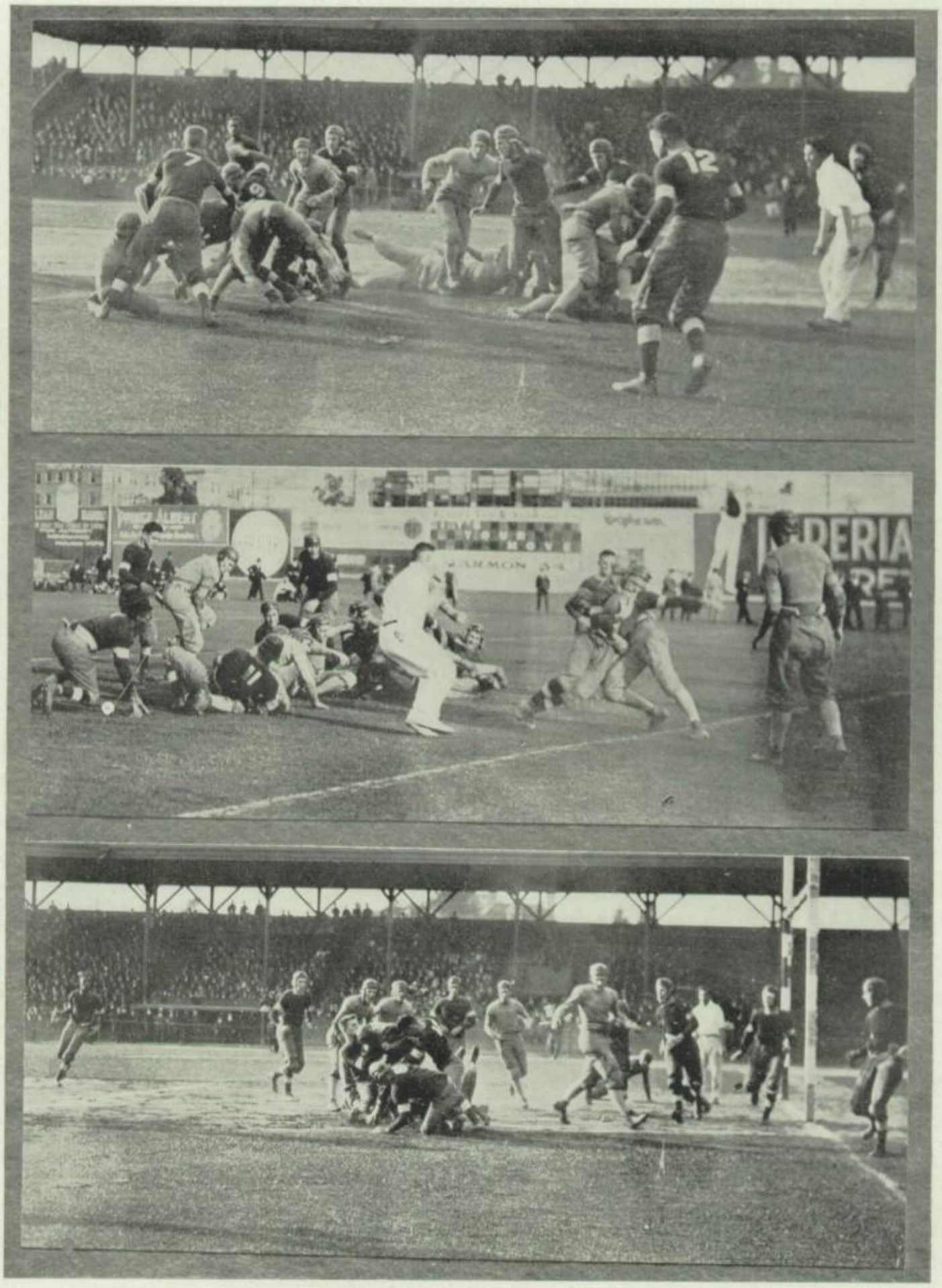
stand from under the terrific smashing of Smith, Chisholm and Bedall. This victory placed Pasadena in line for a Southern California title.

WITNESSED BY OVER 5,000 SPECTATORS, THE BIG THANKSGIVING DAY GAME BETWEEN LONG BEACH AND PASADENA

**The Manual Arts Game**

In this game Pasadena met her Waterloo, coming out on the small end of a 42 to 7 score. The light Bulldog backs had no chance against the Toilers'

heavy line, and could make no headway whatever. The Manual Arts team had three real players, Brockman, Toney and J. Blewett. Brockman and Toney, the two tackles, stopped all of Pasadena's plays before they ever got



THREE VIEWS OF THE MANUAL-PASADENA GAME

to the ends, while the Pasadena line had great difficulty in holding the heavy Purple gang.

Manual scored at will the first half, but in the second they stopped so sudden their teeth chattered. The Bulldogs, under Seay, had become mad. What a chance Manual now. Nevertheless, the men from the Toiler institution emerged victorious, 42 to 7.

STEPHEN HORRELL
*Captain*

"DUFFY" SEAY
*Coach*

RALPH HOSLER
*Manager*

MEMBERS OF THE AMBULANCE CORPS
WITH THEIR TRAINED HOUNDS

**"Steamboat Steve"**

Captain Steve Horrell was the greatest center that ever wore the Crimson and White of Pasadena High School. The big fellow was a fighter from A to Z, and played the game fairly and squarely. Big Steve is touted by many critics as being the greatest center that ever represented Pasadena High School.

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**"Battler"**

Alvin Goodale, who for two years strove to win a place on Coach Seay's famous eleven, suddenly blossomed forth this year as a player of superfine quality. Al was known about the school as "The Battler," and well he deserved his name. He is now at West Point.

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**"Smitt"**

Cass Smith, shifted from tackle to half proved to be one of the finds of the year. He was extremely shifty on his feet, and a hard man in plunging the line. The handsome halfback could play guard, half, or tackle with equal ability. He will not be back next year.

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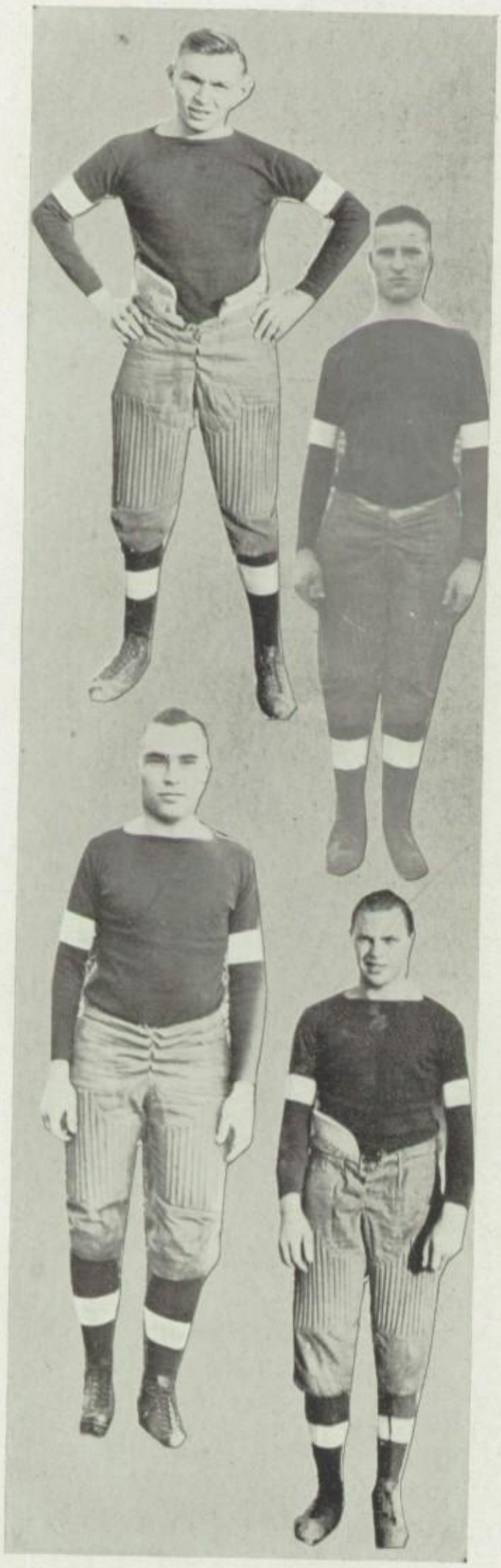
**"Walrus"**

Wally Chisholm, the plunging fullback and captain-elect, is perhaps the hardest tackler around these parts. The Walrus hit the line with terrific force, and punted with extraordinary ability. The husky backfield man should make a wonderful captain.



**"Zip"**

Royal Wilkie, the most dependable halfback Coach Seay possesses this year, was considered to be the fastest man in moleskins by many learned officials. His speedy running placed his name in the Hall of Fame in Southern California.

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**"Kenney"**

The fastest and hardest tackling end around Southern California was sorrel-headed Kenney Dehuff. For three years Kenney held his job at right end, playing in big league style at all times. Kenney will not be back next year, and his loss will be keenly felt.

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**"Shorty"**

Wynette Bedall, the smallest moleskin warrior on the Bulldog team, although light, was one of Coach Seay's best plunging halfbacks. His great speed, coupled with the fact that he was built low to the ground made him a hard man to stop. "Shorty" will be back next year.

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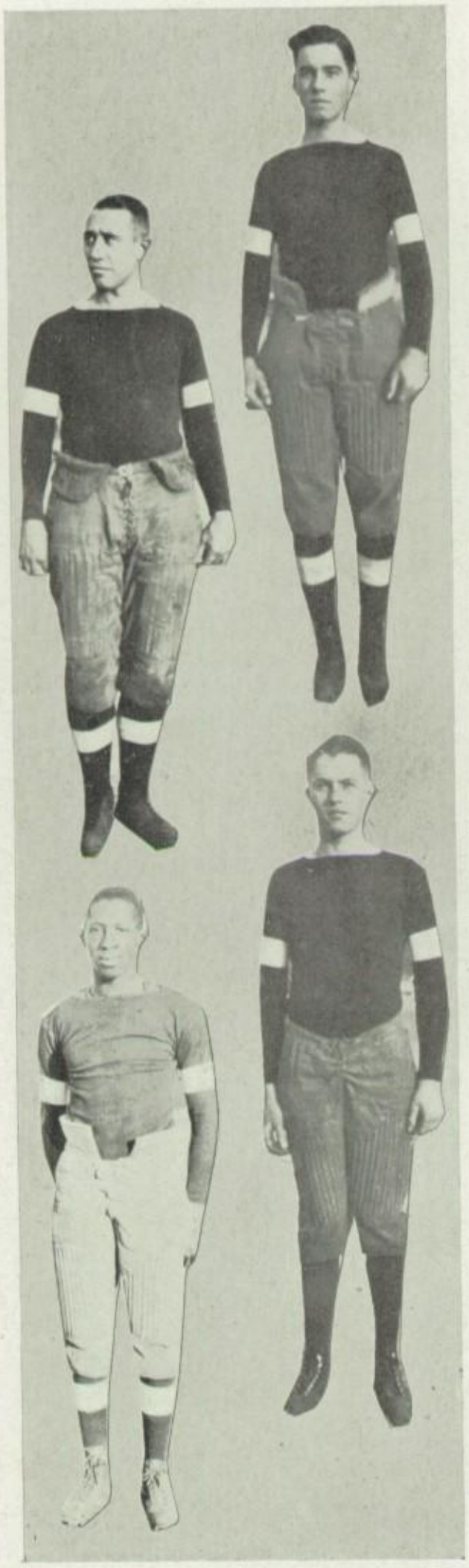
**"Bob"**

Robert Cline, the srapping tackle and guard, was one of the mainstays on the line. Big Bob was always there when it came to taking bumps, for he always was on the bottom of the heap when the whistle blew. Bobbie will be back next year to help the Bulldogs along toward another itle.



**"Cliff"**

Clifford Burton, although an absolutely new man at football, showed his class by making a letter the first year he had ever attempted football. Cliff was a great relief man. His speed and shiftiness made him a feared halfback throughout the southland.

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**"Kaiser"**

Jean Corey, left guard, played the game in fine style this year. This is the husky boy's second year as guard and he fought the old game as it should be played. His black head could be seen in any game bobbing around in the thickest scrimmage.

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**"Honey"**

Noble Hunnicutt was a good sub quarter. He could general the team and forward pass like a veteran. In catching punts he was unbeatable. He will be back next year.

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**"Hass"**

Hassell Davis, left end, was the upper-end of Coach Seay's team. He was a wonder at snagging forward passes out of the atmosphere, and at driving in the fleeing backs, straight into the tackles and secondary defenses clutches. He will be back next year.

**"Chuck"**

Charles Ash, the steady right guard, although playing his first year with Coach Seay's team, showed to the school that he was a real Seay-fashioned man, playing the game clean and squarely. He will be back next year.

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**"Fronkus"**

Frank Von Mohr, the big guard, presented to P. H. S. by our rivals, Long Beach, proved to be a big find. "Fronkus" used his every ounce of strength in the different games, and played the games clean. He was a tower of strength to the line, and will be back next year.

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**"Bob"**

Robert Shlaudemann, quarter, and a new man at the job, proved himself a player who could adapt himself to any position by playing the game like an old veteran. Bob will be back next year to outgeneral other quarters on the gridiron.

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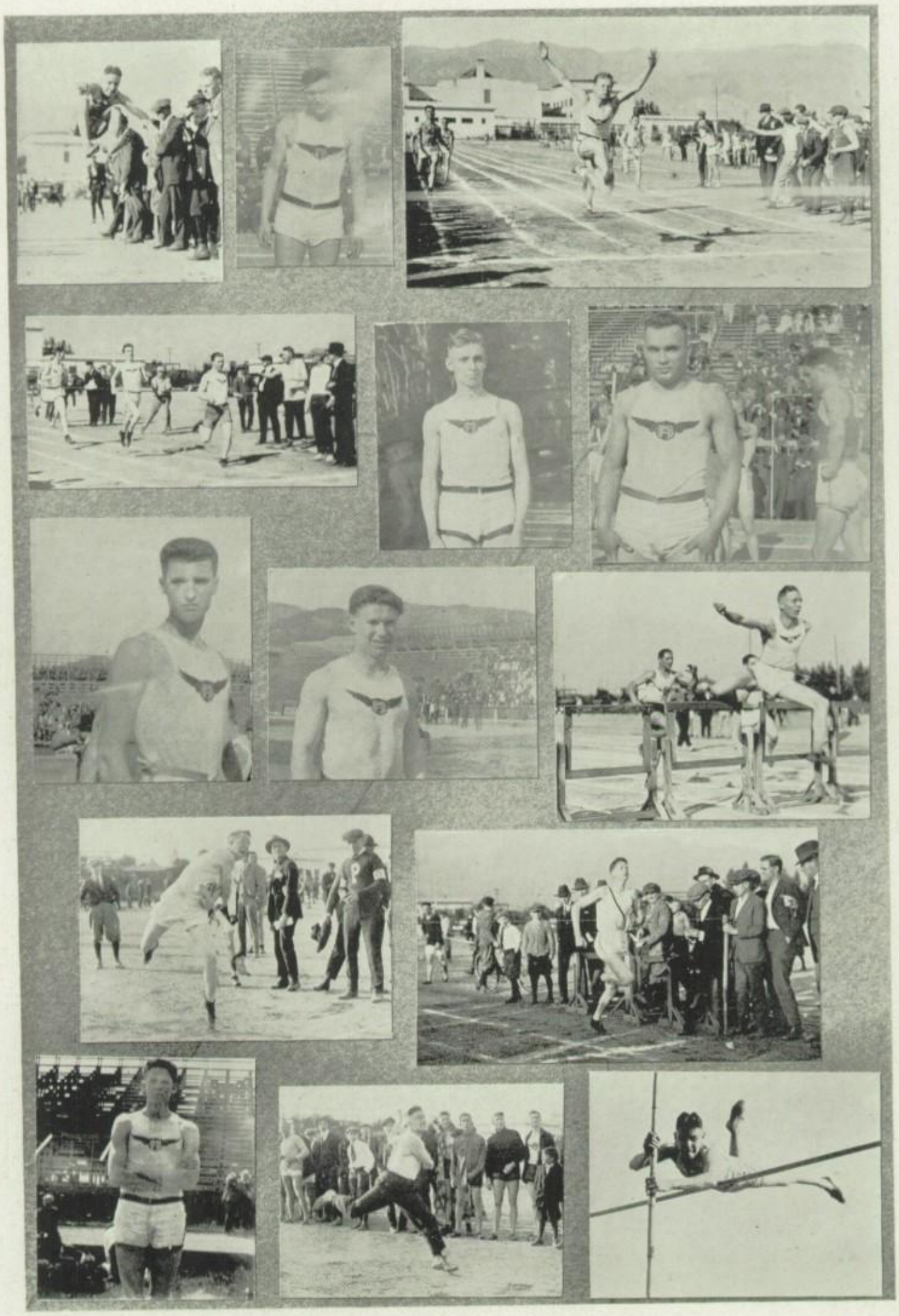
**"Duffy" Seay**

The man behind the gun.



# THE TRACK SEASON '17

The track season opened gloriously for the Crown City and before the Student Body was hardly aware that they possessed such an exceptional organization as the Track Squad, a great silver cup was presented to them by Capt. Victor Jacomini. This was the result of Pasadena's stepping away from a fast field of college and prep athletes, in the A. A. U. Relay Carnival. The next cinderpath contest was a dual affair and witnessed a change in the P. H. S. trackmen. They went down to defeat before the Mechanics by a 62-60 score, and directly following came the Long Beach aggregation bent on blood. They too subdued the tenacious Bulldogs and succeeded in annexing 66 out of the 122 digits divided between the two teams. However, the latter affair was reversed upon the announcement of the inelligibility of two Beachite contestants and the dual was awarded to the Cardinal contingent 63 to 59. This gave the Pasadena Mercuries a bit of encouragement all of which was well demonstrated by their capture of Manual Arts in the very next cinderpath event. The touted Artisan Crowd was at last brought to earth and a realization that their supremacy on track and field could not last for ever. For two consecutive years they have been conceded to be unquestionably the best in the State, but the Champions fell before the fleet footed artists of the Bulldog institution. From then on things rolled along smoothly.

The County Meet proved to be another dual between Long Beach and Pasadena, and the latter had no trouble in downing so-called Salt-eaters. The Southern California Meet followed directly at the heels of the County Carnival. In this the P. H. S. Cinder men took first place and being awarded the Tribune Trophy, were christened "Champions of the State." Later the record of Silvas, a Cardinal contestant, was thoroughly investigated and he was found inelegible to compete. The prized Trophy was reawarded to Redlands and Pasadena had to be content with second honors. This all took place about a month after the track men posed for their studio photo, and the cup is seen set in the place of honor among the Local Huskies. Later in the season, some ten men went North to contest in the State Meet held at Berkeley. Here again they placed second being shut out of the big honors by Coalinga High, a school of the Central Division. Thus placing second, they demonstrated their superiority even over Redlands or any institution save the winner of the State Track and Field Meet, and they were again hailed as "Champions," south of the Tehachapie.

Vic Jacomini, leader of the 1917 oval aspirants, proved to be one of the best captains that ever graced the field for Pasadena High. His influence among the fellows and his ambition to bring home nothing short of the State Trophy, had much to do with the success attained in Track. Before the season was fully under way, he had developed into one of the best hurdlers in the South. He took a hairbreadth second in the Southern California meet and left a perfect lane behind him. Charles Paddock was another stellar-light of the squad, and during the season broke or tied two Prep sprinting records. Only once did he fail to place first in both the 100 and 220 yard dashes. This was in the State meet and his defeat was attributed to hard luck in starting. Whitney Reeves also starred for the Locals and ended the season's performance by taking first place in the Mile at the State Meet. All through the season, although a green man at the game, Whit showed the headwork and fight necessary to place first in practically every meet. Wright, Saunders and Hirschler ran the middle distances and demonstrated no mean

ability in said events. Royal Wilkie ran the low hurdles, broad-jumped and pole-vaulted. He was not a phenominal man in any event but good in every one. He was the high point winner in the Interclass affair and took points in practically every meet. Others showing particularly good form, were Clif Burton, javelin artist and hurdler; Dick Mitchell, heaver of the shot and discus; Perkins, Bedall and Emert, relay speedsters, and Shlaudeman who both broad and high jumped in addition to pole-vaulting. The whole team showed marked improvement during the season and considering that practically the entire squad was made up of inexperienced athletes to begin with, their work was nothing short of phenominal.

Behind every successful organization, there must be brains. Coaches Main and Carson proved to be the brains of the successful P. H. S. Track machine, and their consistent hard work was one big factor in gaining the high place occupied by the Bulldogs at the end of the season. Out of absolutely green material, they moulded finished and brilliant stars. With possibly two exceptions the entire team was made up from the pupils of these two "miracle men" of the oval. Coach Main handled all the track events and Carson instructed the men to be more proficient on the field. Both divisions of the squad were strong, and P. H. S. is certainly most fortunate in possessing such efficient coaches.

Lawrence Platt, manager, showed himself to be of no less caliber than the remaining divisions of the team. The arrangements made by him and the hours of hard work upon the field brought him much credit and praise. He was, like every other member of the team, a truly good representative of the Bulldog Institution.

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## THE POLYTECHNIC MEET

The meet with the Mechanics proved to be a bad mix-up for the Pasadena Cindermen, and although the contest was decidedly one of speed, the local aggregation failed to cop the necessary points. The absence of Paddock on account of his health was conceded by many to be a big factor in the defeat. Capt. Jacomini and Reeves were easily the stars of the affair, with Saunders and Hirschler running them a close second. The final score rested 62-60 in favor of the visitors.

The results of the meet were as follows:

High Jump—Reeve, Jacomini, Schlaudeman and Burton, all of P. H. S., tied for first place. Height, 5 feet, 4 inches.

Broad Jump—Davis (Poly), 1st; Jones (Poly), 2nd; Cline (P.), 3rd. Distance, 21 feet, 5 inches.

Discus—Davis (Poly), 1st; Jacomini (P.), 2nd; Burton (P.), 3rd. Distance, 99 feet, 4½ inches.

Shot Put—Hartman (Poly), 1st; Reeve (Poly), 2nd; Thomas (Poly), 3rd. Distance, 40 feet, 3 inches.

Javelin—Davis (Poly), 1st; Burton (P.), 2nd; Hector (Poly), 3rd. Distance, 154 feet, 7 inches.

Pole Vault—Wilkie (P.) and Kemp (P.), tie for 1st; Benjamin (Poly), 3rd. Height, 10 feet, 3 inches.

880-Yard Dash—Herschler (P.), 1st; Saunders (P.), 2nd; Thomas (Poly), 3rd. Time, 2 minutes, 9 seconds flat.

100-Yard Dash—Woodhams (Poly), 1st; Schiller (Poly), 2nd; Wilkie (P.), 3rd. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

120 High Hurdles—Jacomini (P.), 1st; Jones (Poly), 2nd; Burton (P.), 3rd. Time, 16 4-5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Silvas (P.), 1st; Perry (Poly), 2nd; Herschler (P.), 3rd. Time, 54 seconds flat.

220-Yard Dash—Woodhams (Poly), 1st; Chamberlain (Poly), 2nd; Burden (Poly), 3rd. Time, 23 2-5 seconds.

220 Low Hurdles—Wilkie (P.), 1st; Schiller (Poly), 2nd; Jacomini (P.), 3rd. Time, 26 1-5 seconds.

Mile Run—Reeve (P.), 1st; Silvas (P.), 2nd; Stringfellow (Poly), 3rd. Time, 4 minutes, 48 2-5 seconds.

Relay Run—Won by Poly.

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## THE LONG BEACH MEET

The second big track event of the year almost placed another heap of discouragement on the Red and White athletes, and until two of the Beachite contestants were officially declared inelegible to compete, the points stood in favor of Long Beach. The final score, however, was a different matter and was recorded 63-59 in favor of Pasadena. The meet was run off in the teeth of a 20 mile gale and all the results were quite unsatisfactory. Jacomini was the big star of the dual, that said athlete placing first in three events.

880-Yard Run—Herschler (P.), 1st; Saunders (P.), 2nd; Knight (L.B.), 3rd. Time, 2 minutes, 9 seconds.

High Jump—Jacomino (P.), 1st; Schall (L.B.), 2nd; Reeves and Schlaudeman (P.), tie for 3rd. Height, 5 feet, 5 inches.

100-Yard Dash—Paddock (P.), 1st; Rogers (L.B.), 2nd; Robertson (L.B.), 3rd. Time, 11 seconds flat.

Discus Throw—Schall (L.B.), 1st; Pease (L.B.), 2nd; Cummings (L.B.), 3rd. Distance, 107 feet, 4 inches.

440-Yard Dash—Wisham (L.B.), 1st; Wright (P.), 2nd; Merschler (P.), 3rd. Time, 56 3-5 seconds.

120 High Hurdles—Jacomini (P.), 1st; Rounds (L.B.), 2nd; Stiff (L.B.), 3rd. Time. 17 4-5 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Paddock (P.), 1st; Robertson (L.B.), 2nd; Rogers (L.B.), 3rd. Time, 22 seconds flat.

Broad Jump—Andrews (L.B.), 1st; Burton (P.), 2nd; Schlaudeman (P.), 3rd. Distance, 20 feet, 2¾ inches.

Shot Put—Jacomini (P.), 1st; Schall (L.B.), 2nd; Tucker (L.B.), 3rd. Distance, 39 feet, 7 inches.

Pole Vault—Cummings, Pease and Preston, all of L.B., tied for 1st. Height, 9 feet, 6 inches.

Javelin Throw—Steele (L.B.), 1st; Pease (L.B.), 2nd; Burton (P.), 3rd. Distance, 143 feet, 3 inches.

220-Yard Low Hurdles—Stiff (L.B.), 1st; Wilkie (P.), 2nd; Jacomini (P.), 3rd. Time, 27 seconds flat.

Mile Run—Silvas (P.), 1st; Reeve (P.), 2nd; McElvain (P.), 3rd. Time, 4 minutes, 53 seconds.

Relay—Won by Long Beach.

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## THE MANUAL ARTS MEET

The struggle with the Artisans was probably the best dual meet entered into by the Crown City team. From start to finish they showed class at every turn and when the end of the meet rolled around the score rested at 65-57 in their favor. For two consecutive years the Manual Arts crowd had been hailed as State Champions which fact made the Bulldog fighting spirit raise to a higher level. Out of the possible thirteen firsts, eight were chalked up for the Cardinal Institution. Reeves and Paddock starred.

Results as below:

Discus—Fouche (P.), 1st; Mitchell (P.), 2nd; Blewett (M.A.), 3rd. Distance, 108 feet, ½ inch.

High Jump—Reeves (P.) and Jacomini (P.), tied for 1st; Wright (M.A.), 3rd. Height, 5 feet, 7 inches.

880-Yard Dash—Herschler (P.), 1st; Saunders (P.), 2nd; Reeves (P.), 3rd. Time, 2 minutes, 9 1-5 seconds.

Pole Vault—Schlaudeman (P.), 1st; Emmons (M.A.), 2nd; Kemp (P.) and Wilkie (P.), tied for 3rd. Height, 10 feet.

100-Yard Dash—Paddock (P.), 1st; Woods (M.A.), 2nd; Krohn (M.A.), 3rd. Time, 9 4-5 seconds (equals record).

Shot Put—Brockman (M.A.), 1st; Blewett (M.A.), 2nd; Fox (A.M.), 3rd. Distance, 46 feet, 10 inches (breaks record by 4 inches).

120-Yard High Hurdles—Jacomini (P.), 1st; Neal (M.A.), 2nd; Wright (M.A.), 3rd. Time, 16 4-5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Silvas (P.), 1st; Wright (P.), 2nd; Bedall (P.), 3rd. Time, 53 1-5 seconds.

Broad Jump—Heberlein (M.A.), 1st; Zuchelli (M.A.), 2nd; Perry (P.), 3rd. Distance, 20 feet, ½ inch.

Javelin Throw—Heberlein (M.A.), 1st; Fox (M.A.), 2nd; Burton (P.), 3rd. Distance, 143 feet.

220-Yard Dash—Paddock (P.), 1st; Woods (M.A.), 2nd; Krohn (M.A.), 3rd. Time, 22 1-5 seconds.

Mile Run—Reeves (P.), 1st; Silvas (P.), 2nd; Lukins (M.A.), 3rd. Time, 4 minutes, 57 seconds.

220-Yard Low Hurdles—Smith (M.A.), 1st; Schapland (M.A.), 2nd; Newman (M.A.), 3rd. Time, 26 1-5 seconds.

Relay—Won by Manual Arts.

Final Score—65-67, favor Pasadena.

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## THE COUNTY MEET

The County Meet was but another dual between Pasadena and Long Beach. It was a better and faster affair than the one previous, due partly to the improved condition of the Crimson Mercuries and partly to the changed condition of the weather. 69-54 was the score when the meet came to a close and Pasadena was again proclaimed County Champions.

High Jump—Reeve (P.), 1st; Jacomini (P.), 2nd; Schall (L.B.), 3rd. Height, 5 feet, 7 inches.

50-Yard Dash—Paddock (P.), 1st; Rodgers (L.B.), 2nd; Wilkie (P.), 3rd. Time, 52 2-5 seconds.

Discus—Schall (L.B.), 1st; Mitchell (P.), 2nd; Cummins (L.B.), 3rd. Distance, 115 feet.

880-Yard Dash—Saunders (P.), 1st; Reeves (P.), 2nd; Knights (L.B.), 3rd. Time, 2 minutes, 7 seconds.

100-Yard Dash—Paddock (P.), 1st; Rodgers (L.B.), 2nd; Rienke (L.B.), 3rd. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Silvas (P.), 1st; Wright (P.), 2nd; Wisham (L.B.), 3rd. Time, 53 seconds.

Shot Put—Schall (L.B.), 1st; Mitchell (P.), 2nd; Jacomini (P.), 3rd. Distance, 41 feet, 7¾ inches.

High Hurdles—Jacomini (P.), 1st; Rounds (L.B.), 2nd; Stiff (L.B.), 3rd. Time, 17 1-5 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Paddock (P.), 1st; Robinson (L.B.), 2nd; Rodgers (L.B.), 3rd. Time, 22 seconds flat.

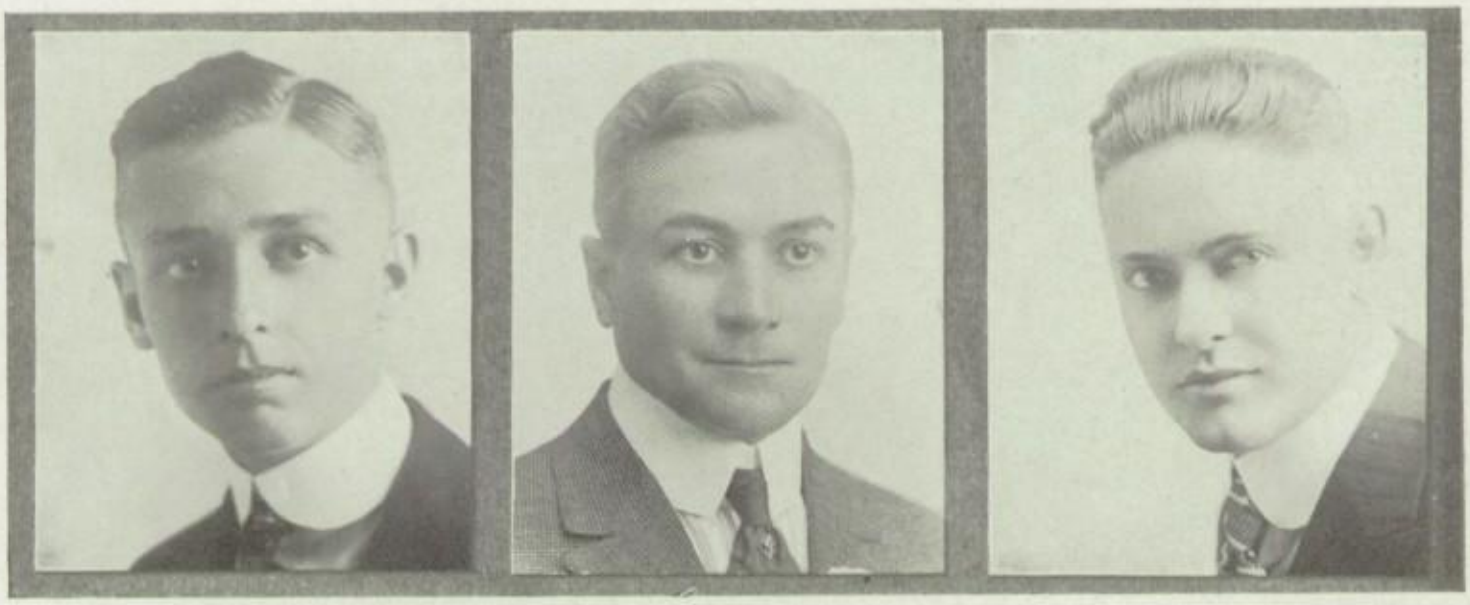
Pole Vault—Pees (L.B.), 1st; Wilkie (P.), 2nd; Schlaudeman (P.), 3rd. Height, 10 feet, 6 inches.

Javelin—Steele and Pease of L. B. tie for 1st; Tiernan (L.B.), 3rd; Distance, 142 feet, 1 inch.

Broad Jump—Andrews (L.B.), 1st; Baker (L.B.), 2nd; Schlaudeman (P.), 3rd. Distance, 20 feet, 8 inches.

Mile Run—Reeves (P.), 1st; Knights (L.B.), 2nd; Hutchinson (P.), 3rd. Time, 1 minute, 53 3-5 seconds.

Relay—Won by Pasadena.



VICTOR JACOMINI
*Captain*

MR. MAIN
*Coach*

LAWRENCE PLATT
*Manager*

## THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MEET

The biggest cinderpath contest of the year followed close upon the heels of the County Carnival and in this the Local Crew made quite a showing. First place was theirs, from the 880 yard dash onward. The final score was close but P. H. S. headed the list for points. Paddock starred and pulled down the usual 10 digits in the sprints. Jacomini and Reeves likewise loomed up among the point winners of the meet. Rodgers of Ventura topped the list and took home 14 points. Later in the season Silvas of Pasadena was proven inelegible and the Cup and Title went to Redlands High.

The final score in points was as below:

Redlands, 24
Pasadena, 21⅜
Manual Arts, 20
Poly, 14¼
Ventura, 14
Chaffey, 12
Lincoln, 10
Fullerton, 10
Santa Monica, 6
Long Beach, 6
Hollywood, 5⅛
Harvard, 4
Fillmore, 3⅛
San Bernardino, 2
Compton, 2
Riverside, 1

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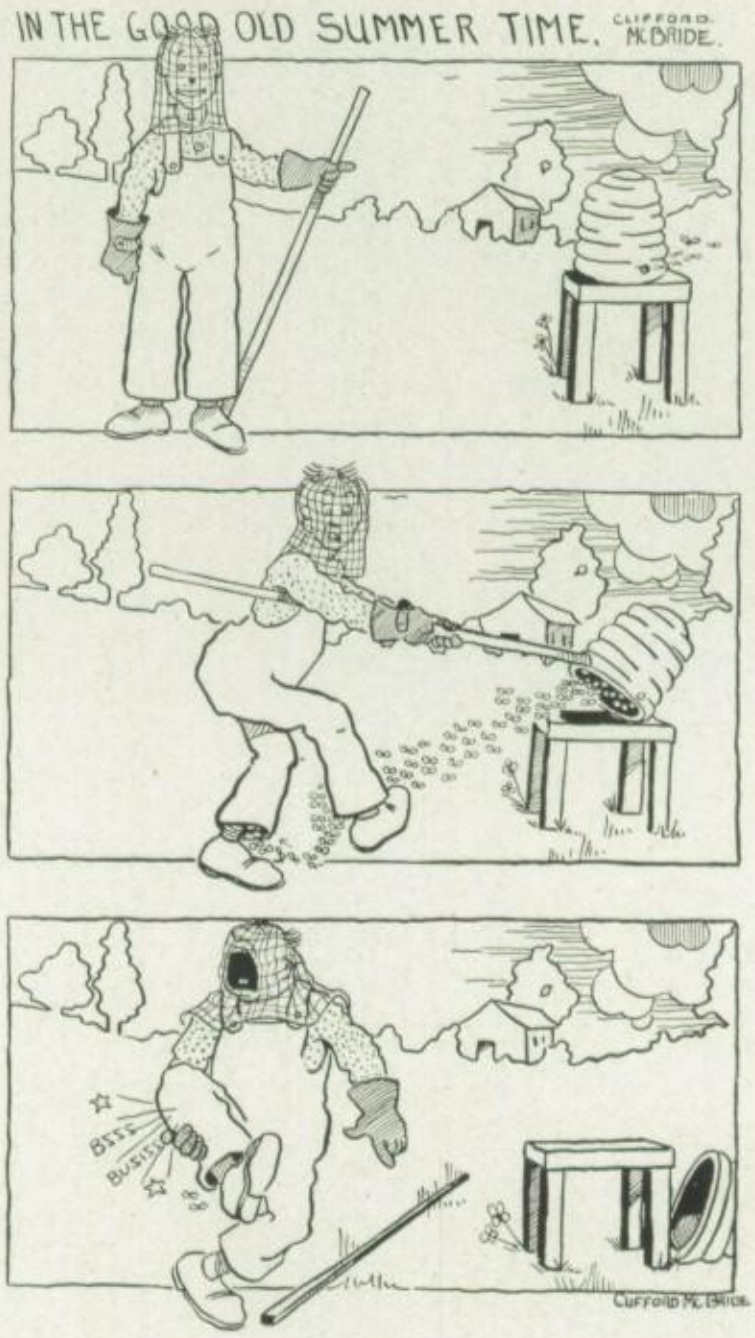
## THE STATE MEET

Undaunted by their ill-luck at loosing the Southern California Title, 10 picked athletes traveled North to compete for the State Championship. There they were also successful to an extent beyond any other school representing the South, and took second honors. Coalinga administered the defeat and carried home the honors. Paddock took first in the 220 yard dash and second in the century, Reeves won the mile, Mitchell sailed the discus for third honors and the relay artists stepped off some fast laps hitting the tape in second place. The above constituted the total number of points won by Pasadena and so ended the season, with the Bulldogs occupying the second best place in the State.

## TRACK AND FIELD RECORDS OF PASADENA HIGH

| Event | Record | Holder |
|---|---|---|
| 50-yard dash | 5 1-5 sec | George Conn, '16 |
| 100-yard dash | 9 4-5 sec | Charles Paddock, '19 |
| 220-yard dash | 22 sec | Charles Paddock, 19 |
| 440-yard dash | 50 sec | George Conn, '16 |
| 880-yard dash | 1 min., 58 sec | George Conn, '16 |
| Mile run | 4 min., 37 2-5 sec | Whitney Reeves, '17 |
| 220-yard hurdles | 26 4-5 sec | Royal Wilkie, '17 |
| 120-yard high hurdles | 15 4-5 sec | Charles Fuller, '16 |
| High jump | 5 ft., 11½ in | Titus Moore, '17 |
| Pole vault | 11 ft., 8¼ in | Ronald Gibbs, '12 |
| Broad jump | 22 ft., 8 in | Elliott Gibbs, '.12 |
| Discus throw | 137 ft., 7 in | Roy Bagnard, '15 |
| Shot put | 51 ft., 6½ in | Roy Bagnard, '15 |



# THE SWIMMING SEASON '17

The swimming season of 1917, although only the third one that Pasadena High School had ever witnessed, was a grand success from start to finish. Only one dual affair was lost during the entire year and the Southern Cal. Championship Title was once more attained by the Cardinal Mermen. The squad worked against great odds in not having a professional coach, but Howell Smith offered his services along this line and, as a letter man and Manager of the State Title Crew of 1916, his experience and instruction proved to be of no little value to the team, especially at the beginning of the season. Captain Harry Day was the biggest individual point-winner of the aquatic organization and his brilliant swimming was in evidence at every meet. His sprinting ability placed his name close to the top of the list of Southland speedsters. Ralph Ong, Manager of the Dolphins, was likewise a star performer and more than once during the season he equalled the Southern Prep Record in the Plunge. Others of note were, Joyce who swam the Back Stroke, and was a member of the relay team, Furgeson, second only to Ong in the Plunge, Von Mohr, fast century paddler, Shlaudeman and Cory, artists in the Dive for Form, Cohn, breast stroker, Chase, a speedy man in the dashes and also a member of the relay team, and Gabriel, a 440 yard man. This long list of aquatic aspirants coupled with their ambition to annex another State Championship was mostly responsible for the success attained. They all worked hard and consistantly, practicing nightly at Brookside Plunge or Y. M. C. A. and before the season came to a close some rare ability was exhibited. Many predicted that it would be a long time before another combination such as this would come together to represent the Bulldog Red and White.

## THE VENICE MEET

The first meet of the year was a blow to the Pasadena team. They journeyed over to contest against the Venice Mermen, and when the points were counted up, the beach town was found to hold the balance. The cause of the defeat, as suggested by many, was poor officiating. Capt. Day was quite the star of the contest and during the evening he managed to annex some 15 digits to the local score. The loss of this initial dual gave the Bulldogs an even greater incentive to train and practice, and, before many days had been checked off, a great difference was to be seen. Results of the Venitian strugglie are listed below. The final score stood 37-31.

Plunge—Won by Ferguson (P.); Cohn (P.), 2nd; Joyce (P.), 3rd. Distance, 58 feet.
50-Yard Dash—Won by Day (P.); Finn (V.), 2nd; White (V.), 3rd. Time 28 1-5 seconds.
Dive for Form—Won by Davis (V.); Barnett (V.), 2nd; Jones (P.), 3rd.
100-Yard Dash—Won by Day (P.); Finn (V.), 2nd; Stewart (V.), 3rd.
100-Yard Back Stroke—Won by Finn (V.); Joyce (P.), 2nd; Watson (P.), 3rd. Time, one minute, 25 seconds.
220-Yard Dash—Won by Day (P.); Stewart (V.), 2nd; Gabriel (P.), 3rd. Time, two minutes, 54 1-5 seconds.
100-Yard Breast Stroke—Won by Finn (V.); Castleman (V.), 2nd; Gilbert (P.), 3rd.
Relay won by Venice.

SWIMMING TEAM—CALIFORNIA STATE CHAMPIONS

## THE LONG BEACH MEET

The next aquatic affair was the meet with Long Beach, and in this the fellows came through like a million. Ong coasted out in the Plunge for Distance to beat the Western Prep Record and Day again copped a neat 15 points. From start to finish the contest was close and neither team could gain a big enough lead to cinch the meet. The relay decided who was to be called the victors and Pasadena won by inches. Taken all in all this was the best dual meet of the season. The results were as follows:

PLUNGE FOR DISTANCE—Won by Ong (P.); Mills (L.B.), 2nd; Furgeson (P.), 3rd. Distance, 72 feet, 6½ inches.

100-YARD DASH—Won by Day (P.); Mills (L.B.), 2nd; Hanna (L.B.), 3rd. Time, 1 minute, 7 3-5 seconds.

440-YARD DASH—Won by Coleman (L.B.); Gabriel (P.), 2nd; Stevens (L.B.), 3rd. Time, 7 minutes, 23 4-5 seconds.

50-YARD DASH—Won by Day (P.); Hanna (L.B.), 2nd; Menkie (L.B.), 3rd. Time, 26 4-5 seconds.

BACK STROKE—Won by Joyce (P.); Coleman (L.B.), 2nd; Heckman (L.B.), 3rd. Time, 28 3-5 seconds.

DIVE FOR FORM—Won by Coleman (L.B.); Cory (P.), 2nd; Hanna (L.B.), 3rd. Score, 143 out of a possible 150.

220-YARD DASH—Won by Day (P.); Coleman (L.B.), 2nd; Mills (L.B.), 3rd. Time, 3 minutes, 2 2-5 seconds.

BREAST STROKE—Won by Hanna (L.B.); Burboch (P.), 2nd; Star (L.B.), 3rd. Time, 44 2-5 seconds.

RELAY—Won by Pasadena. Team—Joyce, Chase, Ong and Day.

FINAL SCORE—Pasadena 40, Long Beach 37.

## THE L. A. HIGH MEET

This meet proved to be a walk-away for the Cardinal swimmers and out of the entire list of events they allowed the Visitors but two first places. Day took four firsts and Ong and Shlaudeman each one. The marks set in the different events were naturally nothing sensational, because of the lack of competition. The men were satisfied to make this affair the last dual of the season and at once began to train for the Southern California Meet which was to take place in the near future. The results of the L. A. mix-up were as below:

50-Yard Dash—Won by Day (P.); Poyce (P.), 2nd; Tower (L.A.), 3rd. Time, 27 3-5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Won by Day (P); Walker (L.A.), 2nd; Harrison (L.A.), 3rd. Time, 6 minutes, 6 4-5 seconds.

100-Yard Breast Stroke—Won by Moran (L.A.); Burbach (P.), 2nd; Tower (L.A.), 3rd. Time, 1 minute, 37 seconds.

Diving—Won by Shlaudeman (P.); Cory (P.), 2nd; Kinney (L.A.), 3rd. Score 136½.

100-Yard Dash—*W*on by Day (P.); Von Mohr (P.), 2nd; Chase (P.), 3rd. Time, 1 minute, 9 2-5 seconds.

Plunge—Won by Ong (P.); Stearns (L.A.), 2nd; Denman (L.A.), 3rd. Distance, 54½ feet.

100-Yard Back Stroke—Won by Greenwood (L.A).; Joyce (P.), 2nd; Bland (L.A.), 3rd. Time, 1 minute, 32 2-5 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Won by Day (P.); Kinney (L.A.), 2nd; VonMohr (P.), 3rd. Time, 2 minutes, 55 seconds.

Relay—Won by Pasadena team of Joyce, Chase, Ong and Day.

Final Score—52 to 25.

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## THE SOUTHERN CAL. MEET

In the Southern California Meet, the Bulldogs duplicated their performance of 1916 and cinched the meet before the relay. Ong here officially broke the So. Cal. Plunge for Distance Record by a margin of over 11 feet. Day also placed himself in the limelight and added the majority of points to the Crimson score sheet. The relay team done their duty by placing second although the points were not needed. Furgeson and Shlaudeman likewise won several units of the final count. The meet was captured from such prominent opponents as Polytechnic, L. A. High, Venice, Long Beach, San Diego, Redondo, and Hollywood. Following is the summary:

50-Yard Dash—Won by Finn (V.); Day (P.), 2nd; Packman (H.), 3rd; White (V.), fourth. Time, 28¼ seconds.

100-Yard Dash—Won by Day (P.); McIntosh (S.D.), 2nd; Packman (H.), 3rd; Redmond (R.), 4th. Time, 1 minute, 5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Won by McIntosh (S.D.); Coleman (L.B.), 2nd; Day (P.), 3rd; Walker (L.A.), 4th. Time, 6 minutes, 22 4-5 seconds.

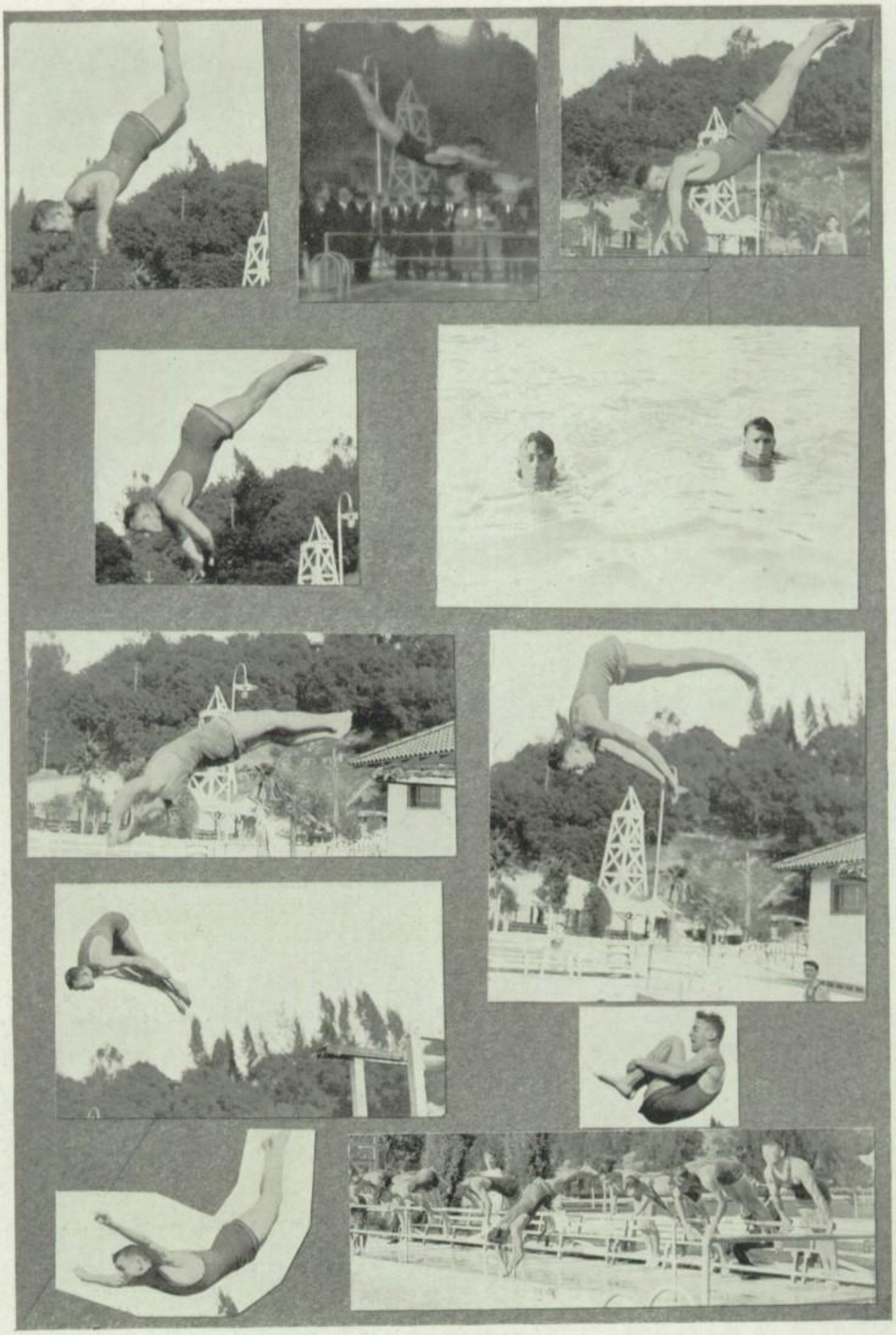
100-Yard Breast Stroke—Won by Buck (Poly); Cy Finn (V.), 2nd; Hannah (L.B.), 3rd. Time, 1 minute, 26 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Won by McIntosh (S.D.); Day (P.), 2nd; Coleman (L.B.), 3rd; Kinney (L.A.), 4th. Time, 2 minutes, 53 4-5 seconds.

Diving—Won by Buck (Poly); Redmond (R.), 2nd; Barnett (V.), 3rd; Shlaudeman (P.) and Moran (L.A.), 4th.

Plunge for Distance—Won by Ong (P.); Rolls (H.P.), 2nd; Ferguson (P.), 3rd; Godsel (Poly), 4th. Distance, 68 feet, 8 inches (new Southern California interscholastic record).

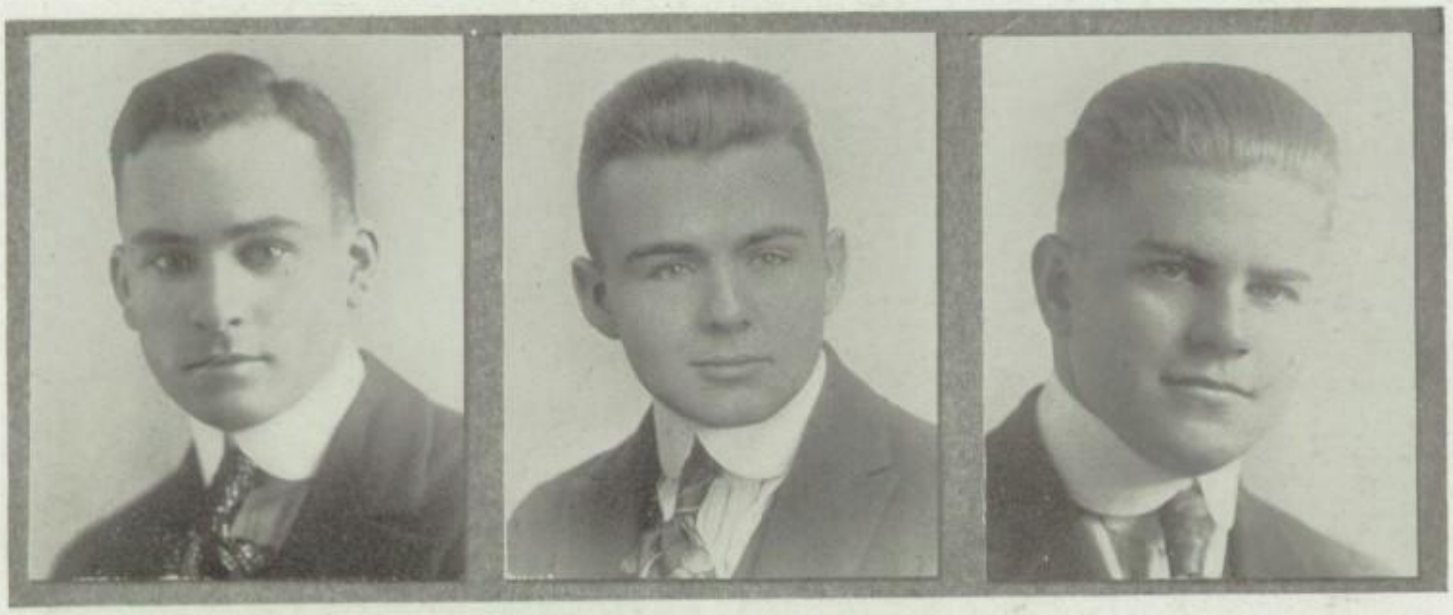
Relay—Won by Redondo (Messal, Redmond, Walters, Salmon); Pasadena, 2nd; Poly, 3rd; Venice, 4th. Time, 1 minute, 13 4-5 seconds.



## SWIMMING RECORD OF PASADENA

| Event | Record | Holder |
|---|---|---|
| 50-yard dash | 26 4-5 sec | Harry Day, '17 |
| 100-yard dash | 1 min., 3 sec | Harry Day, '17 |
| 220-yard dash | 2 min., 54 sec | Harry Day, '17 |
| 440-yard dash | 6 min., 10 4-5 sec | Parker Lyons, '17 |
| 100-yard breast stroke | 1 min., 25 4-5 sec | Carl Shlaudeman, '16 |
| 100-yard back stroke | 1 min., 28 4-5 sec | William Joyce, '18 |
| Plunge for distance | 72 feet, 6inches | Ralph Ong, '17 |
| Dive for form | 97½ out of 100 (State Meet) | J. Howell Smith, '16 |

BULLETIN—Pasadena won the State Title for the second consecutive year by default of the Northern champions.



HARRY DAY
*Captain*

HOWELL SMITH
*Coach*

RALPH ONG
*Manager*

# THE BASKETBALL SEASON '17

Basketball was not supported very well by the Student Body this year, although the local squad worked hard and won the majority of its games. Like the football team, the P. H. S. men were exceptionally light, but Coach Main moulded together a fighting machine that was hard to beat. Captain Louis Phelps was a capable leader and one of the cleverest and best basket shooters in the South. He and George Keyes were the mainstays of the team, although the other letter winners, Litchfield, Groetzinger, Hampson, Lyon, Whetstine, MacKenzie and Ong, did excellent work.

The local five won seven out of ten practice games, but lost two of the three league contests. Pasadena was put in the league with Long Beach and Whittier, the latter having won the state championship for four consecutive years. The first league game was played with Long Beach at the beach city, but owing to an accident to the machine in which the Bulldog players were riding while on their way down there, they were too shaken up to play good ball, and, lost by the score of 44 to 32. The champion Quaker squad captured the second league game after a hard battle. The next game was played with the Beachcombers on the home grounds, and the local quintette got complete revenge for the first defeat by overwhelmingly conquering the Green and Gold warriors, 47 to 30. Although the Long Beach aggregation had been strengthened for this combat, the consistent team-work displayed by the P. H. S. five and the brilliant shooting of Phelps were too much for the

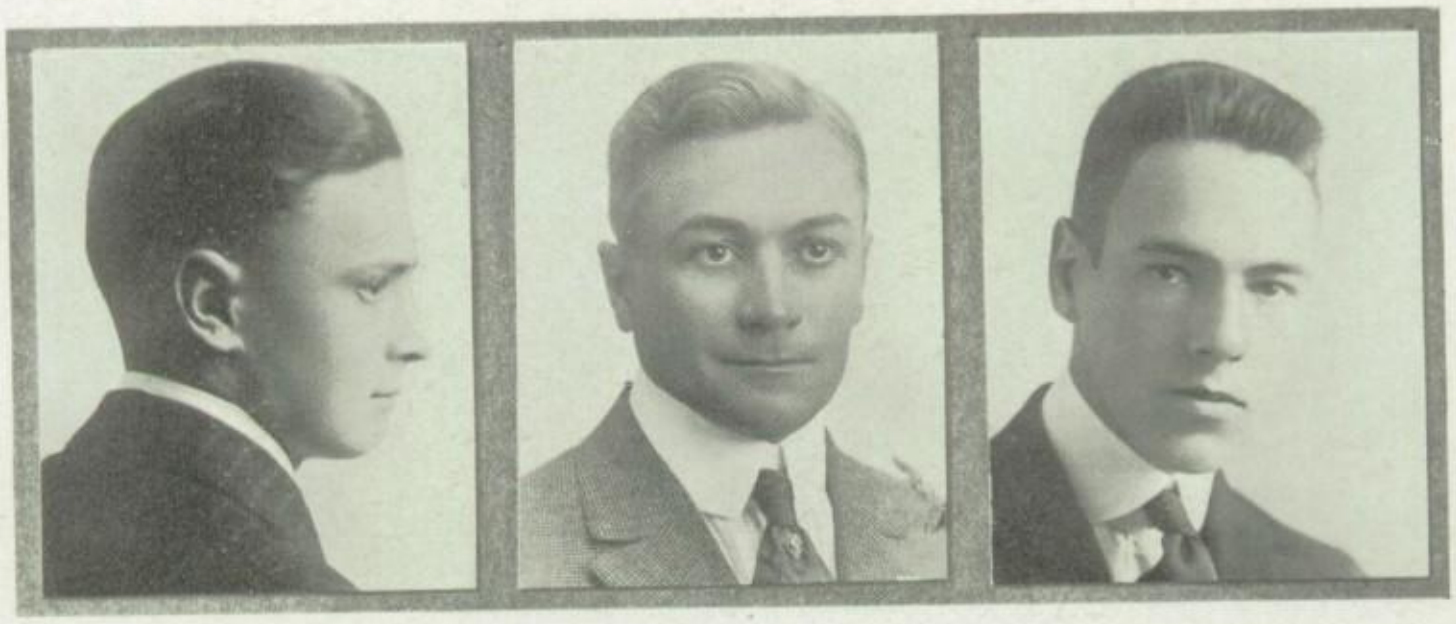
THE HEAVYWEIGHT TEAM

THE LIGHTWEIGHT TEAM

visitors. This game closed the season. George Main, the physical director, was the coach, and Groetzinger proved to be an efficient manager.

The scores of the games:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| P. H. S. | 38 | Y. M. C. A. | 25 |
| P. H. S. | 50 | Lincoln | 19 |
| P. H. S. | 27 | Huntington Park | 35 |
| P. H. S. | 33 | Huntington Beach | 30 |
| P. H. S. | 60 | Covina | 48 |
| P. H. S. | 46 | South Pasadena | 15 |
| P. H. S. | 45 | Covina | 38 |
| P. H. S. | 38 | Covina | 42 |
| P. H. S. | 46 | Citrus Union | 34 |
| P. H. S. | 25 | Alhambra | 44 |
| P. H. S. | 32 | Long Beach | 44 |
| P. H. S. | 27 | Whittier | 51 |
| P. H. S. | 47 | Long Beach | 30 |
| | 514 | | 441 |



LESTER GROETZINGER
*Manager*

MR. MAIN
*Coach*

LEWIS PHELPS
*Captain*

# THE TENNIS SEASON '17

The tennis team representing Pasadena High School was a huge success this season. In all their scholastic tourneys, the Bulldog racquet men emerged victorious by a large and safe margin. Santa Monica, South Pasadena, Santa Ana, Whittier, and our old friend Long Beach, fell before the mighty arms of the Crimson representatives. After the schedule was finished, due to the steady, hard playing of the team, the Suburban Tennis Ttitle of Southern California was brought to Pasadena High. Not content with this, the team won three out of the five matches in the Southern California Tournament, thus bringing the real Southern California Tennis Championship to the Crown City institution.

The team was composed of many men this year. When the season first began, it was made up of Captain "Steve" Horrell, Francis Ledyard, Robert Allen and Lyle Hackney, with Willie Hawkes as fifth man.

### The Santa Monica Tourney

In the first tournament of the year, Pasadena met Santa Monica and defeated

HORRELL, LEDYARD, ALLEN, HAWKES

them, 6 to 1. The fellows played a great brand of tennis and overcame their antagonists with ease. Despite the wind and dust, the Crown City lads played the game hard—and won. Steve Horrell took his match, with Francis Ledyard and Bob Allen doing likewise, but Lyle Hance tangled up with the star of the South and lost his match.

### The South Pasadena Tourney

The South Pasadena Tournament was the hardest of the season. However, the Bulldogs emerged as the victors by a score of 5 to 2. The southern city possesses some men who are stars, but three of them took tumbles before the men of Pasadena High. The other two, after hard uphill fighting, won their matches. Horrell, Hackney, Ledyard, Allen and Hawkes all played first-class tennis.

### The Long Beach Tourney

Long Beach, too, fell before the clever and mighty arms of the Crimson tennis sharks, by a score of 7 to 0. The Salt-eaters did not have a ghost of a chance. Horrell, Allen, Cummings and Dunn won their matches without losing a set. That is quite a record, considering the type of players always sent out by the beach school. Last year the team defeated the Beachers twice by scores of 6 to 1, but this year they decided to take them all at one gulp, by stepping on them, 7 to 0. This match cinched the Suburban Title.

### The Southern California Tourney

At the Southern California Tournament at the Y. M. C. A. courts in Los Angeles, the team closed the season by winning the Southern California Title. The team took the boys' singles, girls' singles and the mixed doubles. The other two titles were taken by South Pasadena and L. A. High. Bob Allen won the boys' singles, Miss Kathleen Wright took the girls' singles, and Willie Hawkes and Miss Wright captured the mixed doubles.

# THE BASEBALL SEASON '17

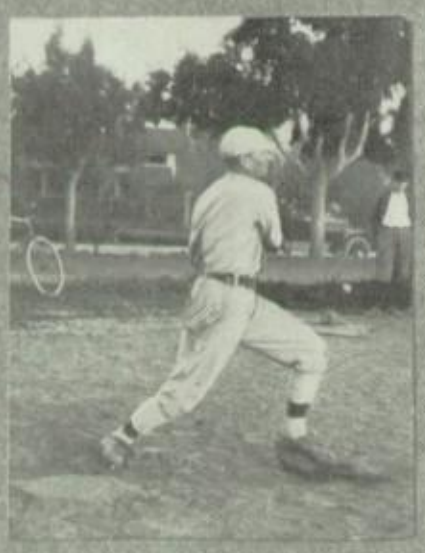
Pasadena's baseball season, while not a success as regards the winning of league games, brought forth several features which were the saving factors in a hard luck year. The remarkable work of the pitchers, Hunnicut and Webster; the defeat of such teams as St. Vincent's, L. A. High, Polytechnic, and Hollywood; and the unusually high class brand of ball displayed in most of the games all served to offset in a measure the failure in the league season. In the first league game of the series played at Whittier the Pasadena men showed a surprising return to mid-season form and outplayed the Whittierites in every department of the game only to lose 3 to 1 because of atrocious decision by Umpire Keppen coming at critical moments. Hunnicut pitched superb ball allowing the Whittierites only five hits while the Pasadenaites garnered eight off Steer's offerings.

On April 14 the Whittier team traveled to Pasadena for the second league game and were defeated in one of the fastest games of baseball during th 1917 prey baseball season. Hunnicot proved himself to be one of the best "prep" southpaws in the state by holding the Poets to two hits. A blow-up in the sixth gave P. H. S. three runs and they were victors by a score of 5 to 1.

The next league game was played at Long Beach April 28, the Beachies winning 7 to 6. Webster and Hunnicot were unsteady and Long Beach profited by mixing hits and errors to the extent of seven runs. Hard hitting in the eighth put Pasadena temporarily in the lead but Long Beach staged a rally and took the game.

The following Tuesday, May 2, the Pasadena team journeyed to Whittier for the crucial game of series and after accumulating a four run lead blew up allowing the Poets to take the championship. Hunnicot was effective until the sixth

VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM



but went to pieces in that frame, Whittier scoring four runs. The final score was 9 to 5, the game producing the poorest ball on both sides which was displayed during the season.

May 11th the Bulldogs closed the season on their home grounds by losing to Long Beach by a score of 1 to 0. Hunnicot again allowed but two hits but the Beachers bunched these two in the same inning and scored the winning run. Pasadena got four hits off Schall but he kept them scattered and managed to pull out of all holes.

Whittier again won the pennant the final standing being as follows:

| | Played | Won | Lost | Pct. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Whittier | 6 | 5 | 1 | .833 |
| Long Beach | 5 | 2 | 3 | .400 |
| Pasadena | 5 | 1 | 4 | .200 |

The 1917 season was not without its features. On April 28 Webster and Hunnicot, each working part of the game, shut out South Pasadena without a safe hit. On February 24 Hunnicot struck out twenty of the Pomona batters only to lose his game 1 to 0. March 7, Webster allowed L. A. High but one hit in seven innings winning by a 1 to 0 score. On April 21, Hunnicot struck out thirteen of the heavy hitting St. Vincent collegians, Pasadena winning 2 to 0. April 25, Clint Webster allowed Monrovia but one safe hit. On May 12 McNabb secured the only home run on the Poly field during the season off Lindgren of Poly High.

The team in 1917 was subject to several mid-season shifts. Capt. DeHuff and Mills took care of the receiving end. Mitchell, Webster, and Hunnicut, comprised the pitching staff. Mitchell and later Phelps occupied the keystone sack. Gay, Mitchell, and Strickland, cavorted around second. Getschine proved a fixture at short and Cliff Burton at third. In the outfield Peddicord served his third year while McNabb, a new acquisition, held down center. Mills in right completed the team. Coach Duffy Seay again won the admiration of the team by his clean coaching while Mr. Kienholz took his place when the Coach joined the training camp in the north.

As a matter of record the results of the different games, together with the team records are herewith given to preserve the memory of the 1917 Pasadena Baseball team:

| Date | Score | R | H | E | Opponents | R | H | E | PITCHERS Pasadena | PITCHERS Opponents |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Feb. 14 | *Pasadena | 8 | 5 | 2 | Faculty | 1 | 2 | 8 | Hunnicut<br>J. Webster | Main |
| Feb. 16 | *Pasadena | 5 | 4 | 0 | Alhambra | 0 | 1 | 5 | Hunnicut<br>Dyatt | Funke<br>McClung |
| Feb. 24 | *Pasadena | 0 | 5 | 2 | Pomona | 1 | 3 | 0 | Hunnicut | Goldsbury |
| Feb. 27 | *Pasadena | 6 | 4 | 4 | Hollywood | 2 | 2 | 9 | C. Webster | Hardy<br>Egger |
| Mar. 2 | Pasadena | 5 | 5 | 4 | Pomona | 6 | 11 | 4 | Mitchell<br>Hunnicut | Webster<br>Hildebrand |
| Mar. 7 | *Pasadena | 1 | 4 | 0 | L. A. High | 0 | 1 | 4 | Webster | James |
| Mar. 13 | Pasadena | 3 | 7 | 7 | Alhambra | 6 | 10 | 4 | Dyatt<br>Hunnicut | Funke |
| Mar. 16 | Pasadena | 6 | 7 | 6 | Throop | 7 | 9 | 5 | Webster<br>Mitchell | Lukins<br>Reynolds |
| Mar. 20 | *Pasadena | 8 | 6 | 6 | Alhambra | 2 | 2 | 9 | Hunnicut<br>Webster | Mitchell<br>McClung |

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mar. 24 | Pasadena | 1 | 8 | 5 | Whittier | 3 | 5 | 2 | Hunnicut<br>Steere |
| Mar. 26 | *Pasadena | 6 | 9 | 3 | Alhambra | 2 | 2 | 9 | Mitchell<br>McClung<br>Brown<br>Wolford |
| April 11 | Pasadena | 11 | 10 | 2 | Throop | 2 | 2 | 6 | Hunnicut<br>Webster<br>Reynolds |
| April 14 | *Pasadena | 5 | 6 | 0 | Whittier | 1 | 2 | 2 | Hunnicut<br>Steere<br>Moss |
| April 17 | *Pasadena | 9 | 10 | 0 | So. Pasadena | 0 | 0 | 8 | Webster<br>Hunnicut<br>Snow |
| April 20 | *Pasadena | 2 | 4 | 2 | St. Vincent | 0 | 5 | 2 | Hunnicut<br>Keenan |
| April 25 | *Pasadena | 2 | 7 | 3 | Monrovia | 1 | 1 | 1 | Hunnicut<br>Webster<br>Harris<br>Rawson |
| April 28 | Pasadena | 6 | 5 | 1 | Long Beach | 7 | 6 | 6 | Webster<br>Hunnicut<br>Schall |
| May 2 | Pasadena | 5 | 7 | 5 | Whittier | 9 | 14 | 3 | Hunnicut<br>Mitchell<br>Moss<br>Steere |
| May 5 | *Pasadena | 0 | 4 | 1 | Long Beach | 1 | 2 | 3 | Hunnicut<br>Schall |
| May 11 | *Pasadena | 2 | 6 | 2 | L. A. Poly | 0 | 3 | 2 | Webster<br>Lindgren<br>Sousa |
| May 14 | *Pasadena | 1 | 4 | 3 | St. Vincent | 0 | 3 | 1 | Webster<br>Keenan |

TOTAL

| | Played | Won | Lost | Pct. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pasadena | 22 | 13 | 9 | .591 |

## 1917 BATTING AVERAGES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| De Huff | .375 | Phelps | .179 |
| McNabb | .284 | Strader | .143 |
| Getschine | .277 | Gay | .136 |
| Peddicord | .250 | Strickland | .117 |
| Riddle | .222 | Mitchell | .063 |
| Mills | .219 | C. Webster | 0.46 |
| Burton | .212 | Team batting average | .219 |
| Hunnicut | .211 | Opponent's batting average | 1.54 |

## LETTER WINNERS

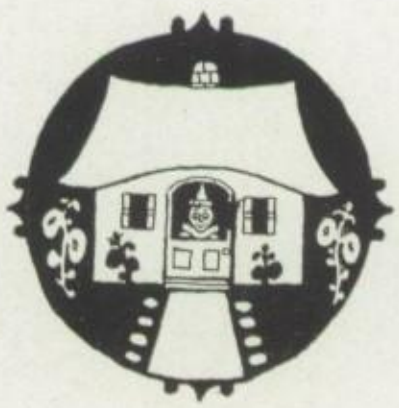
DeHuff (C), Hunnicut, Webster, Phelps, Mitchell, Getschine, Burton
Peddicord, McNabb, Mills

KENNETH DeHUFF
*Captain*

"DUFFY" SEAY
*Coach*

HARRY McCAMENT
*Manager*

JOSHES
C. FOUCHÉ



# CALENDAR OF 1916-1917

## SEPTEMBER

**Monday, 25**—The sage seniors, jovial juniors, savage "sophs" and fearsome "freshies" once more appear in the halls of Pasadena High School. (Apologies to "Pipp.")

**Tuesday, 26**—First assembly. 'Ray for the commissioners. Give 'em the double "O," the teachers and other new improvements.

**Wednesday, 27**—Football practice for one week already. Go get 'em "Steve". "Glom" the daily bulletin.

**Thursday, 28**—Raymond lectures begin. Book store makes dollars first week.

**Friday, 29**—Chronicle staff all appointed, but no Chronicle.

**Saturday, 30**—Manual sends first defi. San Diego wins first football game.

## OCTOBER

**Monday, 2**—Lovers' haven opens. Miss Skinner official chaperon. Ad Club has first meeting.

**Tuesday, 3**—Military training being discussed. "Steve" taken suddenly ill.

**Wednesday, 4**—"Q & Q" holds first meeting at home of president.

**Thursday, 5**—Girls' League betters financial standing by $93 from movies.

**Friday, 6**—Senior election. Metzger victorious. Pulls biggest feminine vote. Commission makes budget.

**Saturday, 7**—Bull "purps" fast developing into first line fighters.

**Monday, 9**—Freshies unite, thanks to Seniors. Sophs follow suit.

**Tuesday, 10**—Debating prospects best ever. P. H. S. band organized. Ear muffs in demand.

**Wednesday, 11**—Chronicle given up for dead, but Student Body Assembly revives subscription list. Total, 1150. Proceed, Pipp!

**Thursday, 12**—Culbertson and Mettier begin political arguments. Rabindranath Tagore, lectures.

**Friday, 13**—First bebate tryouts held.

**Saturday, 14**—Santa Monica a "pipe." 53 to "NIX."

**Monday, 16**—"Howdy" Coggeshall to manage debate. Cafeteria prices go aviating. Blame H. C. of L. Bulldogs gain victory in practice game with South Pasadena.

**Tuesday, 17**—Junior meeting.

**Wednesday, 18**—HOOROAR! First Chronicle. Prof. Knox entertains with impersonations.

**Thursday, 19**—Official machinery of Girls' League started. Departments organized.

**Friday, 20**—Rally. "Steve" gives first installment of the famous "Steamboat Story."

**Saturday, 21**—Whittier walloped by Bulldogs, 14-13. Hurray for Crime. (Apologies to Blackie.)

**Monday, 23**—Tennis begins. Meeting of Forestry Club. Midyear "frosh" organized.

**Tuesday, 24**—Long Beach follows the example of P. H. S. in editing a weekly. George Junior man talks to students.

**Wednesday, 25**—First issue of "Item" appears. Some hummer! Commercial Club organized.

**Thursday, 26**—Basket-ballers coming into prominence.

**Friday, 27**—Great enthusiasm evinced in rally. Prospects inviting.
**Saturday, 28**—Chaffee, 13-0. 'Stu bad.
**Monday, 30**—Mourners assembly. Foresters enjoy movie of National Park. Two Spanish clubs organized, "Iberia" and "Estudiantina."
**Tuesday, 31**—"Chroniclers" jubilant over prospects of new typing machines. "Bing Bangs" in love.

## NOVEMBER

**Wednesday, 1**—Membership of Engineers' Club rapidly increasing. Girls jealous.
**Thursday, 2**—Wyllys Halsted an adept in the art of yell leading, starts a class. "Good luck, Willie."
**Friday, 3**—"Pep" making rally preliminary to the San Diego game proves one of the memorable days of the year. "Willie" shows signs of life.
**Saturday, 4**—San Diego vs. P. H. S., 26-0. Duffy Seay buys bandanna.
**Monday, 6**—Commercial Club chooses officers. Hellburg elected president. "Doc" Kemp cleaned out.
**Tuesday, 7**—Political meeting. Free for all fight. Wardrobe diminished.
**Wednesday, 8**—Senior meeting. Senior "Prom." under discussion. Junior meeting. Class colors chosen. Rings decided upon. Bankruptcy emminent.
**Thursday, 9**—Plunge being tested. Icicles prominent. "Hap" calls for hot-water bottle.
**Friday, 10**—Daddy Wilson revives football spirit. Bulldogs walk all over "Oxy" frosh. South Pasadena suffers defeat by P. H. S. Bull "Purps."
**Saturday, 11**—"Purps" show form of first line fighters.
**Monday, 13**—Debating squad still hard at work. Midnight oil. Police called out to quell riot.
**Tuesday, 14**—Rooters' Club meeting. Earthquake? No, just the roof vibrating. McCamment collects dues—Nu Sute?
**Wednesday, 15**—"Shifty Sadie" and "Joe Bush" begin literary career. "Blackie" sued for libel. Smelling salts procured.
**Thursday, 16**—American Quartet entertains. "Pipp" and "Peg" emulate example. Results: Neighbors move.
**Monday, 20**—Ushers called for—evening suits necessary. "Hughie" raids Frankensteins to appear in full dress.
**Tuesday, 21**—Girls' tennis tournament arranged. Last call for raquet wielders. Johnny Niemeyer offers services. Stampede follows.
**Wednesday, 22**—Fair maids disport with hockey sticks—develope muscle. "Lorry" Platt takes out insurance policy.
**Thursday, 23**—Musical assembly. Miss Sabel presides; 1000 music books presented.
**Friday, 24**—Senior "Prom."—some "pep!" Mershon's snakes causes panic. Indigestion ensues. "Cliff" and Anita in yelling competition. Final score, tie.
**Saturday, 25**—Drew a blank.
**Monday, 27**—Ad Club strongly supports concert series and urges others to follow noble suit.
**Tuesday, 28**—"Johnnie" Neimeyer elected president of older boys' conference of Y. M. C. A.
**Wednesday, 29**—"It seems to me that" the many members of the football

team are afflicted with a certain weakness of the heart. Thanks, "Sadie and Joe."

**Thursday, 30**—Beachmen swamped by P. H. S. The tune was 42 to 13. Chronicle puts out first extra. Turkey day.

## DECEMBER

**Monday, 4**—Just recovering from the annual overeat feast.

**Tuesday, 5**—Don McPherson begins his annual soccer practice. Lost and Found Department has overflow.

**Wednesday, 6**—"Genie" Ong conceives new plan for discovering owners. Great expectations!

**Thursday, 7**—Bristle brushes gone up, due to war. Harold Butterworth growing one on his upper lip. "Get Rich Quick" Harold.

**Friday, 8**—Pasadena gains high honors in first debate of year.

**Monday, 11**—Fact that water polo is out of question made public "Chub" Ong disconsolate.

**Tuesday, 12**—Track practice begins, heralding approach of major sport No. 2.

**Wednesday, 13**—Members of the newly instituted Dramatic Expression classes display histrionic ability in the "Dust of the Road." Where did you get that stare, Ken? Watson, my automatic.

**Thursday, 14**—Football season of 1916 becomes a thing of history as Bulldogs go down in honorable defeat at hands of Manual.

## JANUARY

**Monday, 1**—"Ship of Dreams," P. H. S. entry in Tournament of Roses, brings added honor to school. Credit due Mr. Johonnot, who fashioned wonderful kaleidoscope of colors. Push-ball contest great affair. Jean Corey ,the human rubber ball, bounces on his "bean." No damage suffered. West again proves superiority over East in exciting Oregon-"Pennsy" football game.

**Tuesday, 2**—Our studies seem a bugbear after two weeks of pleasure. Good resolutions to avoid study hall weakening. Watch you step, "Howdy."

**Wednesday, 3**—No Chronicle. Due to too much vacation. "Pipp" has Turkeyitis.

**Thursday, 4**—Students enjoy concert by local celebrities.

**Friday, 5**—P. H. S. aggregation of ball shooters play first game.

**Saturday, 6**—"Tuffy" Con, the super-human athlete of P. H. S., to enter University of Pennsylvania. Show them how, "Tuffy."

**Monday, 8**—"Bob" Allen breaks right arm. Hard luck, "Bob"; train your left.

**Tuesday, 9**—Philomathians hold meeting at home of Eugenia Ong. "Vic" Jacomini spurns flower-pots—discovers eats—once more happy.

**Wednesday, 10**—Big football banquet at Maryland. Last installment of "Seve's" "Steamboat Story." Chronicle starts word contest.

**Thursday, 11**—U. S. C. Glee Club gives hour of music and legerdemain.

**Friday, 12**—"Der Neffe als Onkel" proves one of dramatic treats of year. Mein Gott! What acting.

**Monday, 14**—New movie for P. H. S. All "fans" enthusiastic. Mr. Carson celebrates with a new tie. Danger.

**Tuesday, 15**—Gridiron men receive sweaters. Oratorical bursts. Patrick Henry turns over in his grave. Curtain.

**Wednesday, 16**—Overflow of jokes in Chronicle. Hughie contributes several from his private stock.

**Thursday, 18**—Thomas Brooks Fletcher, noted Lyceum speaker, gives forceful address to Student Body.

**Friday, 19**—"Junior Jaunt" proves big success. "Freddie" Cohn strangles on a marshmallow. First aid from Margaret proves efficacious.

**Monday, 22**—Miss Cooper's "Gym" classes hold "High Jinks" in empty plunge. "Hungry" Hosler makes raid on eatables. Happily frustrated by angry damsels.

**Tuesday, 23**—"Tuffy" Conn's name in list of America's BEST half-backs in Outing Magazine, reflects glory on P. H. S. "Come on, fellows, three big ones for Tuffy."

**Wednesday, 24**—Chronospel Contest enthusiastically received. "Hap" takes Helen to Warners. **Hap**-py Helen. (Get that? It's sure a deep one.)

**Thursday, 25**—Chronicle features liner ad department. Reeve leads Pasadena runners to victory in cross-country run. "Oxy's" hopes shattered.

**Friday, 26**—Julia Clup's interpretation of Dutch lieder songs wins popular favor.

**Monday, 29**—Base-ballers line-up for beginning of big work-out. "Kenny's" dome proves brightest light on diamond. Soccer season begins.

**Tuesday, 30**—Interclass debates gaining prominence.

**Wednesday, 31**—January issue of "Item" "nifty" throughout.

## FEBRUARY

**Thursday, 1**—Girls' League candy sale netted much money. P. H. S. orators impress Muirites.

**Friday, 2**—"Big Back Yard" teeming with activity. Big practice baseball game pulled off. Now if we only had a "CHESS" Club, we would then have all of the major athletic sports installed in the school. Chess!

**Saturday, 3**—Inter-class track meet. Oh, you championship! 'Ray for seniors! RAY for Crime. Beg pardon, "Blackie."

**Tuesday, 6**—1730 students enrolled in P. H. S. Watch us grow!

**Wednesday, 7**—"Paper Making" discussed by representatives of Zellerbach Paper Co.

**Thursday, 8**—Conflagration is exciting at P. H. S. Sorrow of sorrows! Mr. Cross missed this memorable scene.

**Friday, 9**—Law students visit L. A. city jail. Queer! They seemed to feel at home.

**Monday, 12**—The "Americano" presented. "Vic" Jacomini loses heart to beauties of S. A. His new motto: **"Yours truly** for South America."

**Tuesday, 13**—Checking system for overcoats very efficient. "Dickie" Kern has worn the same overcoat for a week.

**Wednesday, 14**—Third Anniversary Edition of Chronicle. Interclass soccer game. Faculty team left far behind in game with P. H. S. Horsehide heavers.. Game sure a thriller.

**Thursday, 15**—Agriculture class suddenly becomes interested in "spuds." Pasadena baseball ends in honorable defeat. Cheer up! We'll get 'em next year.

**Friday, 16**—Big debate pulled off. Championship outlook promising. Clarence King a veritable Patrick Henry.

**Saturday, 17**—Captain "Neptune" Day says swimming team is showing up strong. P. H. S. watchfully waiting.

**Monday, 19**—Students enthusiastically support suggestion of sending telegram of commendation to President Wilson.

**Tuesday, 20**—Senior meeting. President Lawrence Metzer resigns.

**Wednesday, 21**—New malady attacks P. H. S.—"lack of school spirit." Live wires seeking efficacious remedy.

**Thursday, 22**—D'Arcy Ryan speaks of Illumination of Exposition. Slides some swell.

**Friday, 23**—"Pep" proves praiseworthy production.

**Monday, 26**—Latin Club organized.

**Tuesday, 27**—February "Item" better than any other issue. "Hughie's" word is as good as gold.

**Wednesday, 28**—"Shifty Sadie" and "Joe Bush" bid goodbye to literary career. We certainly miss your genius.

## MARCH

**Thursday, 1**—Prof. Brackett tells suffering of Belgiumites. Arouses great interest in the question of their relief.

**Friday, 2**—"Melting Pot" presented by Savoy Stock Company. Pleasing beyond all expectations.

**Saturday, 3**—Track team suffers defeat at hands of Polyites. Curtain.

**Monday, 5**—Soccerites again gain Pasadena-Glendale soccer trophy. 'Aty old fight. Keep up the good work. Socialist delivers logical talk on war.

**Tuesday, 6**—Farewell to Senior Vodvil. Senior Night is new departure. Edward Culbertson elected president.

**Wednesday, 7**—Girls' Glee Club gives reception in Music Hall. Budding songsters a great success.

**Thursday, 8**—Engineers' Club visits S. P. shops to see why the wheels go 'round.

**Friday, 9**—Straw Hat Day—masculine element comply with new law and buy a license tag. Huge success!

**Saturday, 10**—Bulldog cinder path experts wopped by Beachites.

**Monday, 12**—Debaters organize to secure sociality. Let's hope they're not looking for more "talkality."

**Tuesday, 13**—Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington," who never told the truth, brings a new and unique idea to P. H. S. Thanks, "Maggie"!

**Wednesday, 14**—Sanitation classes hear lecture by Dr. Pomeroy on "The Supervision of Public Health." Prof. Perry lectures on National Parks. "See America First."

**Thursday, 15**—French and Spanish plays of unusual merit.

**Friday, 16**—"Fighting Al" Goodale is chosen for army work in East. "Peppy" rally held preliminary to track meet.

**Saturday, 17**—P. H. S. speedsters crush Artisans in dual meet. R-r-r-r-revenge is sweet!

**Monday, 19**—Pasadena to have a permanent graduation pin. Thanks to Mr. Metzger for his idea.

**Tuesday, 20**—Senior class selects graduation pictures for 1917.

**Wednesday, 21**—"Unmuzzled Item," the triumph of the year! A success from start to finish.

**Thursday, 22**—Chirography contest proves novel affair.

**Friday, 23**—Venice swimming meet. Venetians trim P. H. S.

**Saturday, 24**—10-1 "Sophs" have "snappy" party. Set an example worthy of even the proud and haughty Seniors.

"BUST"

**Monday, 26**—"Bugologists" excurze to Venice. Down there with the **rest** of the bugs.

**Tuesday, 27**—Forty patriotic boys from P. H. S. join Ambulance Corps. A noble work by noble fellows.

**Wednesday, 28**—Mr. Cross delivers address to Collegiate Club. A big incentive to all concerned.

**Thursday, 29**—Captain Ball of Throop College appears before Engineers' speaking on the subject, "The Relation of the Engineer to National Defense."

**Friday, 30**—Senior night proves a credit to class. Students present plays in inimitable manner. P. H. S. men again down beach swimmers. Southern California track meet.

## APRIL

**1-8**—VACATION.

**Monday, 9**—Again the daily humdrum and monotony of school life is resumed. Cruel, cruel world!

**Tuesday, 10**—Small schools give speakers assembly. "Snappy" speeches is right.

**Wednesday, 11**—Herbert Popenoe resigns from Chronicle staff. Succeeded by Jack Bangs. Sterling Meuller becomes City Editor.

**Thursday, 12**—Edward Berwick delights Senior English students. Lyons and Lilley go to big convention. Watch your step!

**Friday, 13**—Pasadena raquet wielders gaining "rep." Even Mr. Cross is a hummer. Warner and Henshaw very much in evidence. Oh, you camera!!!

**Saturday, 14**—Whittier baseball game crowning success for P. H. S.

**Monday, 16**—Appearance of "Steve" at school causes panic. WHY? He has become afflicted with new epidemic of dividing hirsute adornments exactly in the center.

**Tuesday, 17**—Poet Foley again inspires his eager hearers.

**Wednesday, 18**—Engineers select ensignia. Design to be permanent.

**Thursday, 19**—"KAMRA DAY"! Lyle Hance poses in vain. Risk too great, for cameras break. (Poet's license applied for). Track team leaves for north with "Lorry" Platt as guardian.

**Friday, 20**—Swimming meet staged at Brookside Park. "Tubby" Ong gains fame. "Everybody loves a fat man."

**Saturday, 21**—P. H. S. track men cop second place in big State track championship meet at Berkeley. 'Ray for track men,

**Monday, 23**—Big Annual to be biggest and best ever. To go down in annals of class history as "Chronicle Annual."

**Tuesday, 24**—Course in first aid and home nursing inaugurated. "Blackie" volunteers services.

**Wednesday, 25**—Quality Street chosen for class presentation. Junior-Senior party abolished due to war. Frank Speaight wins popular favor by impersonations.

**Thursday, 26**—Volunteer Battalion to be formed for students. "Hey, Ma, can I join?"

**Friday, 27**—Girls' League holds antics in Music Hall. (Wish I were "antics" so I could be held by the girls.) Masculine element tabooed.

**Saturday, 28**—Commissioner Lyons leaves to enter Forestry Service. All the luck in the world, Parker.

**Monday, 30**—Nominations are in order for annual student election. Number of candidates surpass those of previousyears.

## MAY

**Tuesday, 1**—Cast for "Quality Street" chosen. Work under way. Promising outlook.

**Wednesday, 2**—Hartsook becomes rendezvous for Seniors. Posing isn't what it's cracked up to be. Ask Mary Black.

**Thursday, 3**—Rainbow hose, originated by "Connie," gains popularity on the diamond.

**Friday, 4**—Latin Party—Spirit of Ancients revived. P. H. S. mermen swim rings around contenders for Southern California championship. Oratorical contest—third place. Orchestra recital.

**Monday, 7**—Navy League assembly—knitting advocated. Tubby volunteers to knit bathing suit. Consternation among fellow Neptunites.

**Tuesday, 8**—Mr. Hunter finds vari-colored yarns in 108 C.—private detectives hired—discover girls knitting—boys buy blinders as dazzling array of sweaters promenade.

**Wednesday, 9**—Drama League. Gilmore Brown reads Hindu drama, "Shakuntala." Tennis meet with L. B. First payment annual tickets on sale.

**Thursday, 10**—Orchestra assembly. "Ditchers" get heavy penalties. Only five hours' detention. MORAL: Acquire a taste for good music.

**Friday, 11**—Glee Club's picnic at Eagle Rock Park. Girls quite thrilled by "Mary go riding." Kid Willkey nox owt Battling Levinsky Padlock in second round of scheduled one-round go.

**Monday, 14**—Football practice begins—championship dead ahead.

**Tuesday, 15**—Prizes awarded Temperance essayists.

**Wednesday, 16**—Marguerite Clark in "Snow White" delights all by her bewitching interpretation of the tiny heroine of fairy tales. 'Nother big fire??? in the basement. Call out the Pyreens.

**Thursday, 17**—Dhan Mukergi speaks on India and the Hindus.

**Friday, 18**—Final election is closely contested.

**Monday, 21**—Interclass swimming meet at Brookside. Underclassmen bring forth new and undiscovered Neptunites. Perhaps another championship!

**Tuesday, 22**—"Hunnie" asserts his intentions of returning to P. H. S. next year. 'Ray for the ball team. "Hooray for Crime"!

**Wednesday, 23**—Captain Wally Chisholm clamoring for more huskies to turn out for spring practice.

**Thursday, 24**—Chemistry excursion to soap factory. All brilliant chemistry entitled to go. Joe Welsh stays at home. Whasa mally, Joe?

**Friday, 25**—Long Beach defeated for county title in tennis.

**Saturday, 26**—"Chronicle Club" holds last meeting of year in Arroyo Seco. The Iberia Club is entertained by Whitney Reeve.

**Monday, 28**—Lee Davis, our worthy commissioner of finance, leaves school to train horses for the army. Beware the kick, Davy!

**Tuesday, 29**—Last Chronicle of year. Worthy example for the year 1918.

**Wednesday, 30**—Decoration Day gives an impetus to students who get taste of long-looked-forward-to vacation.

**Thursday, 31**—Final rehearsal for "Quality Street" goes off without a hitch.

## JUNE

**Friday, 1**—"Quality Street" proves to be a superfine production. Scenery!!! The pride of the school.

**Monday, 4**—Seniors begin last week of high school career with heavy hearts. Russ Barnes a week behind in "Dietetics." New motto: "Don't Procrastinate." Ask Russ, he knows.

**Tuesday, 5**—Chronicle Annual finally appears. What cuts! What jokes! In short, what a triumph of genius!

**Wednesday, 6**—Why all the clustering in the hall? Answer: Won't you sign my Item? Result: Late to class; penalty, two hours' detention.

**Thursday, 7**—A common exclamation, "My commencement dress is going to be a dream."

**Friday, 8**—"Senior Farewell Rough." Seniors turn out in full numbers to attend his crowning feature of the year.

**Sunday, 10**—Baccalaureate sermon delivered by Dr. Robert Freeman.

**Monday, 11**—Halls have quite a deserted appearance without the worthy Seniors. Juniors assume authoritative air.

**Tuesday, 12**—Senior boys already begin hoeing. Patriotic is right.

**Wednesday, 13**—Scarcity of visiting Seniors in the halls. There's a reason. We all hate to see Papa Wilson on the warpath.

**Thursday, 14**—Junior girls eager and ready to officiate as flower girls.

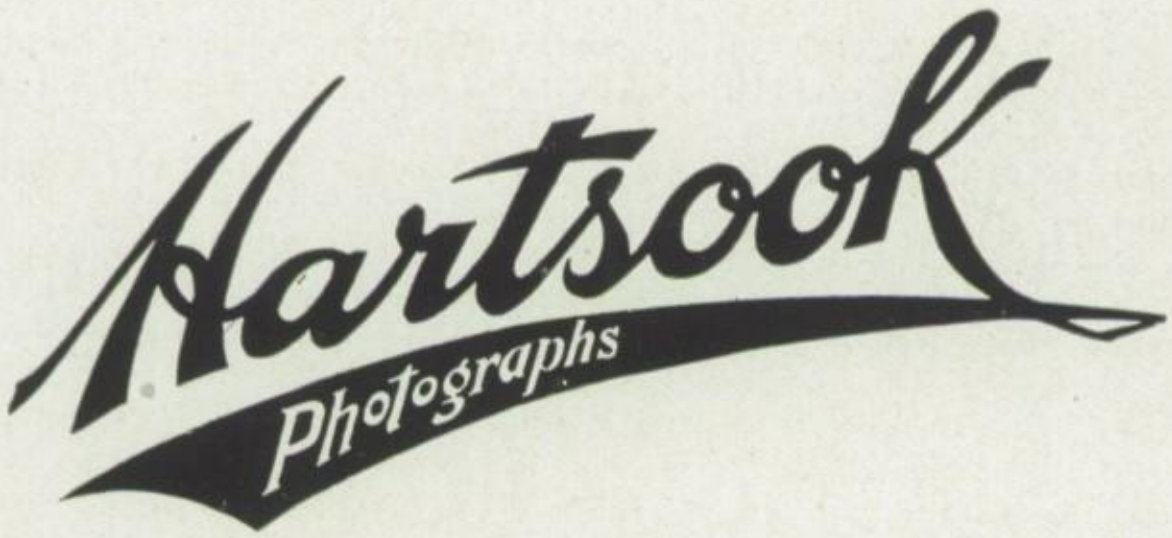
**Friday, 15**—'Ray for vacation. Thanks for the nobly-earned sheepskins.

**Saturday, 16**—Alumni banquet.

FINIS.

---

A CARTOONIST THINKING UP A FUNNY IDEA.

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Little Thomas—"Wake up, pop, here comes the collection basket."
Papa—"That's why I'm asleep."

---

First Flea—"Been on a vacation?"
Second Flea—"Nope, on a tramp."

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Exchanges Our Specialty Pasadena, Calif.

"Are you going to take Gym?"
"No, Jim's sister."

---

Mrs. Peck—"When you were young, you were crazy to marry me."
Mr. Peck—"And I still think that I was."—Ex.

---

Captain—"Fifty cents to stay on this deck."
Passenger—"Oh, I thought this was the quarter deck."

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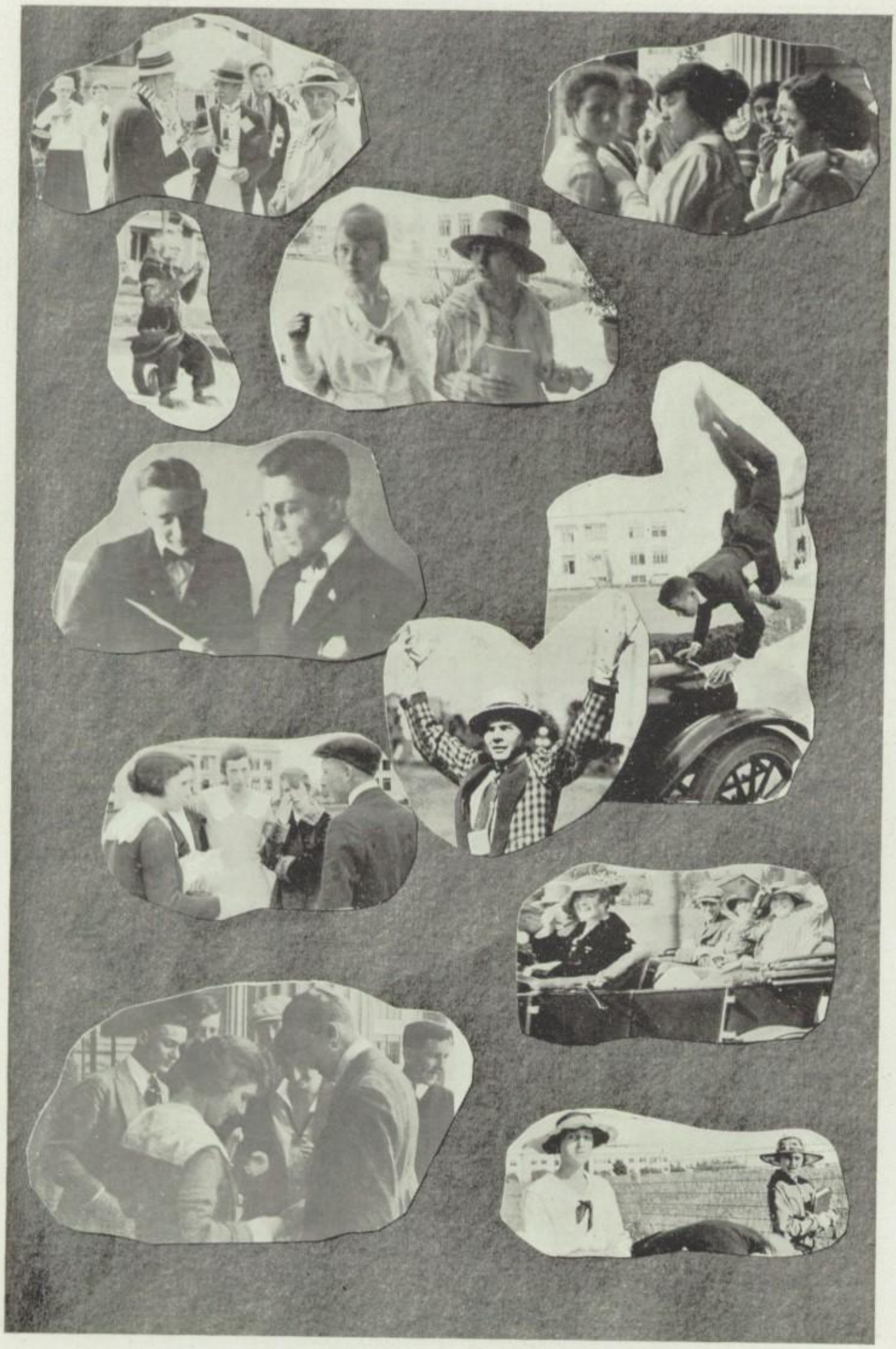

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*Compliments of*

## *The Orchid*

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# PASADENA MUSIC HOUSE

**High Grade Pianos** **Victor Talking Machines**

**Records—Pianos and Victrolas for Rent**

**Established 1892** **87 EAST COLORADO STREET**


She—"You had no business to kiss me."
He—"It wasn't business, it was pleasure."

---

She—"How wonderful. You never think of anything else but me."
He—"Nothing else. Did you say your father was in?"


**The Dainty Girl Always Prefers**

# Johnston's Chocolates

**"The Appreciated Candies"**

CHARLES RAWAK
Distributor

**421½ Wall Street** **Los Angeles**


"Was that Jack, I saw with his arm around you?"
"I don't know. How long ago did you look?"

---

She—"Did father strike you favorably?"
It—"Well, not so favorably, but he sure was accurate."

# Ease, Grace and Refinement

You'll find all three qualities in **Walk-Over Footwear**—for young women or young men—for every occasion, Street Wear, Business, Outing or Evening Dress. And the prices are right.

BASSETTS
Walk-Over
BOOT SHOP

John—"How many studies are you carrying now?"
"Russ' Barnes—"I'm carrying two and dragging two."

---

"Louise is looking better now, isn't she?"
"Bah, so is your porch after you have painted it."

---

"They tried to blow up the Colorado Street bridge."
"Howssatt?"
"A fellow was walking across eating peanuts and dropped a shell."

IN olden times, if a man went to sleep in church he got a rap on the sconce from an official appointed for the purpose.

¶ Today, if you're not wide awake at all times, to everything, you get some kind of a rap from everybody.

¶ It extends to your clothes.

¶ Wide-awake style proclaims you to be abreast o' the times, and that's where we come in.

¶ We dress you in wide-awake style—in Brenwood Clothes—the apparel of the "comer," or the man that's "there"!

¶ Wear 'em—$15 to $35 for uncommon Spring Suits.

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Responsible for all Brenwoodwear
37 North Raymond


Algy met a bear,
The bear met Algy.
The bear was bulgy,
The bulge was Algy.—Ex.

---

"Silas, there ye go agin, getting your coat sleeve in the gravy."
"Gosh ding it, that's what I get fer eatin' with my coat on."

---

"It was sure cool on this porch last night."
"Huh, I thought it was rather close."

# The Chocolate Shop

*The Home of Fine Chocolates*

OUR SPECIAL LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS
SERVED FROM 11 A. M. TO 8 P. M.

20 East Colorado St. Pasadena, Calif.


"My sweetheart," whispered he as he pressed her fair cheek against his own.

"My cactus," complained she, noticing he needed a shave."


# Langstaff & Kloeckner

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Voice of Fair One—"My I speak to Mr. Platt?"
Voice (answering)—"Mr. Platt is engaged."
Fair One—"Well, you don't think that I want to marry him, do you?"


# George A. Clark Company

Incorporated

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**SHIRTS TO ORDER**

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**60c grade Milk Chocolate for 30c lb.**

Including all flavors of Creams as well as caramels, Nougat, Chop Suey, Peanut Clusters, etc.

*Always at your Service*

THE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Willie—"Pa, it says here that the evil spirits enters into the wine."
Papa—"Well, what of it, son?"
Willie—"Is that how they got deviled ham?"—Ex.

---

"Do you know the population of Pasadena?"
"No, mam, I've only lived here two years."

---

Lawyer—"Do you drink?"
Witness (huffly)—"That's my business."
Lawyer—"Have you any other business?"

---

Student—"Did you see that girl smile at me?"
Other Student—"That's nothing, the first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

---

If you are a brunette and want to be a blond, sleep on the sand at the beach for two nights, and you'll be sure to get up with sandy hair.

---

Mr. Burgin—"What are the greatest nations on earth?"
Hosler—"Examinations."

Mr. $$$—"Now in business we want people who do not look at the clock."

Mr. $$$ (the next morning)—"Why are you late, Smith?"

Smith—"I tried not to look at the clock."

---

"Wind," said Lilley, "is air in a hurry."—Ex.

---

She—"Cook spoiled the dinner, will you be satisfied with a kiss?"

He—"Yes, bring her in."

---

Polite Conductor—"May I help you to alight, madam?"

Miss M.—"Much obliged, young man, but I don't smoke."—Ex.

---

He—"You are the goal of my ambitions."

She—"Fifteen yards for holding."

---

She—"That girl is something of a wallflower, isn't she?"

He—"Make me a walnut."—Ex.

---

Customer to Waitress—"How's the chicken?"

Waitress—"How's yourself?"

Why is bread like the sun?

Because, said the Swede, it rises out of der yeast and sets behind der vest.—Ex.


# SUMMER SCHOOL

Hours: 8 a. m. to 1 p. m.

Tne next few months will develop a shortage of young men and women prepared for business. To those trained in Business (Bookkeeping, Stenography, Typewriting and Office Practice) rare opportunities are presented. Potts' Business College, noted for its thoroughness, offers;

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*Associated Banks*

*of Pasadena*

Margaret Wishard '20

GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

You say she was hard hit?
Why, yes, she took the Count.—Ex.

---

Mr. Ashley—"Where did you get that cold?"
Mr. Burgin—"I ate a hot dog last night and I'm still barking."

---

Mr. Wilson—"A mother's handwriting should not be judged by the excuses brought to school." (Ah, 'tis the truth that hurts.)

---

Minister (at the end of the sermon)—"There will be a meeting of the board."

Minister (on seeing a stranger with the board)—"I fear you misunderstood me, this is a meeting of the board."

Stranger—"I understood perfectly, I was never so bored in all my life."

---

Paper Bag—"Do you love me?"
Sugar—"I'm just wrapped up in you."
Paper Bag—"You sweet thing."—Ex.

---

"Do you know why a blush is said to creep over a girl's face?"
"No, why?"
"Because, if it went faster it would kick up a dust."—Ex.

---

John—"I was out last night."
Henry—"Does your wife know it?"
John—"Yes, but not how much."

---

A Rooster—"Cock-a-doodle-doo."
Uncle Sam—"Yankee-doodle-doo."
A Maiden—"Any-dude'll-doo."

YOUNG MEN'S SUITS, HATS AND FURNISHINGS
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Teacher—"Your mouth is open."
Student—"Yes, sir, I opened it."

---

"What key do you sing in?"
"Waikiki."

---

Perkins—"Why is the Flivver the best machine?"
Polly—"Spring it."
Perkins—"Because it has what the Cadil-lacs!"

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Seen at Rogers—"Bean soup, 5c; with beans, 10c."

---

Mr. Jackson—"I suppose you know something about geography?"
Dick Kern—"Yes, sir."
Mr. Jackson—"I suppose you think Sandy Hook is a Scotchman?"

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That bakes the Bread
That makes Brains, Energy and Muscles
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Best "Choc Malts" in town

## KEMP'S

**The High School Caterer**

H. B. KEMP, Ph.G. **Opposite High School**


Miss Youse—"When do the leaves begin to turn?"
Caleb Elliott—"The day before examinations."

---

"Yessir," said Captain Kidd, "once when we was on the desert, I went five days without eating; finally, we had to make soup of the machine and eat that."

"But how did you do that?"

"Oh, the car turned turtle."—Ex.


# After Graduation, What?

If it's an engagement or wedding ring, remember we have the best at the LOWEST PRICE, and they are of HALLMARK quality. May we assist you?

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All the Freshies in Mr. Thurston's class were gazing out the window. Mr. Thurston came in, noted things in general and said, "I know it is a temptation to see the milk wagon go by, but for the present, please restrain yourselves and be seated."

# MABEL WATSON

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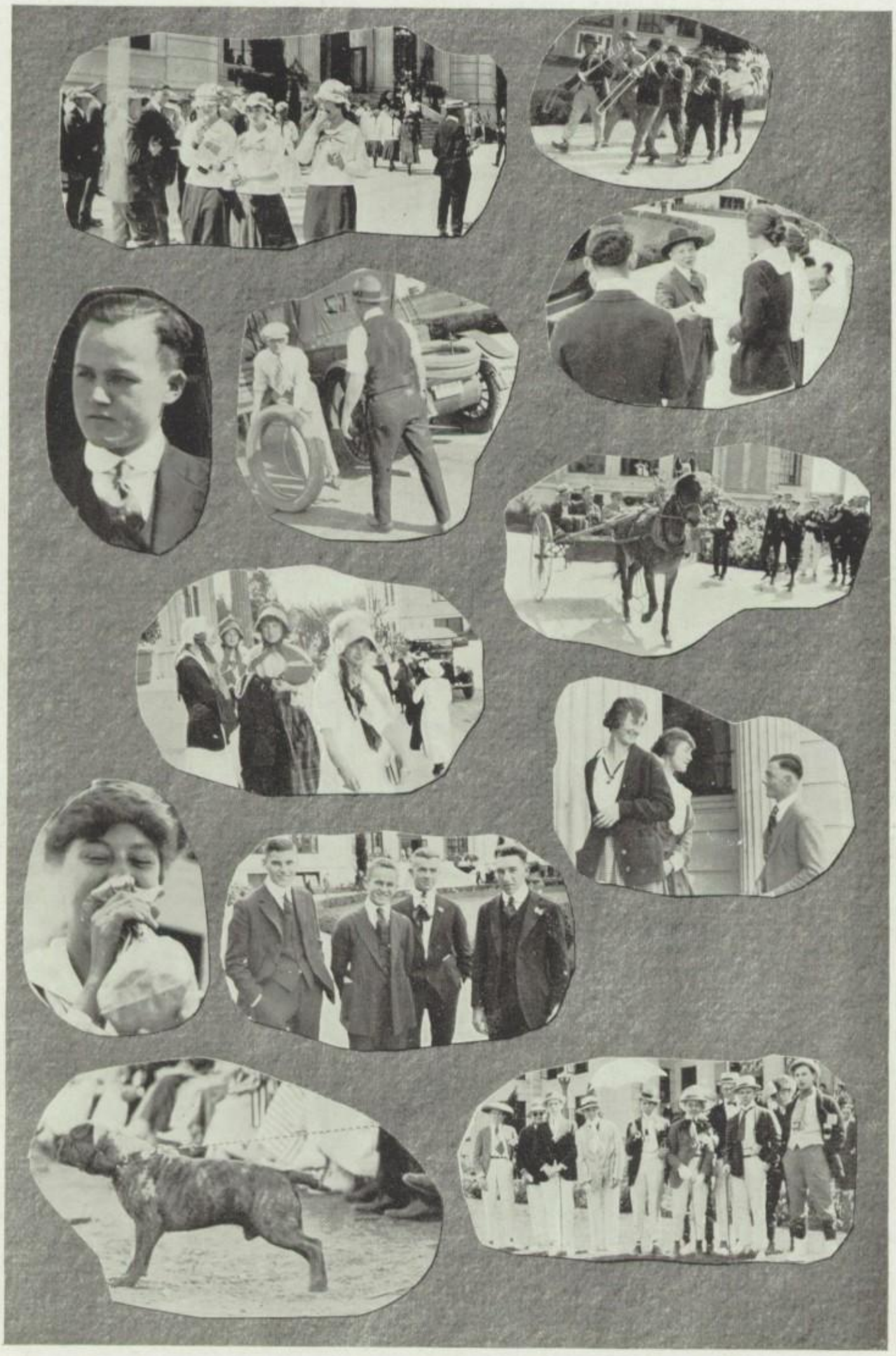

SKINNER BROS.
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I shot an arrow into the air,
It feel to earth, I know not where.
Until the one on whom it fell
Came around and gave me—(the desired information).—Ex.

---

J. B.—"What shape is a kiss?"
H. R.—"I don't know, what is it?"
J. B.—"Give me one and I'll call it square."

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Know it Better by the use of its Service
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"Being torpedoed at sea isn't so bad after all."
"What makes you say that?"
"Well, I have just seen the 'Daughter of the Gods'."

---

Prostrate Subject—"All hail the king."
King—"How dare you hail when I'm reigning?"

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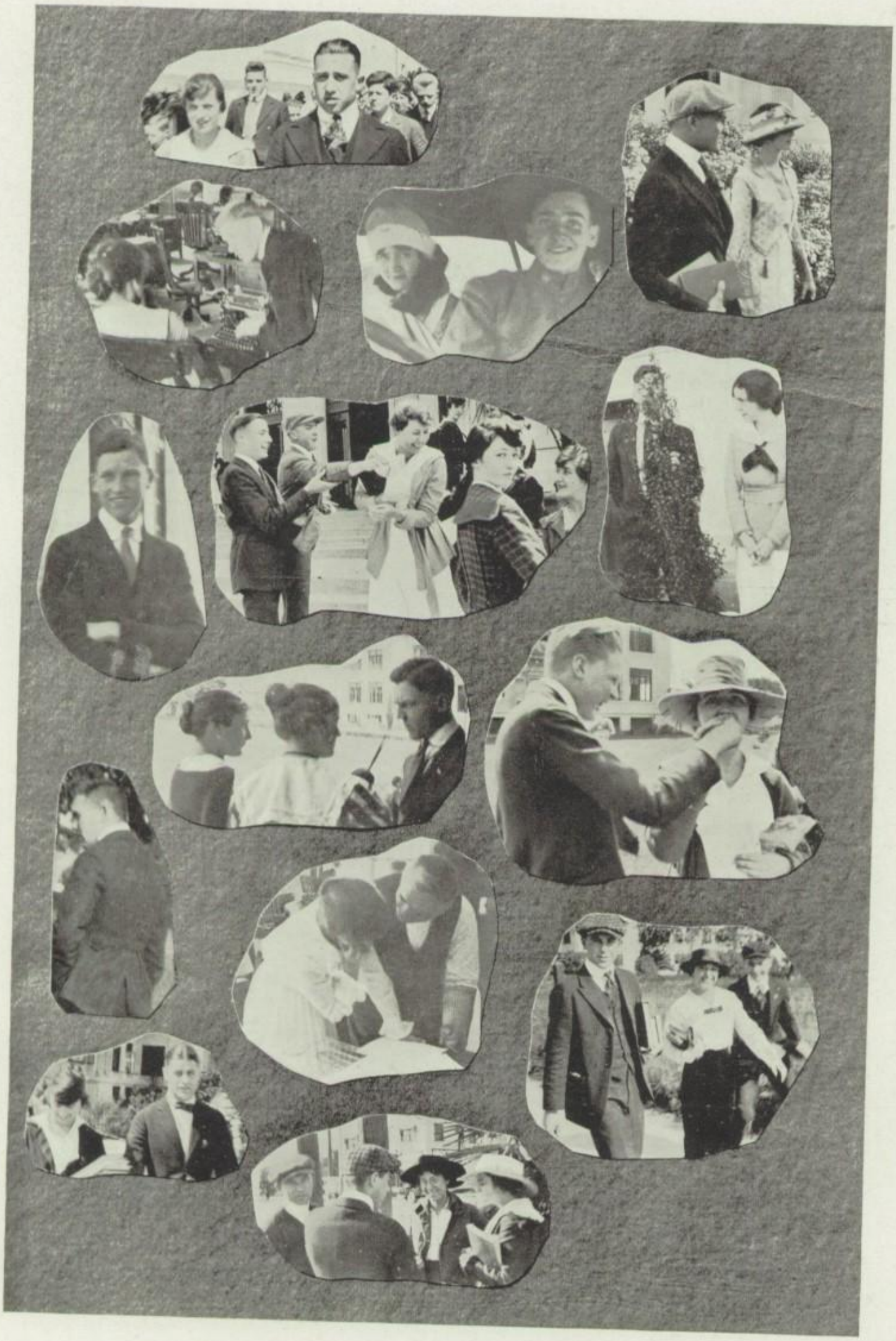

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Jake is resting with our Lord,
Nervous wreck; he drove a Ford.

---

He—"So that's a picture of you. You look very young in it."
She—"Flatterer!"
He—"It must have been taken a good many years ago."—(Boob.)

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LEARN TO SWIM AND DIVE

FOUR MONTHS
For $5.00, $3.00 and $2.50
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A Modern Swimming Hole
Is a Modern Necessity

Globe Trotter—"Of course you went up the Nile?"
The Bluff—"By Jove, yes, what a wonderful view one gets from the summit?"

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Established 30 years
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TYPEWRITERS
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ANDERSON & BROMLEY
248 East Colorado Street Phone F. O. 890

"What is the price of this embroidered skirt?"

Clerk—"Madam will find the skirts at the next table. That which she has is the new cape collar."

---

Lee Davis—"No girl ever made a fool of me."

Bob—"Who did, then?"

--here
—for young men's clothes
--at Hotaling's
52 and 54 East Colorado Street
The home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Miss Soule—"And I don't want to wait till four o'clock for the paper, either."

U. R. Dum—"You won't have to, I won't be there till five."

---

Mr. Lewis (in finance—"If A knocks two teeth out of B's head, should B turn around and knock two teeth out of A's head?"

Platt (in the rear)—"How big is A?"

L. H. BASSETT G. C. EARLEY C. W. BRADBURY
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*For the Young Man* *For the Young Woman*
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**Morse Heckman Shoe Co.**
169 East Colorado St. Pasadena

"Ivy, why don't you cling to me?"
He cried in whispers thick;
"Oh, Archibald, I will," she said,
"I think that you're a brick."—Widow.

---

Mike—"I'm trying to commit suicide."
Pat—"Why don't yez put the rope around your neck?"
Mike—"Shure, I had it there, but the blamed thing nearly choked me."

---

The call my dog a sandwich,
The call my dog a sandwich,
The call my dog a sandwich,
Just because he's half-bred.

---

Platt—"My uncle has a pig and he calls him Ink."
Smith—"Whyfore, child?"
Platt—"Because he came from a pen."

---

Clarice—"If you had never met me, Fergy, would you still love me as much?"
Fergy—"Yes, dearie, more."—Ex.

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"THE BOYS SHOP"

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*long after price is forgotten"*

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Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases

104 East Colorado St. Phone Colo. 192


When first he came to see her,
He had a timid heart,
And each night on the sofa,
They sat this far apart.

But when their love grew stronger,
And he had a braver heart,
When they began to hug and kiss
Theysatupcloselikethis.—Ex.

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Dealer—"This chair will hold two in a squeeze."
Fair One (blushing)—"Send it out tonight, please."

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Some books are interesting, others are recommended by the English Dept.—Chapparal.

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The school paper is a great invention;
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
The Staff gets all the blame.—Ex.


**Dependable Service Always**

—For 15 years this store has served the people of Pasadena. We could not have grown as we have if we could not be depended on at all times.

**Pasadena Grocery and Department Store**

F. C. NASH

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